

# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No. CXLII.

MARCH, 1862.

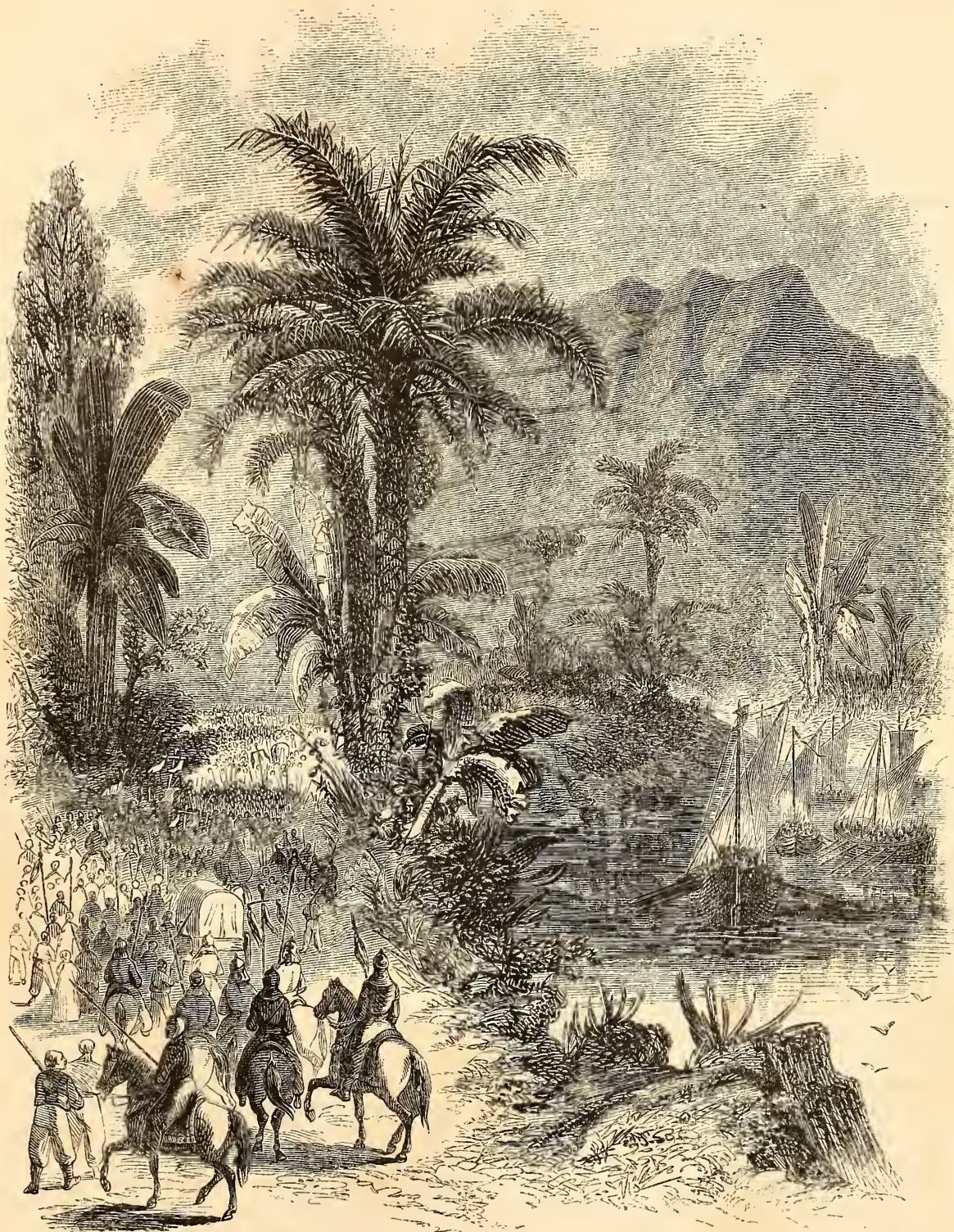
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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NO. CXLII.—MARCH, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.



## TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE great question which, for the third of a century, has agitated all the courts of Europe is, "What shall be done with Turkey?" The most momentous of national issues is dependent upon the solution of this problem. It is one of the greatest marvels of history that a

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band of half-civilized robbers, rushing like wolves from the steppes of northern Asia, should have subjected to their sway the most cultivated and intellectual nations of the globe; and, bidding defiance to all the powers of Europe, should have been able to capture the finest countries of the Old World, to intrench themselves upon the classic soil of Greece, and, with insult and scorn, to trample the cross of Christ and the institutions of Christianity beneath their feet.

About the middle of the sixth century a tribe of Scythian Tartars, from the banks of the Irtish, commenced their depredations. Rapidly they subjugated and absorbed other tribes. In the course of a few ages they overran all of Egypt and all of Asia Minor, and established the most energetic and bloody military despotism earth has ever known. Early in the fourteenth century these semi-barbarians could rally beneath their banners a far more powerful army than any nation in Christendom could raise.

The Turks now resolved to bring all Europe under their sway, and all Europe was appalled by the menace. They took possession of the Hellespont and the Bosphorus, crossed the Straits, and with blood-dripping cimeters overran Greece. Mercilessly the Christians were massacred—the boys and the girls only being reserved as slaves, to be trained in the Moslem faith and to serve in the harems and the armies.

In April, 1453, Mohammed II., with a land army of 300,000 men and a fleet of 600 vessels, laid siege to Constantinople. For fifty-three days the storm of war beat, without cessation, upon the doomed city; and then the Turks, rushing through the breaches, sword in hand, in a few hours cut down 60,000 of the helpless inhabitants. In this terrific drama scenes were enacted too harrowing for recital, and which could not have been exceeded by an army of fiends newly arrived from Pandemonium.

Thus fell the Greek empire. The crescent was unfurled proudly from the domes of Constantinople, Athens, and Corinth; and throughout the whole of the Peloponnesus the head of the Christian was crushed by the heel of the Turk. The conqueror, Mohammed II., boasting that he would feed his horse from the altar of St. Peter's, in Rome, crossed the Adriatic to the shores of Italy, took Otranto, and intrenching his army there, prepared, by the energics of fire and sword, to bring the whole of the Italian peninsula into subjection to his sway. The sudden death of this stern conqueror rescued Italy from the menace, and gave a brief respite to the remainder of Christendom.

Soon again the war was renewed. For two centuries wave after wave of Moslem invasion rolled up the Danube; and the plains of Transylvania and Hungary were but a constant battle-field, where Christian and Turk met in deadly strife. About the year 1560 the Turks, then in possession of a large part of Hungary, collected an immense army at Belgrade, and commenced their march for the assault of Vienna. It was green and leafy June, and the banks of

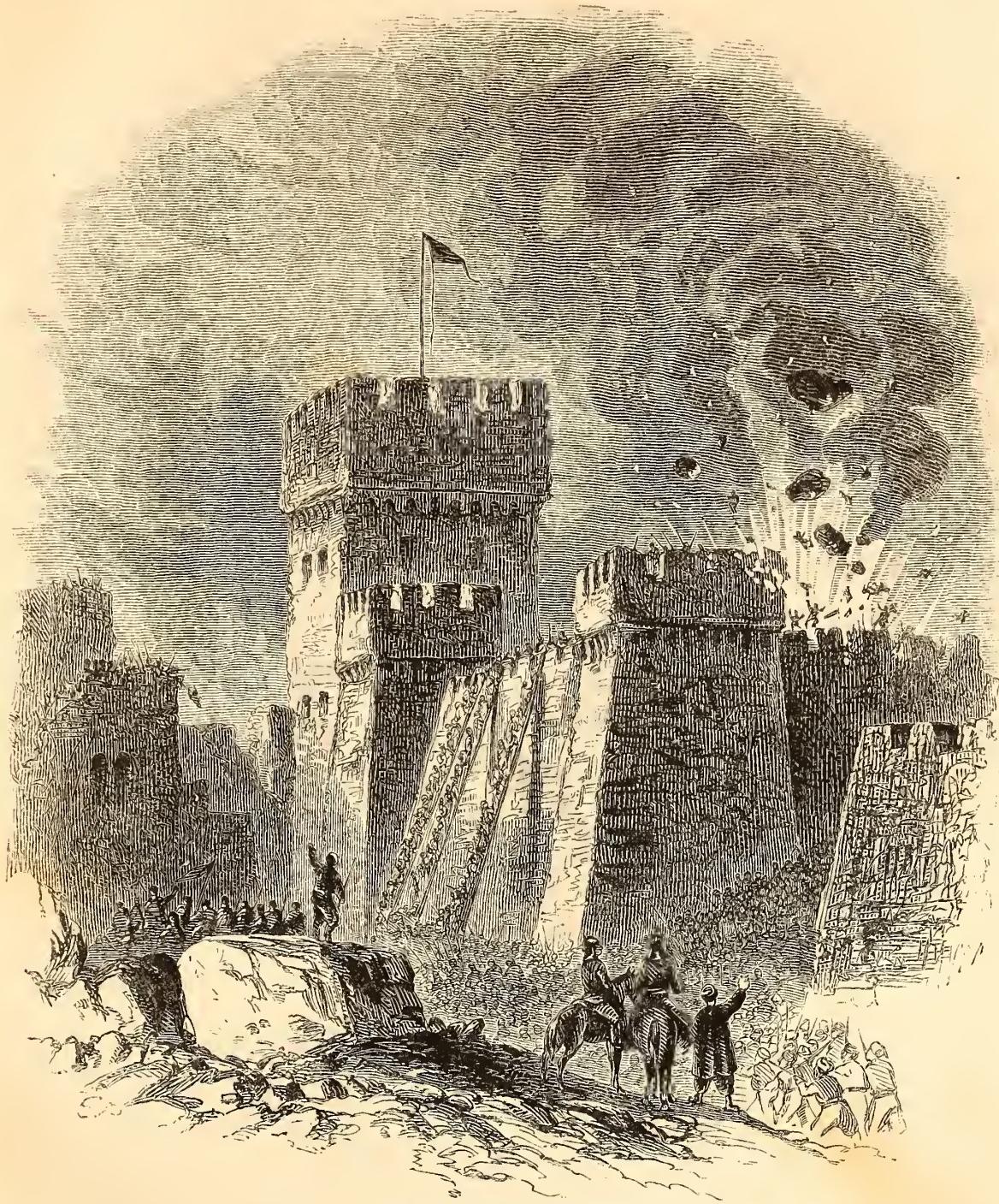
the Danube, luxuriant in their summer foliage, were decorated with unsurpassing loveliness. For many days the turbaned and bannered host, beneath sunny skies and through flowery fields, sauntered along, encountering no foe. War seemed but the pastime of a gala day. Silken banners embroidered with gold floated on the breeze. Arabian chargers, gorgeously caparisoned, proudly pranced beneath their riders cased in glittering steel. Music from multitudinous bands enlivened the march. A fleet of barges, decorated in the highest style of Oriental art, covered the stream, impelled by sails when the wind favored, and urged by rowers when the wind was adverse.

Each night the tents were spread upon the river's banks, and a city for more than a hundred thousand inhabitants rose as by magic, with its grassy streets, and squares, and thronging population brilliant with all the regalia of war. As a fairy vision the city rose in the rays of the declining sun. As a phantasy of night it disappeared in the earliest dawn of the morning, and the dazzling host pressed on.

But the demon of war, though with music and acclaim, always leads his legions to the black day of storm and woe. The Turks had ascended the Danube about 150 miles, when they came to Zsigeth, a small island which occupied the centre of the stream and effectually commanded both banks. Here the Austrians had erected an almost impregnable fortress; and now the songs of the march were doomed to sink away into the wail of death. The Turks could not advance a mile until this fortress was battered down. But the heroic commander, Zrini, and his whole garrison had taken an oath upon the cross that they would surrender the fortress only with their lives.

Week after week, by day and by night, the tempest of war thundered and surged around these ramparts. The besieged having guns in battery to sweep all approaches, mowed down their assailants with awful carnage. But gradually bastion after bastion was crumbled by the tremendous cannonade; and the fortress, utterly demolished, presented but the aspect of a craggy pile of rocks. The Turks, reckless of life, rushed over the smouldering ruins, covering them like a swarm of bees. They had apparently cut down every survivor of the garrison, and were just raising the shout of victory, when there was an earthquake roar, and an explosion almost as appalling as the archangel's trump.

Zrini, true to his oath, torch in hand, had descended to the subterranean vaults and fired the magazine, where tons of powder were stored. The whole citadel—men, horses, artillery, and rocks—were thrown into the air, and fell a commingled mass of ruin, fire, and blood. Thus the hour of victory became to the Turks the hour of utter and hopeless defeat. Having lost their leader and a large portion of their army in the strife and the terrific final explosion, they commenced a precipitate retreat, with broken, bleeding battalions, to recruit their resources for another campaign.



THE DEMOLITION OF ZIGETH.

For many years after the repulse at Zigeth the conflict continued to rage between Moslem and Christian with varying success. At length the Turks, with an army of two hundred thousand men, were again ascending the Danube, encountering no force which could for a day arrest their progress. Universal terror seized the inhabitants throughout the populous valley, and precipitately they abandoned their homes. As the cruel host, their cimeters dripping with blood, approached Vienna, the Emperor Leopold, with the royal family, fled at midnight, and thousands of the inhabitants followed, terror stricken, after them. All the roads leading west and north from the city were crowded with these fugitives.

It was on a sunny morning in July when the banners of the advance-guard of the Turks were first discerned from the steeples of the Austrian

metropolis. Like an inundation the mighty host came surging on, and sweeping around the city, invested it on all sides. The fierce cannonade was speedily commenced.

The Emperor had fled to Poland for aid. Zobieski, the Polish King, a man of marvelous energy, placed himself at the head of his highly-disciplined army of sixty thousand men, hastened by forced marches to Vienna, and fell upon the beleaguered host with such fury that the army of the Grand-Vizier, having lost a fourth of its number, turned and fled. The rout was so entire that the whole of the Turkish encampment, with all its treasures of Oriental opulence, was abandoned to the victors. Zobieski pursued the fugitives down the Danube league after league, pelting them with bullets, balls, and shells, until they found refuge behind the walls of Belgrade.



SACKING THE CAMP.

Another century of incessant bloodshed passed away as the Crescent and the Cross were arrayed against each other in deadly fields of strife which can not be counted. The Turks, strongly fortified at Belgrade, issued from their ramparts at pleasure. Austria prepared an expedition for the recovery of that fortress. Prince Eugene, with an army of sixty thousand men, suddenly appeared before the walls and commenced the siege. The Sultan sent two hundred thousand men for the relief of the garrison. The Turks, however, not venturing to attack a warrior so renowned as Eugene, intrenched themselves in a semicircle on the heights outside of the besieger's camp, thus encircling him, as it were, in a net.

One of the most marvelous events of war ensued. Eugene prepared, with that genius which has given him world-wide renown, to attack the hosts whose batteries were menacing his rear. Twenty thousand of his troops were detached to hold the garrison of Belgrade in check, and to repulse any sallies. With the remaining forty thousand, the enemy then outnumbering him five to one, he made ready for the assault in a midnight surprise.

The favoring hour came. The sun sank in clouds at the close of a stormy day, and Egyptian darkness enveloped the armies. The glimmer of innumerable camp-fires alone pointed out the position of the foe. To each brigade, battalion, regiment, and division the Prince minutely assigned its duty, that there might be no confusion. As the bells of the beleaguered city tolled the hour of midnight, three bombs, simultaneously discharged, put the whole Austrian army in rapid but silent motion. Speedily they traversed the space between the two camps, and in dense columns rushed over the ramparts of the foe. Cannon, musketry, bayonets, swords, cavalry, all were employed amidst the thunderings and the lightnings of that midnight storm of war.

The Turks, thus suddenly aroused from sleep, amazed, bewildered, terrified, fought for a short time with maniacal fury, often pouring volleys of bullets into the bosoms of their friends, and with bloody cimeters smiting indiscriminately upon the right hand and the left, until, in the midst of a scene of darkness and confusion which no imagination can conceive, they broke and fled. Two hundred thousand men, with cries of terror, rage, and despair, were rushing they

knew not whither, smiting each other, trampled upon by squadrons of their own cavalry frenzied with the panic, while from carefully-selected points the infantry and artillery of Prince Eugene were showering upon their ranks a storm of bullets and cannon-balls. The morning succeeding this dreadful night dawned upon a field red with blood and covered with the mangled bodies of the dead. The Turkish army was destroyed, and their camp, with all its treasures, fell into the hands of the conquerors. From this defeat the Turks never recovered to make any decisive aggressive movement, and from this hour commenced their slow decline.

Such, in brief, was the origin of the Turkish empire in Europe, with its encroachments and its repulses. Only two hundred years ago Busbequius, the Austrian Ambassador at the Ottoman Porte, wrote to the Emperor Ferdinand II. :

"When I compare the power of the Turks with our own, I confess the consideration fills me with anxiety and dismay, and a strong conviction forces itself upon my mind that we can not long resist the destruction which awaits us. They possess immense wealth, strength unbroken, a perfect knowledge of the art of war, patience under every difficulty, union, order, frugality, and a constant state of preparation. On our



MAP OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

side there are exhausted finances and universal luxury. Our national spirit is broken by repeated defeats. Mutinous soldiers, mercenary officers, licentiousness, intemperance, and a total contempt of military discipline fill up the dismal catalogue. Is it possible to doubt how such an unequal conflict must terminate? The enemy's forces being at present directed against Persia only *suspends* our fate. After subduing that Power, the all-conquering Mussulman will rush with undivided strength and overwhelm at once Europe as well as Germany."

Such were the fears of all thinking men two hundred years ago. The Turks had overrun all Western Asia, had obtained a firm foothold in Europe, and the danger was appalling that all Europe was to be swept by their bloody march.

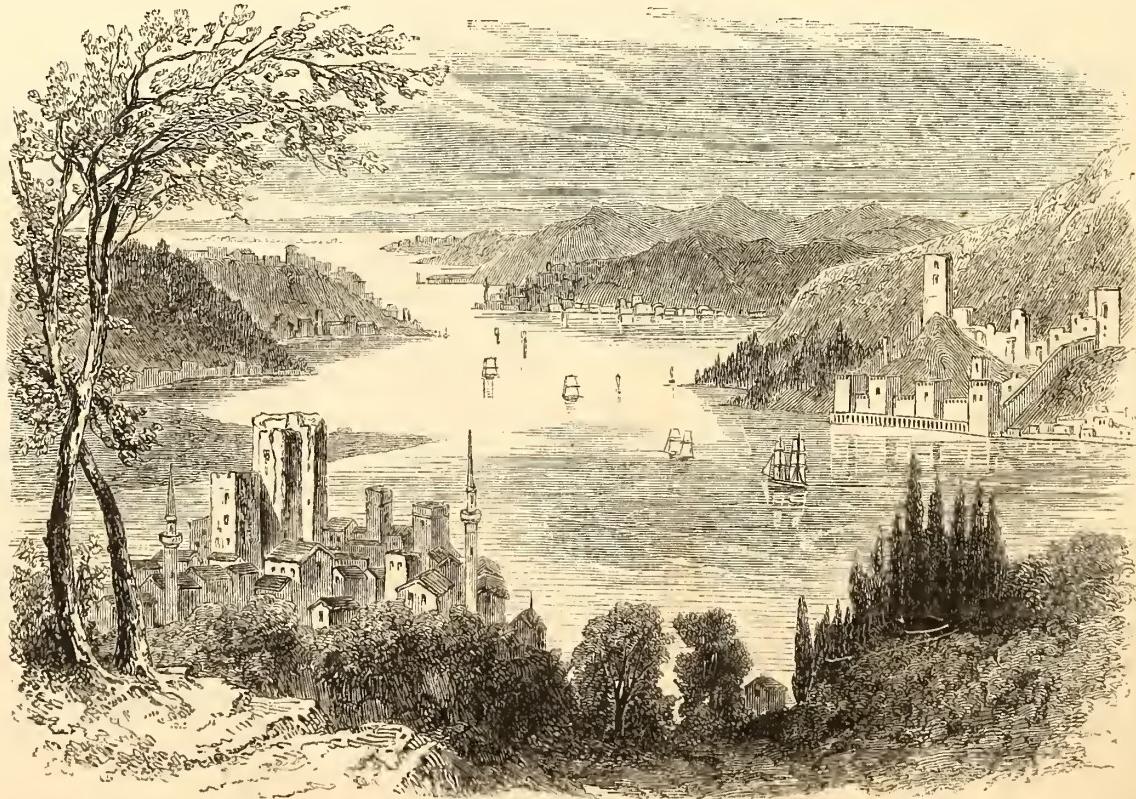
But another gigantic empire gradually arose in the north of Europe, which began to press relentlessly down upon the Turkish frontiers. It was a leading object in the ambition of Peter the Great of Russia to secure a maritime port for his majestic realms. He at first attempted to establish a naval dépôt at the mouth of the Don, on the Sea of Azof. But the jealous Turk attacked him, battered down his fortresses, and drove him back into his northern wilds. Thus foiled, the Czar reared St. Petersburg on the marshes of the Baltic, where, for five months of the year, the harbor is blocked up with ice. Upon the accession of Anna to the throne of Russia, about one hundred and thirty years ago, she revived the original project of Peter the Great, and entering into an alliance with Austria, attacked the Turks, drove them from the shores of the Sea of Azof, and took possession of the whole of the Crimea.

Let us take a brief retrospect of that gigantic

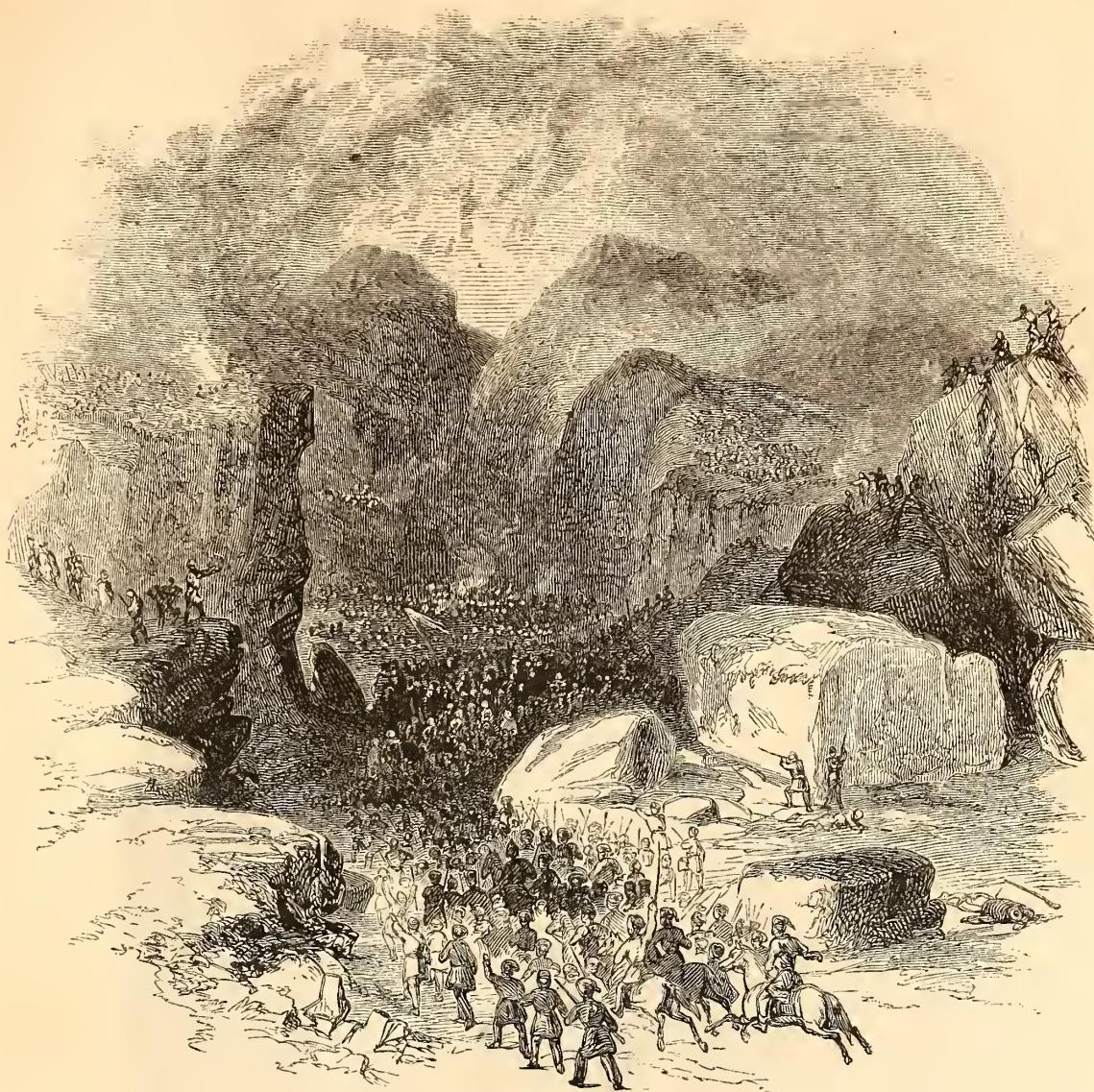
northern power which now threatens the very existence of Turkey, and whose growing greatness excites the alarm of all Europe. The Czar of Russia has nearly ninety millions of the human family subject to his sway. With a standing army of a million of men, two hundred thousand of whom are cavalry, he possesses power unequaled in many respects by that of any kingdom on the globe. In the late bloody struggle at Sevastopol all the energies of England, France, and Turkey were expended against Russia alone, and yet it was long doubtful whose banners would prove victorious.

The territory of Russia now comprises about one-seventh of the habitable globe, extending from the Baltic Sea across the whole breadth of Europe and of Asia to Behring's Straits, and from the eternal ices of the north pole almost down to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. For many years this gigantic power has been advancing on the march of her "manifest destiny" with strides which have not been surpassed even on this side of the Atlantic. Poland was to Russia what Mexico is to us. Russia coveted it. Without any hypocritical attempt to justify the deed, the Czar, with the unblushing effrontery of a highway robber, poured into the doomed kingdom his resistless armies. With the rush of the tornado they swept Poland, and after a brief struggle a population of twenty millions were brought into subjection to the Czar.

On the eastern shores of the Black Sea lies Circassia, a region of wild crags and gloomy ravines, the cradle of the Caucasian race, where for ages an indomitable people had bid defiance to all foes. Russia, having annexed all the territory on the eastern and northern shores of the Euxine, led her armies into the defiles of



THE BOSPHORUS.



CONFLICT IN THE CAUCASUS.

the Caucasus. For ten years a Russian force of one hundred thousand men were kept there in almost incessant battle. The brave Circassians, struggling for independence, cut up army after army of the invaders, but still fresh hordes were poured into the doomed country, and now the Russian flag floats from almost every pinnacle among those mountain ranges. Russian fortresses frown over every defile, and Circassia is fettered hand and foot. The Russian flag now girdles the Euxine Sea, and, notwithstanding the recent check at Sevastopol, Russia is relentlessly pressing on toward Constantinople, the great object of her ambition.

A glance at the geography of that region will show how vital to Russia is the possession of Constantinople. The straits which connect the Mediterranean with the Marmora, called the Dardanelles or the Hellespont, are about thirty miles long, occasionally expanding into a width of five miles, and again contracting into a narrow channel less than half a mile across. At the mouth of these straits, as they enter the Mediterranean, are four strong Turkish forts, two on the European and two on the Asiatic side. These forts, called the Dardanelles, are said to

be armed with guns of the largest calibre of any in the world.

Through the serpentine navigation of these straits, with fortresses frowning upon every headland, one ascends to the Sea of Marmora, a vast inland body of water, one hundred and eighty miles in length, and sixty in breadth. Crossing this sea to the northern shore, you enter the beautiful straits of the Bosphorus. Just at the mouth of the straits, upon the western shore, sits enthroned upon the hills, in peerless beauty, the imperial city of Constantine, with its majestic domes, arrowy minarets, and palaces of snow-white marble.

The straits of the Bosphorus, which connect the Marmora with the Black Sea, are but fifteen miles long, and of an average width of but about one-fourth of a mile. In natural scenery and artistic embellishment this is probably by far the most beautiful reach of water upon the globe. It is the uncontradicted testimony of all tourists that the scenery of the Bosphorus, in its highly-cultivated shores, in the fairy-like beauty of its architecture, in the transparency of its atmosphere, in the picturesque attire of the multitudes gathered from all the nations of the East

and of the West, in the air of mystery which envelops latticed windows and secluded harems, in the variety of water-craft which crowds the straits, from the mammoth ship of war to the fragile and gayly-bannered caique, which like a bubble skims the wave, in all these combinations of picturesque beauty the Bosphorus stands pre-eminent and unrivaled.

Opposite to Constantinople, on the Asiatic shore, is situated the rural city of Scutari, embowered in the foliage of the cypress-trees. Scutari is to Constantinople what Brooklyn is to New York. An arm of the sea, wide and deep, reaches around the northern portion of the imperial city as with an affectionate embrace, thus constituting one of the finest harbors in the world. This tranquil bay is appropriately called the Golden Horn, and there flows into it, wind-

ing down from the distant interior, a rivulet whose lovely banks, often expanding into delightful meadows, have received the name of the Valley of Sweet Waters.

Until within a few years no ambassador from any of the Christian powers was permitted to dwell in the Moslem city, his presence being deemed a pollution. The residence of all such was assigned to the little suburb of Pera, on the opposite side of the Golden Horn—which suburb, on that account, was called by the insolent Turk the “Swine’s Quarter.”

Passing through the Bosphorus, a distance of fifteen miles, there expands before you the Euxine or Black Sea. This inland ocean, with but this one narrow outlet, receives into its bosom the Danube, the Dneister, the Don, and the Cuban. These majestic streams roll their floods



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

through uncounted leagues of Russian territory, opening these wide realms to the commerce of the world, through the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles. On the northern shore of the Black Sea, at the southern extremity of the great peninsula of the Crimea, is situated Sevastopol, the principal naval dépôt of the Russian empire. This world-renowned fortress is about three hundred miles from the entrance of the Bosphorus.

This brief sketch reveals the infinite importance to Russia of the possession of Constantinople and its straits. Through these straits lies Russia's only pathway to the commerce of the world. A proud and powerful nation, containing three times the population of the United States, is shut up in its northern wilds, with no passage-way of its own for maritime intercourse with the rest of mankind except for a few months in the year. Russia touches the Baltic only far away amidst the ices of the north, where winter rears its impassable barriers for five months of every year. Not a Russian ship can pass by Constantinople into the Mediterranean without striking its flag in homage to the crescent of the Turk. And at any moment, upon any sudden freak, the Ottoman Porte can close her impregnable gates, so that no ship can enter or leave. Thus, unless Russia can secure a gate-way through the Dardanelles, she seems to be shut up to barbarism.

Although we of the United States have thousands of leagues of Atlantic coast, fringed with magnificent harbors, opening all oceans to our ships, still it causes us great uneasiness to have even the island of Cuba in the hands of a foreign power, lest, in case of war, our commerce through the Gulf should be embarrassed. And we are ready to spend millions of money, and to deluge the whole continent in blood, rather than have any other flag than the stars and the stripes float over the mouths of the Mississippi. Were the Atlantic States to become an independent confederacy, and were the great Northwest organized into one powerful nation of ninety millions of people, how long would they be willing that a few millions of degenerate Spaniards or Mexicans should hold the mouths of the Mississippi, their only outlet to the world, or that any other flag than their own should float over its fortresses? Yet such is now the condition of Russia. She can not send a boat-load of corn into the Mediterranean without bowing her flag to all the Turkish forts which frown along her pathway.

It is but about thirty years since the Greeks rose in the desperate attempt to throw off the yoke of the Ottoman. The sympathies of the world were with them. Alexander Ypsilanti, who first unfurled the banner of revolt, had been an officer in the Russian army. He assured the Greeks that the Czar Nicholas had secretly pledged his word to aid them in their struggle for emancipation. The ferocity of the Turk was signally displayed in this conflict. Contemplate for a moment the massacre of Scio.

This island was one of the largest and most beautiful of the Grecian Archipelago. It was the home of a refined and cultivated people, enriched by commerce. Its chief city, sheltered by a beautiful and spacious harbor, held twenty thousand inhabitants, while a population of more than one hundred thousand were clustered in the villages which were spread over its hills and vales. The ladies of the island were renowned through Europe for their beauty. Many of its wealthy families had traveled extensively on the Continent, and had mingled with the polished circles of Brussels, Berlin, and Paris. Above all the other islands of the East Scio was famed for its intelligent and fascinating society. Schools flourished. The college of Scio attracted students from a distance; and music was almost a universal accomplishment. The tourist, exploring the beautiful island, was ever charmed with the tones of the voice, blending with the harp or the guitar, in harmony which evidenced the highest artistic skill.

The young men of Scio eagerly joined in the struggle to emancipate themselves from the thrall-dom of the Turk. Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon vengeance which should make Scio a warning to all Greece. He issued a proclamation to the desperadoes of the Bosphorus, declaring that the inhabitants of Scio were outlawed, and that they all, male and female, old and young, were to be surrendered to the vengeance of the adventurers who would embark for their destruction.

Moslem hate combined with semi-barbaric depravity to raise the ferocity of fanaticism to its highest pitch. All the lewd fellows of the baser sort, who crowded the dens of Constantinople, or who prowled about the shores of the Bosphorus, rushed to join the enterprise. All were welcome—the more beastly and demoniac the better. An army of fifteen thousand men was thus collected, who in character were as near to demons as earth has ever furnished. As the fleet dropped down the bay on its dreadful mission salvos of artillery from all the fortresses which lined the shores of Europe and Asia uttered the Moslem benedictions.

It was a lovely afternoon in the month of April, 1822, when the fleet anchored in the defenseless bay, and vomited upon the doomed island its murderous hordes. The scene which ensued no imagination can conceive. A general massacre, with all the concomitants of cruelty and lust, swept the island for six days and nights, and then nothing remained but a blackened, bloody, smouldering pile of ruins. Forty thousand perished by the sword, bullet, or in the flames, and many were put to death after having first experienced the most horrible tortures.

Forty-one thousand of the youth of both sexes were reserved to be sold as slaves. The young men from the university, refined in manners and of cultured minds, were consigned to hopeless bondage. The young ladies, torn from the parlors of their opulent parents—ladies who had visited in the polished circles of London and of Paris—became the property of the most ferocious



THE SLAVE-MARKET.

and licentious outcasts of the human race. For weeks and months they were exposed in the slave shambles, through all the marts of the Ottoman empire. The beautiful maidens found a ready sale to replenish the harems of the Turk. As slave labor is not profitable in Turkey, the market was quite drugged with the young men, and they were disposed of at prices so low that even the poor could purchase.

European travelers frequently met in the slave shambles young ladies offered for sale to whom they had previously been introduced in the saloons of their wealthy parents, in the mansions of Scio. They had to endure the agony of seeing them dragged away by the brutal Turk, for the haughty Mohammedan would allow no "Christian dog" to rescue a captive.

When the fleet returned to Constantinople, having perpetrated its fiendish mission, the whole city was assembled to witness its entrance into the Golden Horn. As the ships rounded a point of land which brought them in view of the royal seraglio, a salute was fired from ship and shore, whose echoes reverberated along the hills of Europe and of Asia. As the smoke cleared

away hundreds of Greeks were seen hanging by the neck to the bowsprits and every yard-arm, struggling in the agonies of death. These were the trophies of barbarian triumph. In view of them the shores of the Bosphorus were shaken by the explosions of artillery and by the shout of the million of inhabitants who thronged the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari.

The sympathies of the *people* all over Christendom were with the Greeks. But the governments, for various reasons, had declined to interfere. It was well understood that the Grecian insurrection was incited by Russia, as one of the incipient steps by which the Czar hoped to weaken Turkey, so as to enable him to advance his battalions to long-coveted Constantinople. Thus while the *people*, regardless of the complications of diplomacy, were in sympathy with the struggling Greeks, the *governments* both of England and France regarded the independence of Greece with apprehension, and secretly wished for the triumph of the Turk.

But the shriek which arose from the massacre of Scio pierced the ear of Europe. Christian humanity could no longer endure such outrages.

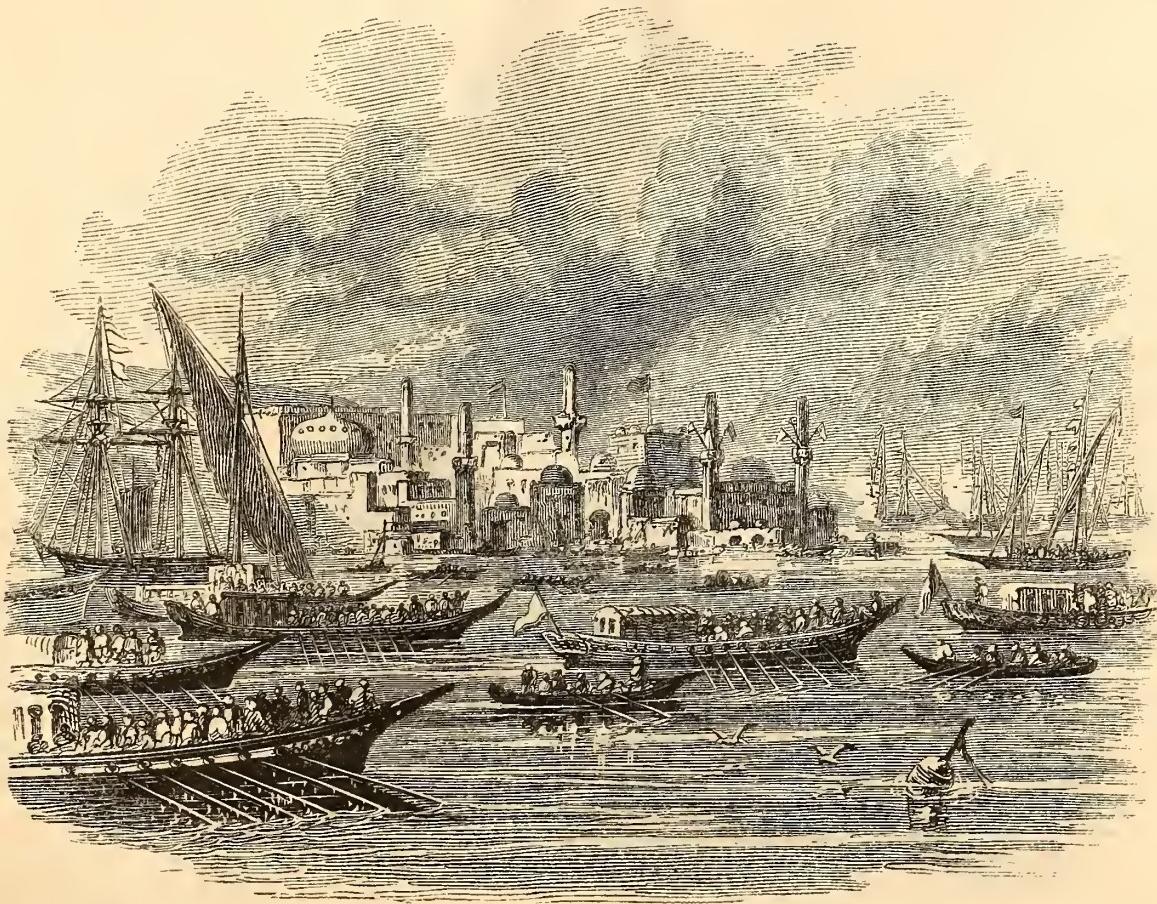
The wave of popular indignation swept so resistlessly along that it surged even into parliamentary halls and regal courts. The combined fleet of England and France, almost by accident, encountered the Turkish fleet in the bay of Navarino. A spark fired the train, and a storm of war ensued of but two hours' continuance, during which the Turkish fleet was annihilated. But no sooner was the deed performed than it was regretted. In a moment of generous passion England and France had crippled the energies of the Turk, and had thus facilitated the advance of the armies of the Czar.

The battle of Navarino secured the emancipation of Greece, and humbled the Turk as, for five hundred years, he had not been humbled before. Since that day the crescent has been rapidly on the wane. The battlements of Ottoman power are now every where dilapidated and crumbling. Turkey, so long the terror of Europe, can no longer stand alone. It now exists only by sufferance. As the eternal glaciers of the Alps press down into the vale of Chamouni with a power which nothing earthly can obstruct, so is gigantic Russia crowding down through the passes of the Balkan upon the plains of Turkey, and the doom of the turbaned Turk is sealed. Russia has her manifest destiny as well as the United States.

There are four great nations who seem now disposed to quarter the globe between them. Russia has already one-seventh of our habitable planet in her own possession. She needs but Sweden and Norway, which are already virtual-

ly her own, and Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia to complete her full share. France is pushing her conquests over Northern Africa, and with diplomatic skill which never sleeps is caressing the provinces of Syria, and the weak and restless realms of Southern Europe. England, while uttering her roar of defiance upon every ocean and every continent, is taking possession of all the nations who roam the plains of southern and internal Asia. She removes her landmarks at her own pleasure, and in her graspings is more insatiate than was ever Rome under the Cæsars. The United States, though embarrassed for the moment by her internal troubles, is not behind the other great powers in her ambition. With her Monroe doctrine she may perhaps be contented with the two continents of North and South America, provided that Cuba and her sisters of the Caribbean Sea, and some of the most valuable groups of the Pacific ocean, may be added to her share.

The jealousy of the leading nations in regard to their mutual encroachments is amusingly illustrated in an interview not long ago between Senator Douglas and the British ambassador, Sir Henry Bulwer. England, who is every year adding boundless realms of Asia to her kingdom, watches with pious solicitude and zeal over Central America, lest the United States should seize some of those tropical acres. In the Clayton-Bulwer treaty an article was inserted by the British Government, binding alike both England and America not to colonize, annex, or exercise any dominion over any portion of Central Amer-



THE RETURN FROM SCIO.

ica. Sir Henry argued that the pledge was fair, as it was reciprocal, England asking no more than she was ready herself to grant.

"To test your principle," said the shrewd Senator, "I would propose an amendment of simply two words. Let the article read, 'Neither England nor the United States will ever occupy or colonize any part of Central America or Asia.'"

The British minister exclaimed, in surprise, "But you have no colonies in Asia!"

"True," replied the United States Senator; "neither have you any colonies in Central America."

"But," rejoined Sir Henry, "you can never establish your government over there in Asia."

"No," Senator Douglas replied; "neither do we intend that you shall ever establish your government over here in Central America."

It is so essential to the advancing civilization of Russia that she should have a maritime port which will give her access to commerce, that it is not easy for us to withhold our sympathy from her in her endeavor to open a gate-way to and from her vast territory through the Dardanelles. When England, France, and Turkey combined

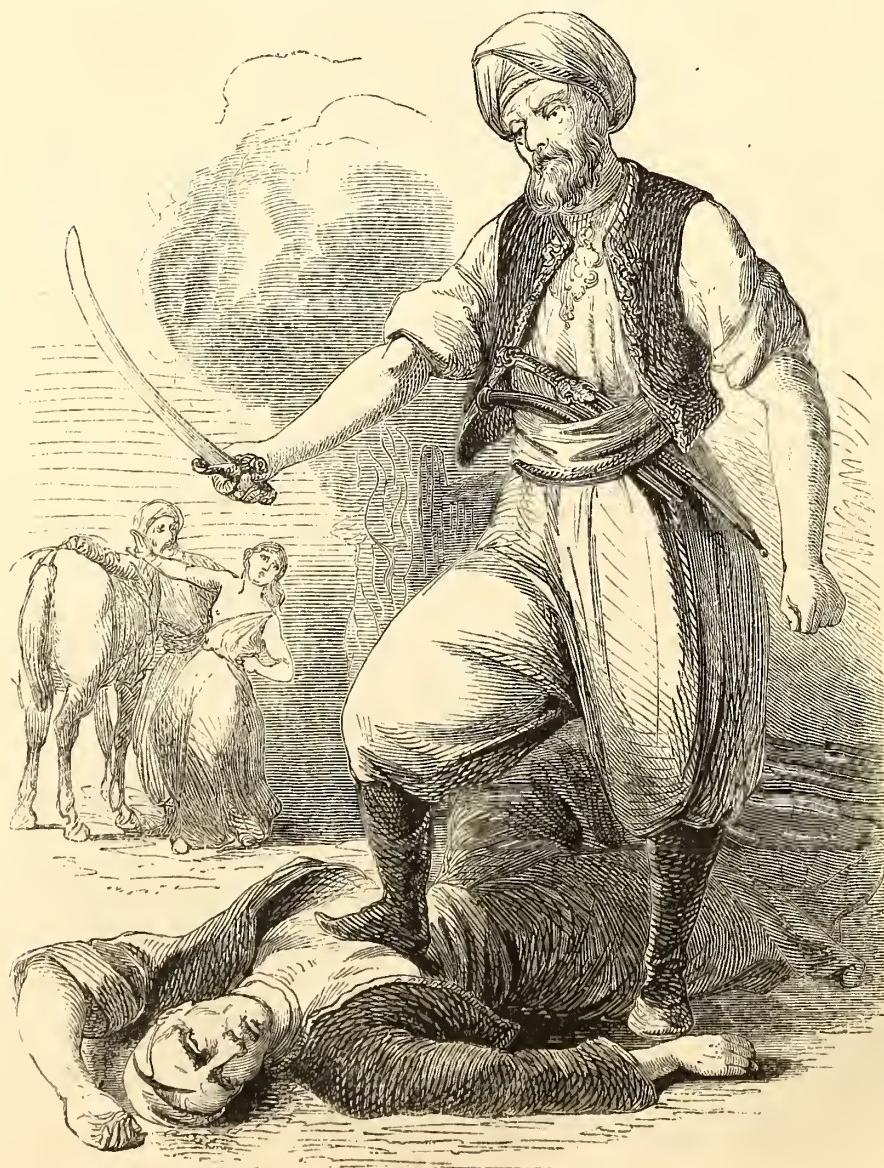
to batter down Sevastopol and burn the Russian fleet, that Russia might still be barred up in her northern wilds by Turkish forts, there was an instinct in the American heart which caused our sympathies to flow in favor of Russia, notwithstanding all the eloquent pleadings of the French and English press.

When we recall to mind the march of the Turk across the Hellespont, the siege and the sack of Constantinople, the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Christians, the blazing cities, the shrieks of maidens, the despair of young men dragged into slavery—when we recall to mind what Moslem insolence has been for five hundred years—the barbarism with which the Turk has deformed the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the gloomy seraglio, the bloody cimeter, the annihilation of literature, science, and art, and the reign of a superstition marvelous in its powers of degradation and cruelty, we can not deeply regret the advances of a Christian power, gradually reclaiming that soil where apostles preached and where Christianity was once enthroned without a rival.

Neither can the Russian Government be troubled with any formidable scruples of con-

science to prevent it from reclaiming that beautiful region, once the home of the Christian, which the Turk has so ruthlessly and bloodily invaded. What title-deed to the city of Constantine can the Turk show? The annals of war can tell no tale more deeply fraught with crime, outrage, and misery, than the rush of the barbaric Turk into Christian Greece. He came a merciless robber, with gory hands, burning, plundering, destroying. Fathers and mothers were butchered. Christian maidens were dragged shrieking to his harem. Christian boys were compelled to adopt the Moslem faith, and then were compelled to fight the Moslem battles. For centuries has the Christian thus been trampled beneath the heel of his oppressor, suffering every conceivable indignity.

But whatever may be our desires, the doom of the Ottoman Porte is sealed. Mohammedan-



THE TITLE-DEED OF THE TURK.

ism is dying, and the effects of the dead man must be transferred to others. Russia, France, and England are the natural heirs, and it is to be expected that they will quarrel over the division of the immense property. France may perhaps be contented with the isles of the Mediterranean, Syria, and Egypt; England, with a loud roar against Russia and France for their wicked spirit of encroachment, will clutch at vast provinces in Asia; Russia will assuredly claim and secure her portion along the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, annexing to her realms the imperial city of Constantine. The waning crescent will soon set, and the cross will rise, a glorious constellation, over the minarets of the seraglio. The carnage of Sevastopol has but postponed the day.

The progress of the world is onward, and onward in the line of the Christian faith. The Emperor Alexander II. is probably as conscientious a monarch as now sits upon a European throne. He was born to the inheritance he holds, and, notwithstanding the opposition of his nobles, he is doing every thing in his power to promote the liberty and the moral and intellectual elevation of all the people of his wide realms. There is life in Russia, and her growth adds to the industry, the commerce, and the wealth of the world.

The lazy Turk, lounging upon the cushions of the seraglio, stupefied with tobacco and opium, knowing no joys but those of a mere animal existence, with a religion whose doctrines deaden the intellect and paralyze the energies, is worse than a drone in the human hive. The interests of humanity demand the termination of his sway. The Emperor Alexander is introducing the most salutary reforms throughout his realms. He has already emancipated twenty millions of enslaved serfs, notwithstanding the most desperate opposition of his nobles. He is rapidly introducing education, is removing trammels from the pulpit and the press, and is importing, through the majestic floods of the Dneiper, the Dneister, the Don, and the Cuban, the arts and improvements of more enlightened realms. It can hardly prove otherwise than a blessing to the world that the ancient sceptre of Constantine should pass from Mahmoud the Moslem to Alexander the Christian.

### A SUMMER REMINISCENCE.

I HEAR no more the locust beat  
His shrill loud drum through all the day;  
I miss the mingled odors sweet  
Of clover and of scented hay.

No more I hear the smothered song  
From hedges guarded thick with thorn:  
The days grow brief, the nights are long,  
The light comes like a ghost at morn.

I sit before my fire alone,  
And idly dream of all the past:  
I think of moments that are flown—  
Alas! they were too sweet to last.

The warmth that fill'd the languid noons—  
The purple waves of trembling haze—  
The liquid light of silver moons—  
The summer sunset's golden blaze.

I feel the soft winds fan my cheek,  
I hear them murmur through the rye;  
I see the milky clouds that seek  
Some nameless harbor in the sky.

The stile beside the spreading pine,  
The pleasant fields beyond the grove,  
The lawn where, underneath the vine,  
She sang the song I used to love.

The path along the windy beach,  
That leaves the shadowy linden-tree,  
And goes by sandy capes that reach  
Their shining arms to clasp the sea.

I view them all—I tread once more  
In meadow grasses cool and deep;  
I walk beside the sounding shore,  
I climb again the wooded steep.

Oh happy hours of pure delight!  
Sweet moments drowned in wells of bliss!  
Oh halcyon days so calm and bright—  
Each morn and evening seem'd to kiss!

And that whereon I saw her first,  
While angling in the noisy brook,  
When through the tangled wood she burst;  
In one small hand a glove and book,

As with the other, dimpled, white,  
She held the slender boughs aside;  
While through the leaves the yellow light  
Like golden water seem'd to glide,

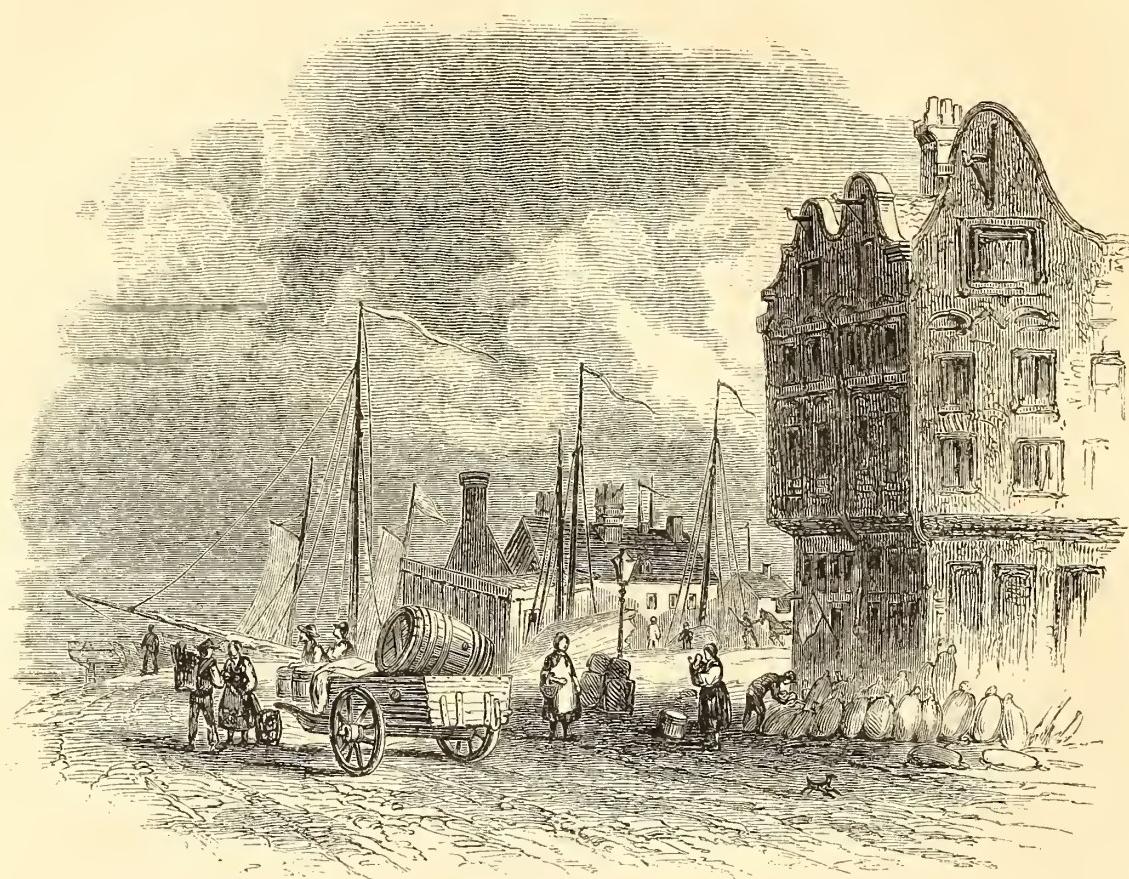
And broke in ripples on her neck,  
And played like fire around her hat,  
And slid adown her form to flee  
The moss-grown rock on which I sat.

She standing rapt in sweet surprise,  
And seeming doubtful if to turn;  
Her novel, as I raised my eyes,  
Dropped down amid the tall green fern.

This day and that—the one so bright,  
The other like a thing forlorn;  
To-morrow, and the early light  
Will shine upon her marriage morn.

For when the mellow autumn flushed  
The thickets where the chestnut fell,  
And in the vales the maple blushed,  
Another came who knew her well,

Who sat with her below the pine,  
And with her through the meadow moved,  
And underneath the purpling vine  
She sang to him the song I loved.



VIEW IN AMSTERDAM.

## HOW THE DUTCH ARE TAKING HOLLAND.

"THE Dutch have taken Holland," was the good old news often brought by voyaging friends in those good old times before telegraphs, and railroads, and ocean steamers provided, at all times and at all places, new news for the mind's consumption. "The Dutch have taken Holland" was a response so grotesquely true, that it half appeased the desire for an increased knowledge of the outer world which begat the question, "What's the news?" "The Dutch have taken Holland" never grew old in comicality, never lost its semblance of truth, never called for a second query.

Had the phrase been changed to that of *The Dutch are taking Holland*, it would have been emphatically a true one for the last thousand years, and likely to remain true for thousands of years to come. The Dutch are taking Holland, but it is by such slow and solemn degrees as the coral mite is building a mountain in the midst of the sea; by such quiet perseverance as the dripping stream is changing granite rocks to sea-side sand. The Dutch are taking Holland, and no other people on earth are provided by nature with that sturdy continuity which enables them to gather solid and fruitful earth, inch by inch, from a roaring, thundering, stormy, encroaching sea. No other people but the Dutch are just fitted by nature to pump, and rake, and shovel a fine productive country out of a cold, sour, ready marsh.

Along the greater length of the western coast a line of low sand-hills serves to partially sep-

arate the main sea from the Hollow-land, which is somewhat lower in surface; and wherever that line of hills subsides, then the work of the dyke-builders continues the separation which the natural wall only half accomplished. Vast lines of earth-banks, from twenty to forty feet in height, and from twenty to a hundred feet in thickness, generally faced on the sea-side with massive walls of brick and stone, have been raked together and maintained at an incomparable cost of labor and watchfulness. Huge dams have been swung across the mouths of rivers to govern the level of their variable waters; and from those dams, which are often the nucleii of great cities, more lines of earth-walls, of all heights below a hundred feet, and of all widths less than a quarter of a mile, stretch away along up each bank of each river, creek, and bayou, and shut them into bounds; give docks and ways to shipping, roads and canals to travelers, forts of defense to cities; give broad fertile plains to an agricultural people; give fruitful happy homes to three millions of intelligent Hollow-landers. Centuries of unremitting care have hardened these main dykes into the most substantial parts of the country; but where it is all so spongy, and so constantly drenched by a moist climate, they will never acquire that solidity which will leave them above the need of attention. The oldest and firmest of the great lines of dykes must still maintain great piles of willow boughs ready for instant application to any opening crevasse; and must still maintain their lines of

watchmen—watchmen who can not at all times echo the salutation that one receives from the peasants of the country, nor the cry which one still hears from the night-patrol of the old Dutch cities, "All's well!" A sudden rush of wind piling the waters to an extraordinary height over some low or softened portion of the separating wall startles a whole country from its quiet.

As in Constantinople the first alarm of fire calls the water-carriers and spare police, the second the proprietors and officers of State, and the third the Sultan himself to the scene of disaster, so in Holland continued rush of water admits of no idle spectators, but calls every hand capable of wielding a spade or bearing a bundle of rushes to aid in preventing devastation worse than conflagration. Sometimes the sea has proved ungovernable in its caprice, has swept over and retained what was before inhabited country. At other times it has just as capriciously retired from the bounds so carefully built up for its government, and left rich flats of mud to grow up into cheese-producing districts where its waves formerly bore luggers of the produce of other countries. All these sea changes are carefully noted, and assisted or guarded against, as far as possible, by artificial means. Shifting of the sands, or the mud-bars, or the vegetable growth at the bottom of the sea, turns a current against the base of a dyke. If the change seems temporary, a net-work of willow boughs is woven along the face of the dyke for rods or for miles, as the case may seem to demand; rows of stakes are driven in every direction through that net-work, and basket breakwaters jut at frequent intervals into the aggressive stream. If the aggression is likely to prove permanent and powerful, then strong piles take the places of the slender stakes, and heavy stone and brick walls rise where the willow ones seemed insufficient. If, on the contrary, the water appears inclined to recede instead of advancing, and if the retrocession appears desirable, then Dutch patience and ingenuity assist the rising earth by every mode they can invent. Rows of willow stakes, patches of basket-work, bits of low wall, coax deposits of sand and mud, and the appearance of vegetation. Whenever the reeds begin to appear they are turned to account. The finer patches are cut and cured for the thatching of houses, mills, out-buildings, piles of drying bricks and turf, and for exportation to England. The coarser ones are bound in bundles, the size of a man's body, to assist in the laying of dykes, for the straightening the currents of streams, for retaining in bounds the mud gathered from the bottoms of the canals for manure, and for rotting into a dressing for the land already tilled. Sometimes bars make across the mouths of inlets or bays and leave shallow ponds or lakes of water neither fresh nor so salt as sea-water, to be slowly filled up to tillable height by growth and decay of vegetable matter, or to be dyked and drained as Haarlem Lake was drained a few years ago.

Fifteen years ago, in the southern part of the

province of North Holland, there was forty-five thousand acres of first-rate mud aching to be turned into Dutch cheeses for foreign markets, but which was smothered out of useful existence by just as many acres of brackish water twelve feet deep. About the same time there were divers Dutch fingers itching to feel of the guilders that forty-five thousand acres of rich meadows and pastures would produce; and fifteen years ago Government set about relieving that aching and itching.

There was a broad high dyke around it to keep this Haarlemmer Meer in position, which was kept up by certain companies who hold certain chartered privileges for draining the lands of the surrounding country and exacting pay for the same. Even the Government might not interfere with the privileges of these companies, and they objected to any movement of the waters of the lake which might prove detrimental to their interests. The Government erected three steam-mills for the Rhinlanders' use; thus removing the first obstacle to the drying up of Haarlem Lake. The first mill was built at Spaardam, and lifted water out of canals that came down by the sides of the lake, into the Y Zee, a height of three feet, at the rate of sixteen thousand cubic yards a minute, and commenced the removal of a sheet of water sixteen miles long, eight miles wide, and twelve feet deep.

The next operations were, to open and securely dyke a canal a hundred feet wide all around outside of the lake dyke, to connect that canal with the smaller canals, into which 350 windmills—yes, 350, that's the number—lifted water from the different levels around the lake, and to connect it with the sluices that let into the Y Zee and into the Hollands Yssel, a bayou of the Rhine. They next set at work, at different points on the margin of the lake, three steam-mills of 500-horse power each, that work twenty-eight pumps, lifting altogether 56,000 gallons at a stroke, or 336,000 gallons a minute, fifteen feet high; and Haarlemmer Meer began rapidly to change to Haarlemmer Meer *Polder*, or, as one of the lake-men elegantly translated it, "*Haarlemmer Meer coom dhry.*" As the dry land began to appear, the huge stacks of willow boughs bound in bundles, that had been gathered from all parts of the country, began to be laid in long rows up through the middle and at the different crossings of the lake, and the mud was scooped up and thrown over and between these rows to form banks for canals and to lay roads upon. After a layer of mud came another layer of willow boughs, then another layer of mud, and so on; and after the banks had hardened sufficiently to retain it, came gravel from the German rivers to spread over them, until fifty miles of broad deep canal and a hundred miles of passable roads separated Haarlem Lake Polder into a dozen great divisions. Then those dozen divisions were subdivided by such smaller canals in different directions as the levels seemed to demand, and Haarlem Lake was ready for sale just as the great marshes over in Jersey, the Monte-

zuma marshes, the St. Clair marshes, the Saginaw, the Kankakee, and a thousand other great marshes all over our country will be got ready for sale at some future day.

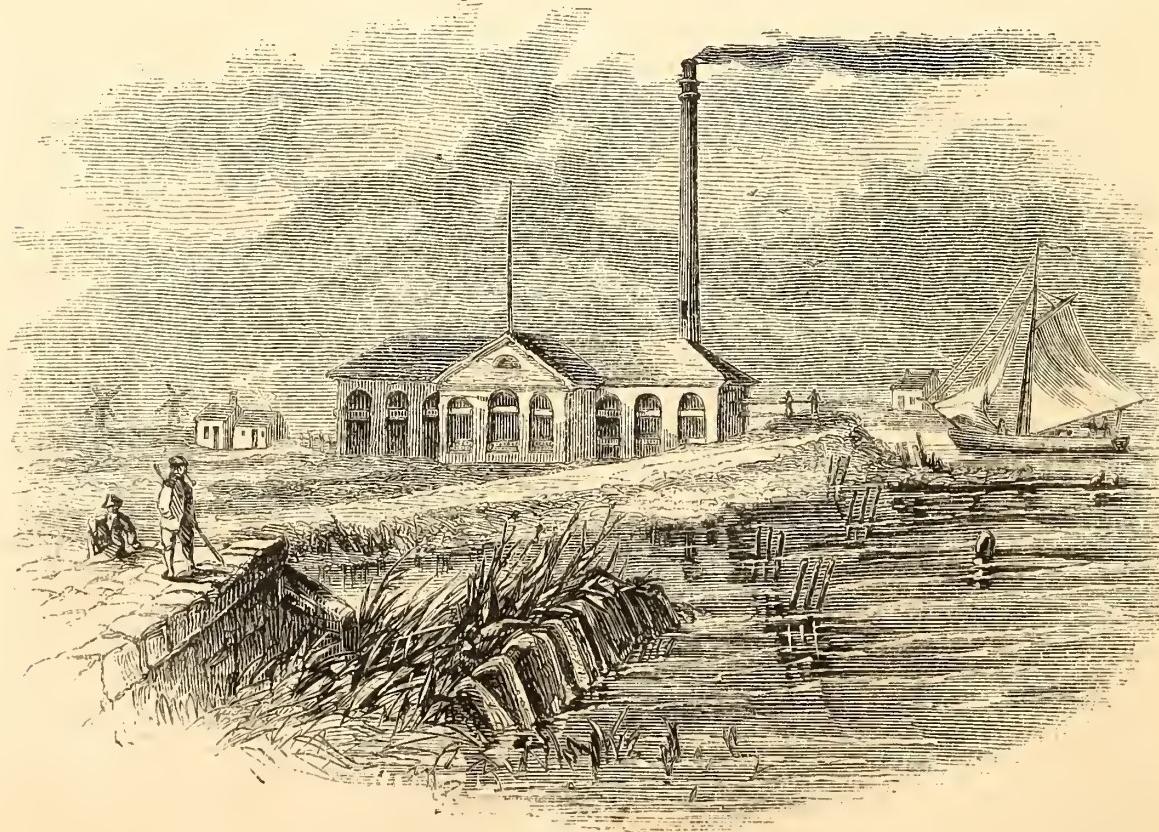
The land was sold at from eighty to two hundred dollars an acre, and small houses and large barns began to spring up around its edges, just as they rise on the edges of one of our prairies out West. Eight years ago the last mill was set at work at Halfweg, and handed over to the Rhinlanders as the finishing stroke of the drainage so far as the Government was concerned. It was a mill of a hundred-horse power, engines built under English direction at Amsterdam, which lift, with paddle-wheels, nine hundred cubic yards of water per minute, from the canal that encircles the Polder, into a sluice from the Y Zee (a branch of the Zuider or Southern Zee), a height of three feet.

But there was still much to be done to bring the juicy soil into profitable use. Only such plants as would flourish in mud could be grown for several years; canals were too shallow and dykes too low to answer the purposes for which they were intended; roads and bridges were to be made; large cisterns for rain-water were to be laid; and, worse than all the rest, there was a leaden stratum of fever and ague overlying all the region, which no steam-mill yet invented could pump away, but which was to be worked off by Dutch patience and quinine. Fortunately there was much of the bottom of the lake that would dry into excellent fuel, and thus furnish an immediate article of commerce, as well as protect the people from the severities of their northern climate; fortunately, too, the great iron water-pipe, running from Haarlem to Am-

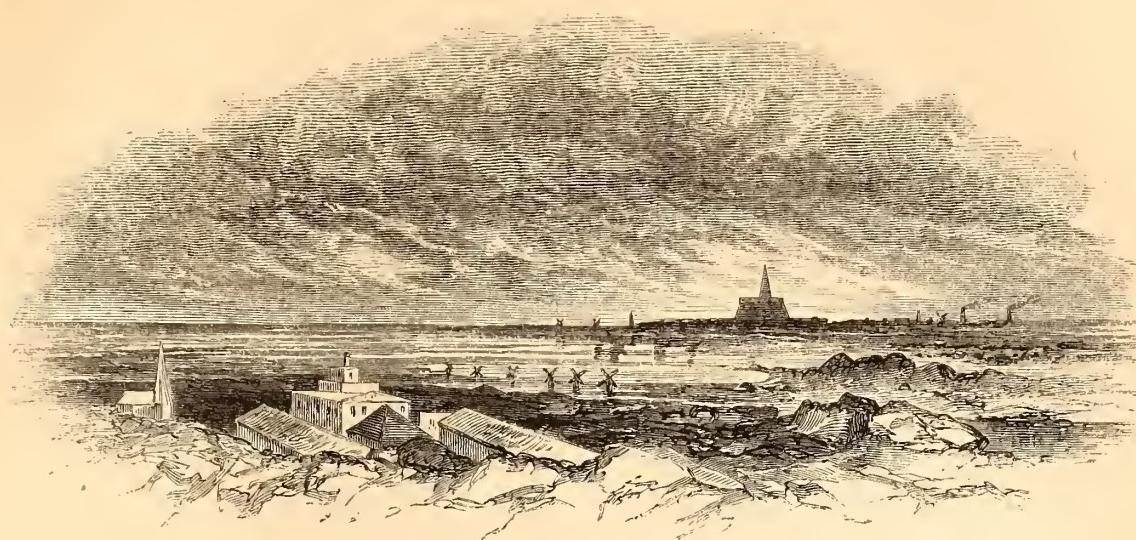
sterdam, passed by Halfweg, and provided for an emergency in that direction; fortunately again, the drying soil, increasing crops, and decreasing agues, kept the people hopeful, until now their plain is dotted over with farm-buildings, groves of young trees, herds of cattle, and beginning to exhibit all the signs of a thrifty young growth.

After all their plain shall have fairly settled down into a cheese-making district, after the dykes shall have hardened so as to be arched and paved with the small bricks of the country, after the willows shall have grown up and been cropped of their branches and recropped into ugly gnarled stubs, after scows on the canals shall raise up white stone posts along the tow-paths, Haarlemmer Meer Polder will still be singular in Holland for its lack of the most pointed feature of Dutch landscape, the windmill.

Looking back thirty years to when I was a school-boy at the old yellow Academy on Pompey Hill, remembering with what veneration I used to look up the shingled sides of the old wooden giant who bleached his long arms above all that high region, remembering with what stealthy awe I climbed alone over its shattered cogged wheels and its dilapidated shafts to look out at the high open window, still retaining as half truth the ghost stories connected with that mysterious old tower, I can not even yet bring my eyes to look upon a wind-mill as so much ordinary wood and thatch; nor, as I now glance from my Zaandam window down a line of two hundred giants swinging their brawny arms in the December breeze, each one busy in some occupation that shall give sustenance to the swarms of pygmies about their feet; can I bring



WATER-MILL AT HALFWEGL



OVER MEERENBURGH TO OLD HAARLEM.

my mind to consider them as possessing the ordinary stolidity of wood and rushes; but I set out to sketch one's portrait with the same feeling of respect that I should prepare for a sitting of some great dignitary or savant. Posted along the great dykes, they work so cheaply that the smallest farmer may employ them to lift the water off his little meadow, cheap in their construction, the weak-handed mechanic may set one up to saw his timber or to beat his iron; powerful and untiring in movement, the largest manufacturer may employ them to forge his plates or grind his oil-seed. Those mills that are built for lifting water alone are almost as much parts of the dykes as the dykes themselves, are under the direction of "mill-captains," who signal their subalterns to move on by hoisting a lantern to their peaks during the night, or the national colors by day; and all are managed by societies formed after the mode of our insurance companies, whose existence date back for hundreds of years, and whose rights are guarded in the strictest manner by the laws and by the popular opinion of the whole country. A boy digging a hole in the top or sides of a dyke to set his kermis candle in would be arrested and imprisoned; a man setting a row of posts to hang his nets on would be imprisoned and fined; and maliciously or recklessly opening a way for the water, though that way were only so large as the smoke-way of a pipe-stem, would be punished with death.

Two hundred years ago, the De Witts, the Schermerhorns, the Ten Eycks, the Van Zandts, the Langerfelts, the Van Winkles, and the Tromps—fathers and cousins of the men who dug our Erie canal and opened the way to Western immigration—formed one of those societies who set up a line of wind-mills around the Beemster Lake and pumped it into "Polder." It was twenty miles around, and twenty-five feet deep; and the basin is now full of the most independent De Witts, and Schermerhorns, and Langerfelts, and Van Winkles, that exist outside of Yankeeland, who are busily raising up

other De Witts, Schermerhorns, Langerfelts, and Van Winkles, to dig other canals and open other ways of emigration in countries where the broad German accent and the rich Irish brogue are as yet rare or unknown. Proprietors of from thirty to a hundred acres of the rich lake bottoms, that are but lightly taxed and that call for no manure or fencing; cursed by no primogeniture law to draw those lands under the control of a few lordly owners; born with sufficient spirit of commercial enterprise to attract the uneasy surplusage to other countries, the remaining ones gently strip the heifers that distill the oil essential for lubricating their machinery, dreamily watch the wool and mutton rounding out the forms of their bouncing wethers, laugh and grow fat from July to January, then take a new hold of the jollities of life for the balance of the twelvemonth.

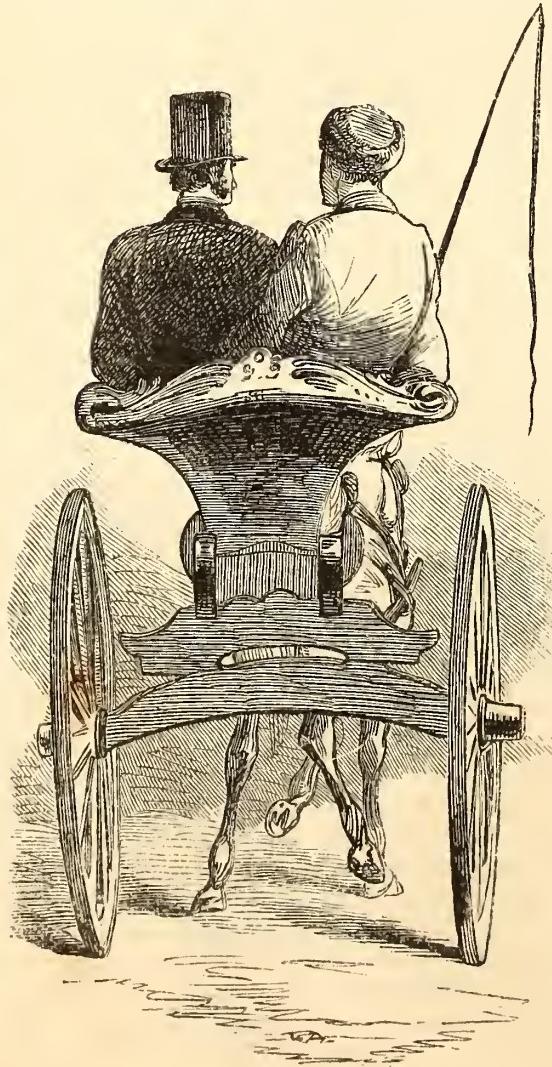
One would not think of twenty-five feet of altitude making much difference in the habits and manners of a people or appearance of a country, but it does in this instance. Cold blasting sea winds sweep over the main land of the country, cutting away the delicate herbage that sometimes dodges into existence; and except here and there a clump of ash or willows, half sheltering and half sheltered by a farmer's buildings or a compact village, the main level is a broad plain of grass and water, each struggling for supremacy, and the difference of a few inches of level between the two is only maintained by almost constant action of the long-armed pumpers.\* But a forty-foot wall of earth on the west side, and a thirty-foot one on the east, so shelters a broad rim of the Polder as allows the growth of groves and orchards, and, aided by the extra rich soil and the twenty-five feet altitude, makes the Beemster an oasis in the midst of a desert of grass. Though the tops of the trees, bare long after the bases are leafed in the spring, again bare a month earlier in the fall, and always bowing to the eastward, show which way the wind blows; yet that they exist at all, and are clothed for their main height, is evidence that the climate is milder than outside the basin.

The Pennsylvania Dutchman who, when his wife died, declared that he would rather have lost every cow on the place, was no kin to Beemster Dutchmen, or he would have placed a different estimate on his horned stock from what all that came to—Beemster farmers giving their cows preference over every thing else mortal. They are never overworked or underfed, as the wives and children sometimes are; they never lack blankets to keep them warm, nor shades to keep them cool; the warmest, best-built, and best-kept portion of the house is set apart for their winter habitation; their food is prepared with strict attention to their tastes; attendants sleep in their apartments to see that no harm comes to them by night; milkers are regularly roused to their duties at three o'clock in the morning, and during the day a door is generally open from their halls to the rooms inhabited by the biped members of the family. Apart from these odorous prosaics, the Beemster cheese-maker is rather a poetic being than otherwise. He excessively admires the Hogarthian line of beauty, as exhibited over the arched neck and down the glossy back of his lively Dutch cob; tasty little kiosks, at the meeting of the waters, play at Oriental shelter during the brief but bright summer that visits his grounds; erocuses mark the coming of spring-time; dahlias drop their looped ribbons among the snow flakes of au-

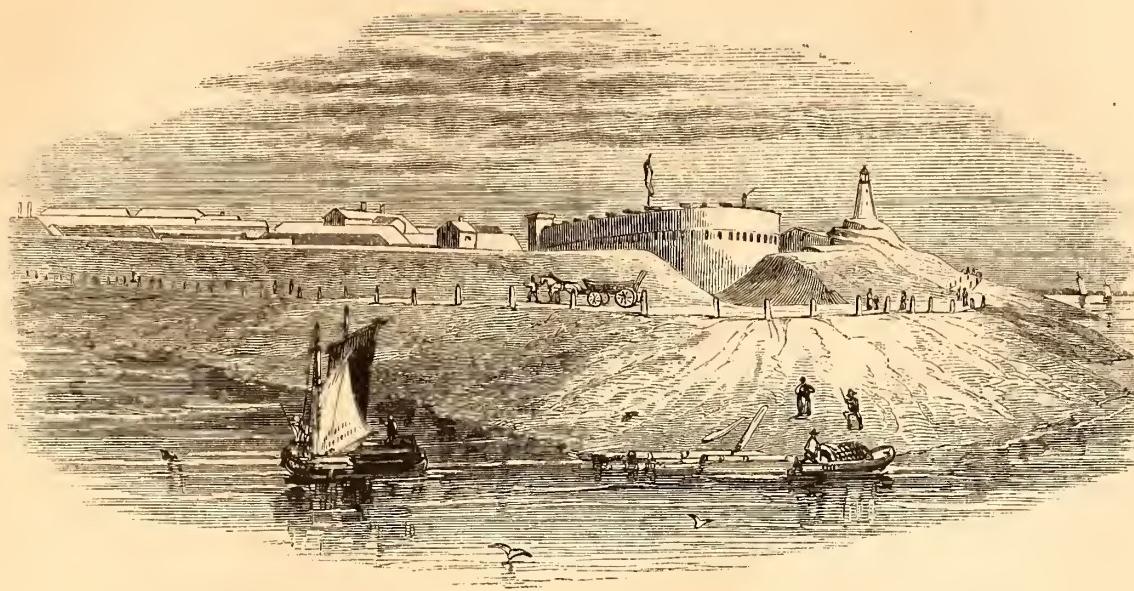
tumn; canaries sing in his windows, swans and young eygnets sail over his canals; orchards, and osiers, and gardens, and bowers distinctly mark the difference between his home and the main level that surrounds him where all is grass, grass, grass, or water.

Further on, north, just where the channel through which ships from Amsterdam issue into the open North Sea—just at what may be considered the head (if so flat an establishment may be said to have a head) of Holland—there rises a sloping sea-wall laid mostly of prismatic basaltic blocks, similar to those of the Giant's Causeway, brought from Norway, of a hundred feet in width to the top of a dyke which rises twenty-five feet above ordinary high-water mark, and is from a hundred to three hundred feet in thickness. Just at the point of the headland where this great dyke, which extends way down the coast across the Schardam, the Edam, the Monnikendam, the Nieuwendam, the Zaandam, the Spaarndam, the Amsteldam, and a hundred other *dams*; around all the nooks and corners of all the bays and inlets of the Y Sea, the great Southern Sea, the Lower Sea, away up the North Sea into Hanover; just where this great dyke meets the line of low sand hills known as “the Downs,” that reah (except one break, which is triple dyked) down the west coast to the mouths of the Rhine; just there rises another form of dyke, and for another purpose than shutting out the waters. The first line is semicircular, is faced up with bricks to a thickness of from five to ten feet, and is surmounted by a row of great black guns looking out over the channel known in our maritime reports as Texel. Back of the semicircular dyke is a broad deep eanal that surrounds other semicircular dykes, and some of the dykes take the forms of stars, and of round forts, and of zigzags, and of parallels, and of scarps and counterscarps; and some of them cover bomb-proof galleries for soldiers and magazines of ammunition and arms and provisions; and they surround barracks and stables and workshops, and form altogether the Helder Fort. And from the Helder a eovered way extends a mile down the west coast to a star fort which surrounds the light-house; another dyke covers a way down midland to another colleetion of squares and zigzags at the back of the port known as Nieuwe Diep (newly dipped), and still another is to cover a way to another fort now building at the head of the port; and all these zigzags and circles form just such obstructions to the movements of outsiders as General Todleben raised up in front of the English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish forces at Sebastopol.

Seeurely lodged behind and under such earth-banks, soldiers may smoke their pipes in quiet so long as attacking parties see fit to plunge their shots and shells into the thick-roofed shelters; and it is only by such ingenious and persistent assaults as carried the Redan and Malakoff that many such works are to be earried in our time. There are some differences, however, in the Se-



NORTH HOLLAND GIG.

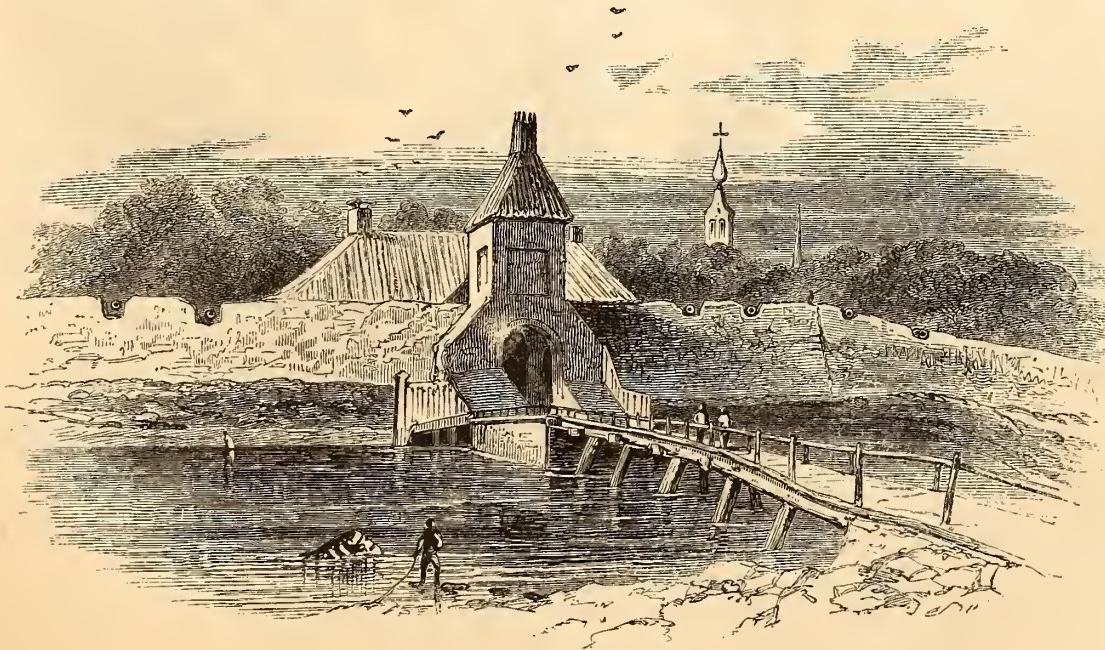


HELDER.

bastopol comparison, in favor of Hollandish fortifications. Those were surrounded by mud only, over which soldiers could pass without bridges; these are almost always bounded by broad deep waters: those were to be maintained against powers holding unlimited means of transportation, by soldiers whose sources of subsistence were far in the interior of an almost impassable country; these are all in the midst of a densely populated country, that is always fruitful, and that has secure and extraordinary means of conveyance: finally, those were defended by a soldiery acting like so much clock-work, but like so much clock-work extensively deranged by the derangement of a single piece; while Dutch soldiers have always proved themselves like tenpins, the smaller the number standing the more difficult it is to knock them down. Though Holland is thickly dotted and lined with such embankments, yet her Government is never idle. Though the chief cities are surrounded, the ports are flanked, and though great guns peer over the

dirt walls of small villages in every direction, making it the most difficult country in the world to attack, yet the Government is never idle; this year the Helder, next year the Texel Island, and next year Vlieland are marked for important additional works; while at the mouths of the Scheldt, and at the villages up about the southern frontiers, there is always something going quietly on to make Holland stronger for war.

Singular uses have been made of her singular position and her dykes, in time of Holland's extremities, as in 1574, when Leyden was besieged by the Spaniards. Leyden was one of the most beautiful and most important cities of Holland. Was surrounded by a beautiful country, and scores of interesting and thriving villages. She had been besieged from the last of October, 1573, till the 21st of March, 1574; had been relieved from that siege till the 26th of May; but had neglected to strengthen her works, replenish her magazines, and reinforce her garrison in that



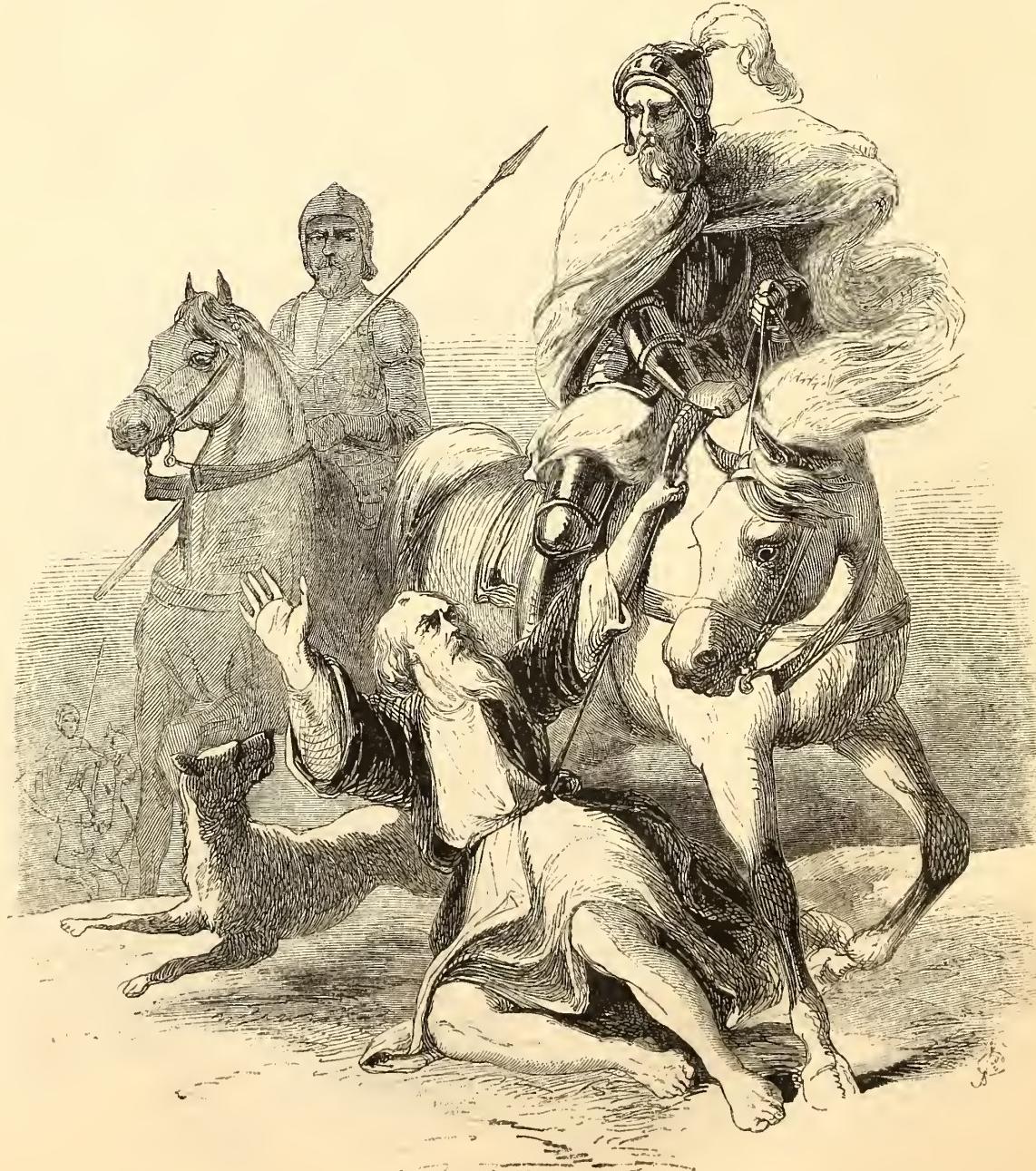
GATE-WAY AT WESP.

mean time. Her soldiers were irregulars, her provisions the fragments of her former stores, her outside assistance was weakened by defeat; but she defied, in the proudest terms, the foreign soldiers who sought to plunder her homes and change her religion. Her people echoed the words of their prince—the Prince of Orange: “While there is a man left alive in our country we shall fight for our religion and our liberty.”

The last of June every one was placed on short allowance of food, and the strictest economy observed by all. The last of July saw the last of their ordinary provisions; and dogs, cats, rats, old leather, and leaves of trees became the luxuries of the times. Thousands bowed their heads to the dire necessity, and starved without murmuring. Infants expired in the endeavor to draw nourishment from milkless breasts; mothers died clinging in silent agony to their breathless babes. Old men slept in quiet after a horrid closing dream of life; young braves howled their last breath in defiance of the inhuma-

nity. Whole families hugged each other in admiration of their spirit of resistance to oppression, and died; strong men, still strong enough from their former strength to mount the ramparts, hurled back the taunts of their bitter enemies: “You call us eaters of dogs and cats, and so we are; and so long as you hear the dogs howl and the cats waul within our walls, you may know that the city resists. And when *they* are all perished, when *we* only are left, rest assured that each one of us will eat his left arm to sustain his right in strength to defend our wives, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign despot. God, in his wrath, has left us to destruction and refuses us all succor; but we shall always defend ourselves against *you*. And when the last hour shall come, with our own hands we will apply the torch to our dwellings, and all—men, women, and children—will perish in the flames rather than see you profane our hearths and sacrifice our liberties.”

But the great North Sea came, and brought on



ADOLPH VAN GELDER.

its bosom relief for the famishing city. The dykes had been broken, the sluices had been opened, and a brave little fleet, manned by such as were inured to privation, self-denial, and wounds, rendered desperately savage by the indignities to which powerful invaders had subjected their countrymen, and who were sworn to neither give nor accept of quarter, sailed in across the country and assisted the rising waters to drive the Spaniards to higher grounds.

Thus each dyke, and each canal all over the country, has its story of public or private prowess, or wrong connected therewith, just as each Rhine castle and each Austrian prison has its legend of glory or shame. Shall I give an example of family record to balance the one of public history recited above? I accept one suggested by the name of one of our prominent citizens.\*

Adolph, only son of Arnold van Gelder, Duke of Gelderland, was bad by nature and bad by instruction of a wicked mother. In 1465, when he was twenty-eight years old, he concluded that his father had reigned Duke as long as he ought, and that it was time for him to take his turn at the head of the Duchy: so he arranged with some ruffians to assist him; coaxed his father to allow the ice to remain unbroken in the canal on one side of the castle, so that the ladies might skate; then at midnight of the coldest night of the year he tore the old Duke from his bed, made a rope fast around his body, the other end fast to his own saddle-bow, and thus led and dragged him five leagues over the ice to Buren. He detained him a prisoner at Buren six years, when both were summoned to appear before the council of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgogne. It was recommended that the father retain the title of Duke and an annuity of 6000 florins till his death: but the hopeful son answered that he would rather see his father thrown into a well, and be himself thrown in afterward, than consent to such terms; that his father had been Duke forty-four years, and it was high time he was turned out. Adolph was excommunicated by the Pope; was imprisoned; was liberated at thirty-nine by revolutionists who wanted his assistance in their wars; marched to Tournay; was murdered, embalmed, and buried there. Ninety years after his burial his body was exhumed, was found perfectly preserved, was thrown about and spit upon for days by the people of Tournay, then disappeared—the last of his line that reigned over that province.

Writing the full history of the canals and dykes of Holland would be to write also the history of every Holland farm and farmer since Bataves began to raise mud dams around their reed huts among the mouths of the Rhine a hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era.

The Batave was the noblest of savages. He loved the solitude of the marsh and the forest; he inhabited the sea as much as the land; he was as free as the wild-fowl that frequented his haunts; he was a constant friend and a ferocious enemy; he was a broad-browed, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, white-skinned, blue-eyed man, who loved one wife and worshiped one God. His race was driven, by a succession of extraordinary tides, from their island homes to move southwardly among tribes of strangers; became enveloped among the armies of Rome; lost by civilization many of their noblest characteristics; grew to be the most reliable soldiers of the Empire; held the balance of power between rival candidates for Emperor, and lost their identity as a tribe; but as you walk through the streets of Trastevere, among the known descendants of the captains of the Roman Empire, your friend, the tracer of races, will point you to a blue-eyed woman, a yellow-haired child, or a red-bearded man, and say, "There goes Batavian blood!" Just so, as you wander among the earth-walls of Zeeland and South Holland, your antiquarian comrade will lead you to the top of some ridge now far inland, and quietly inform you that "that's Batavian dyke." The same antiquarian, a little farther south, would show you the Druse canals and the Roman roadways; would point out the different changes of maps caused by overflows of dykes; would tell you of the great flood of 1421, when two hundred villages were inundated, their stocks destroyed, their inhabitants drowned or driven into penniless exile, when the whole country of the Lower Rhine was devastated and depopulated; or, showing on the map the islands of Texel, Vlieland, Schelling, Ameland, Schiermonnik-Oog, Rottam, Borkum—showing by the map that those islands were once parts of the main land, continuations of the Downs that were isolated by the great floods of the thirteenth century—he would describe those floods that swallowed up thousands of villages and their inhabitants, and spread the great stormy Zuider Zee over what was before rich, prosperous, and productive country, such as Noord Holland and Friesland now are—he would talk to you about the terrible disaster of 1570, when the great dyke to the southward of Amsterdam was broken, and a hundred thousand persons swept out of existence—when great sea-waves swept over the whole of Holland and Friesland from Rotterdam to Groningen, leveling cities and forests and dykes and towns, and driving fleets of ships among the ruins of the shores, a swaying, surging mass of devastation.

He would tell you, too, how the indomitable perseverance of the old Teutons and Frisians scarcely allowed those vast floods, which so narrowed their territories and diminished their numbers, to interrupt their advancement in national prosperity. He would tell you that their agriculture was most valuable; that their fisheries were of enormous advantage, both as means of acquiring trade and as school for seamen;

\* Martin Van Buren. Maarten is, and has been for centuries, a popular Christian name in Gelderland, one of the provinces which form the kingdom of Holland; and it was formerly customary to adopt the name of the place of residence, or the occupation of the master, as the name of the family.

that their manufactures were acceptable to all the world; and that their commerce extended to every port. He would tell you that they had adopted the Christian religion; and though it was such Christianity as led them to break men's bones over wheels, tear their flesh with pincers, roast them raw with hot irons, then bind them hand and foot, and lay them among swarms of bees to be stung to death, that it was such Christian religion as led them to inventions like turning a vase of rats and earth over a man's body, dropping coals of fire upon the earth, and leaving no escape for the infuriated beasts but to eat their way into the man's entrails; that they glorified God in a thousand ways so much more frenzied than these that the English language declines to describe them; yet that they had adopted the Christian religion nevertheless, and that its superiority over fatalism was all the while leading them out of the revolting accidents and incidents of barbarous times of wars of sects into an appreciation of the value of good works and good-will toward all men.

Urged by his religion to be patient under affliction, the pious Hollander continued to reconquer and refortify that which winds and waves and envious neighbors abstracted from time to time from his possession; he continued to scoop the mud into ridges, to face the ridges with stone, and cover them with bricks, and set trees on their borders; continued to drive piles in the marshes, set cities on the piles, and sail ships to the cities; continued to catch herrings for the south, to bring spices for the north, weave

woolens for the east, and print books for the world.

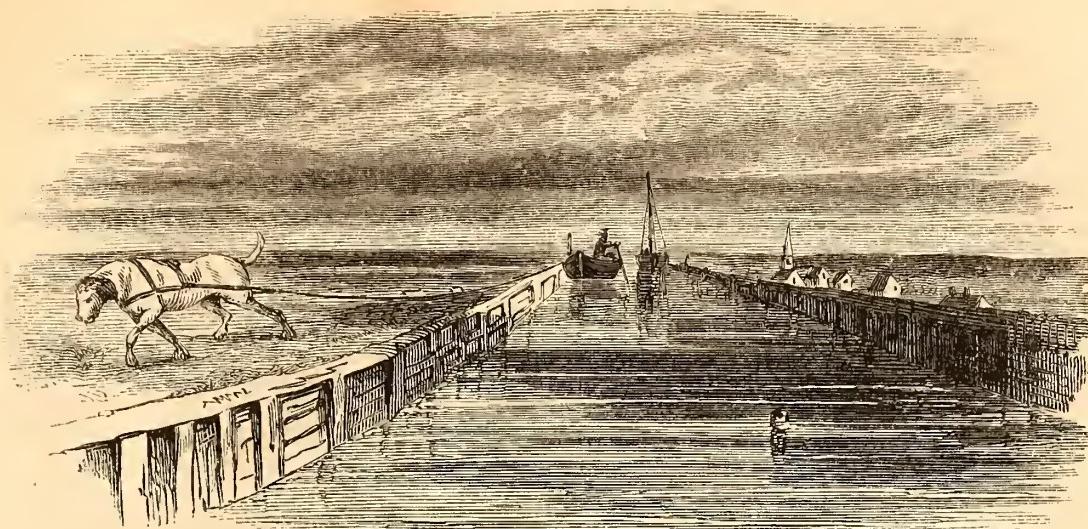
The little spongy state, of three millions of people, was almost always at war—sometimes with Germany, for eighty years with Spain, sometimes with England, sometimes with France, and sometimes with both together; was sometimes republic, sometimes kingdom, sometimes hybrid of both, but always gathering more dirt to the dykes, doubling the lines that were in danger, making them more substantial fences and roads and homes, until no other system of public improvement, except it may be our own thirty thousand miles of railroads over ranges of mountains, across rapid broad rivers, along shaky morasses, can at all compare with it in points of importance and utility. Talk of the Pyramids of Egypt as monuments of man's skill and industry! Merc warts, pimples on the surface of the country which once belonged to them, and to which they now belong; neither useful nor ornamental—exhibiting neither great skill nor great goodness in their design or execution. Talk of the Chinese wall as a monument to be admired! Broad, indelible mark of the imbecility of the three hundred millions of people who built it; but a single line, of no more work to the mile than some single lines of dykes, that never answered even the ignoble purpose for which it was built, while these are a perfect network over the whole country they preserve. Create three hundred millions of Dutchmen,\* and, instead of building walls to protect themselves against Tartars, they would wipe every encroaching Tartar off the face of the foot-stool. Create three hundred millions of Dutchmen, and they would teach every Chinaman of the Celestial Empire to live on Dutch bread and cheese at three stivers (a stiver is two cents) a sandwich. Create three hundred millions of Dutchmen, and they would bring home the Chinese wall, lay it into a dam across the Straits of Gibraltar, and pump the Mediterranean down the throat of Vesuvius.

The lines for the streets and walls of cities alone would outmeasure the Chinese abortion. Look at Amsterdam, with its crescents and crossings. A whole city, as large as Cincinnati, on piles and dykes of most elaborate and costly description; connected by a hundred and fifty costly bridges—costly to build and costly to keep. And look at the cost of continuing such a commercial city, where every thing, like the ground on which the leaning towers of Pisa and the leaning towers of Bologna are built, yields to the pressure of any considerable weight. Fortunately the bricks and mortar seem capable of sympathizing with their creators—seem to have a kind of India-rubber-like elastic tenacity that holds them together hundreds of years after they



LEANING TOWER AT DELFT.

\* I follow the custom of my countrymen in speaking of Hollanders as Dutchmen, knowing all the while that it is a misnomer which Hollanders are excusable in resenting—as they and Dutchmen have not for centuries inhabited the same countries, been subject to the same laws, spoken the same language, or adopted the same habits.



A SMALL TEAM.

first appear ready to tumble in mass among the canals they lean over. For hundreds of years whole streets of tall houses in the old cities have nodded their heads so near together that their jutting griffons and gorgons have almost lapped each other's grim jaws ; but there they grin, just as fierce to view and just as harmless to touch as centuries ago. And the garrets and chambers of the tall leaning houses are still the safe deposits for merchandise, secure from damp, and just as harmless toward the people as five hundred years ago. The church-tower at Delft, where William the Taciturn was shot, leaned so much five hundred years ago that the pastor did

not dare to walk in its shadow ; but it still supports a bell of 18,000 pounds weight, which calls for the force of twelve men to ring.

Holland is so eminently commercial from necessity. The greater part of the country is destitute of fuel, stone, minerals, and the ground is too wet to raise grain or fruits ; consequently, every thing that is consumed except fish, meats, wool, cheese, and cabbages, must be brought from other countries ; and as those five staples are produced in extraordinary profusion there remain large quantities for exportation. There is almost always business for the never-ending variety of boats and ships that spread their broad



A BIG TEAM.



A FULL TEAM.

sails over every pasture and meadow of Dyke-land. Sailing when the wind is fair, towing when it is foul, they visit almost every house in the eleven united provinces. Immense numbers of the middle-sized craft, such as do the marketing and provide fuel for the farmers, are permanently inhabited by the families of their owners, and are thus rendered so economical and convenient as to shut off railroad competition. The whole kingdom of Holland, or, more properly speaking, the kingdom of *Netherlands*, has but little more railroad than the city of Philadelphia, and both passenger and freight boats continue to ply the same as when rails were unknown. First-class passengers pay the little packet-boats the same fares that third-class ones pay the railroad, and, remembering that two-thirds of the railway passengers are third class, it will be easier to understand that deducting thirty or forty per cent. calls a large traffic to the second class of the boats. Great numbers of Jew peddlers and adventurers are constantly going about like roaring lions seeking whom they may cheat. Washer-women, vegetable women, fish-women, and various and divers other sorts of women, are constantly on the move with baskets or wheel-barrows gathering and distributing all sorts of wares and productions, and it is cheaper for them to ride, wherever the packet-boats run, than to walk. Women or boys, beginning with a basket, or with two baskets and a neck-yoke, to distribute vegetables or fish in the villages, economize until able to own a dog and cart or boat, or both cart and boat, and consider themselves

well to do for this life. A family who are rich enough to possess a boat roomy for their joint existence, with that of a few tons of cargo, follow the business of freighting wherever change of season calls for change of route, but always continue "at home" in their migratory habitation. Of a November morning the statistician may count a hundred of these family residents coming into Amsterdam laden with cabbages alone, and at the same hour may count another hundred laden with peat, sailing out of the harbor like a flock of water-fowl for the North Holland lakes and canals. In the spring the same restless birds will flap their red wings before the doors of Gelderland farmers to exchange low-country fabrics for up-country products. Through the long quiet summers, when no other occupation would offer, the transport of woods and stone fills up the interim.

The crust of Hollowland soil is generally so thin, and so slackly bound down to the balance of the world, that a tree can not rise to any considerable height before the north wind upturns it, together with a large patch of soil; and the dykes are the only spaces where timber can be grown. But as the dykes are also roads and fences, and sites for houses and mills and villages, they are not sufficient to supply lumber for the vast lines of curbing for canals and lakes which are being constantly devoured by myriads of worms, nor can they answer the demand for the countless piles for buildings, some idea of which can be formed by reading that the king's palace at Amsterdam stands on thirteen thousand six hun-

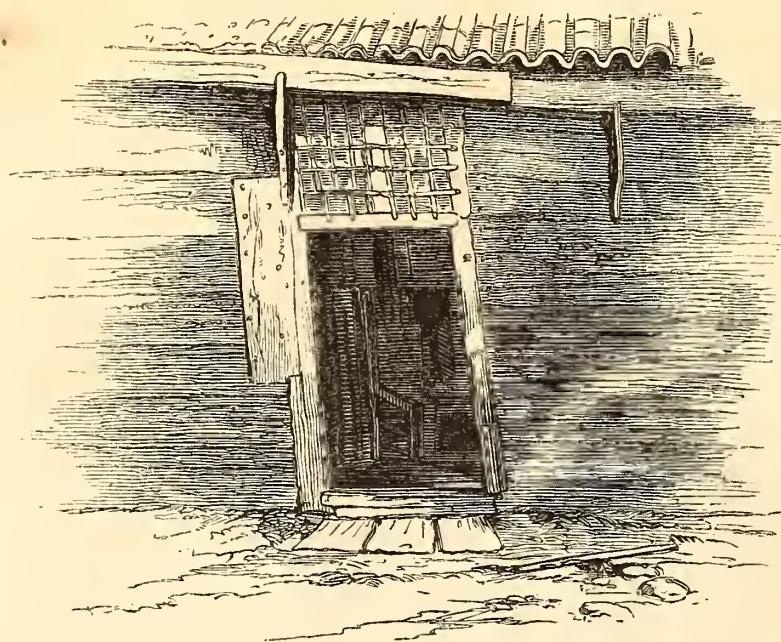


SKATERS.

dred and fifty-nine, and the Exchange on thirty-four thousand piles, and that whole cities must be braced up after the same manner.

Only when mid-winter seals up the avenues of intercourse are the nomads stationary; but even then only heavy kinds of commerce wait for the warmer atmosphere, as boat-sails are easy to rig upon sleighs, and help to push light freights across plains of ice. The spirits of the people seem to go up as the mercury in the thermometer falls, and the canals, still tracks of travel, change their appearance from sluggish, indolence-breeding routes for drudges to the gayest of sprightly promenades. Skates drop from the rafters of garrets, spring from the bottoms of chests, slide from out-o'-the-way corners of cupboards, seem like seventeen-year locusts to rise out of the ground, or to have been the inseparable companions of half the people of the colder parts of Holland; and on a clear, bracing morning business and pleasure mingle so freely and rapidly upon glare ice that the steadiest devotee could scarcely decide which it was he followed. A tour on skates among these people would be one of the most agreeable and instruct-

ive that the world offers to an American traveler. Skimming over the ice in company with all classes of people, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, at a time when all are wanting to be polite and communicative, would add rapidly to his stock of knowledge, and fill his time so full of novelty as to leave no room for ennui. Parties of pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, would hail his coming as likely to add to their delight by giving them opportunity of dividing with him that which they already enjoyed. The poor woman, resting from her load of marketing, would meekly ask him to assist in lifting her heavy sack of potatoes or basket of butter on to her head for another start, and he would be a churl indeed, and unworthy the name American, if, possessing the requisite strength, he passed by on the other side, or if he assisted without feeling himself a better man for doing so. Young ladies, ruddy with health and exhilarating exercise, would accept his company while he treated them respectfully without inquiring whether he came from Fifth Avenue or Wall Street, or from Gooseville Four Corners. Trains of boys on little sleds, "spikers" too poor to buy skates, would



DOOR-WAY OF PETER'S HOUSE.

race with him, and cheer the same whether they lost or won. The poor persons who clear the ways on the ice, and who keep the booths for hot coffee, would accept an occasional half cent with an earnest "God speed!" that would really lighten his tiring footsteps; Dutch smiles and hot coffee would await his coming at the village "Logement;" and as he dropped the skirts of the figured cotton canopy around the six-by-three box of goose feathers, woolen blankets, and American-man, Momus would slide his mellowest cloud before the day's panorama without entirely effacing its sparkling scenes from his view.

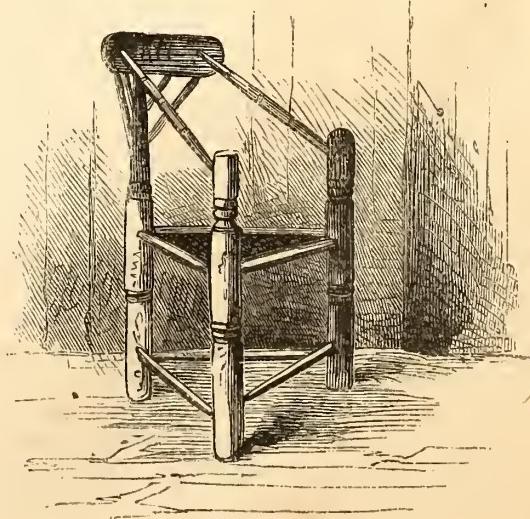
I say that Holland is so commercial from necessity. Rich cargoes from her East India colonies and from Japan find their way up the mouths of the Meuse to Rotterdam, or are towed by steamers through the crooked channel of the Zuider Zee to Amsterdam, or else by horses through the great North Holland canal to the same entrepôt, and from there are distributed among the gentry of Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany, in exchange for such necessaries of life as her own soil refuses to supply. Italy is to-day so beggarly simply because all the necessaries of life are procured with little labor in each one of her own provinces; the spur of destitution is not there to urge her people to activity and development. Austria is bankrupt, not because she lacks sources of wealth, but because she is shut from intercourse with other parts of the world; and Peter the Great deserved the affix to his name, if for no other reason than that he so audaciously occupied and improved the Russian channel of commerce.

While among the Zaandam mills I could not, if I would, refrain from taking a look in at the door-way of the old cabin of Peter the Great; and I am now wishing that I could write the history of the extraordinary voluntary exile of that extraordinary man. How much more instructive and interesting a plain undoctor'd story of that Zaandam residence would be than the long, scho-

lastic biographies usually attached to the names surnamed the Great. Stories of the little friendships he formed with his neighbors of the little green wooden houses posted about on piles in the heart of Waterland; stories of the little quarrels with his fellow ship-builders, who swung their axes more expertly than himself; stories of his little love-makings as he hied Dutch lasses over Zaanstrom ice, would be perfect keys to the motives which induced him to accept the great Menchikoff for his minister, Suwarow for his general, and Catharine for his empress. A plain unvarnished history of the caprices that led to, and the incidents that occurred during

that sojourn of 1697, would assist us more to judge correctly of his right to be written "Great" than all the paid-for eulogies of his later existence. Certain it is that he accomplished the professed object of his mission—acquired information; and that he made a quick use of that information while building up a great capital in the midst of such swamps and marshes as surrounded him in Waterland. His old house here has been rehoused by a substantial brick building, and with its increasing importance as a shrine for travelers calls up recollections of another old house that is now more grandly housed, more reverently attended, and more richly endowed; but who shall say how soon the increasing respect for the great Russian reformer, and Garibaldian revolutions in Catholic States, shall cleave off the character of sanctity from the Holy House of Loretto, and attach it to this residence of a former head of the growing Greek branch!

But as not one American in a hundred ever before heard of the Holy House of Loretto, and as I have a traveler's fondness for digressing from the main subject of my story, I will tell



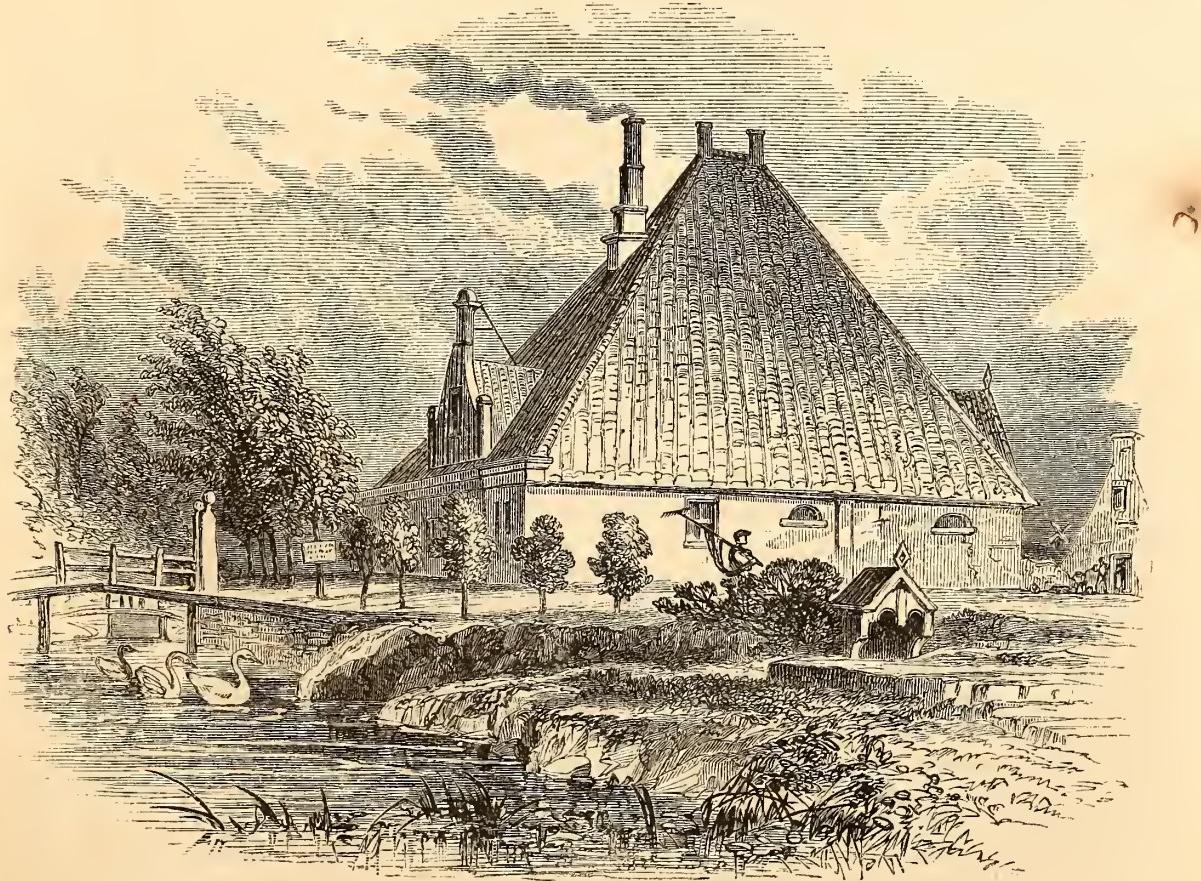
PETER'S CHAIR.

some of them what I remember about it. It is a little old brick house of two rooms and two outside doors, that stands twelve miles south of Ancona in Italy, in a magnificent church that was built for its honor and protection, at the top of a large hill not far from the Adriatic Sea. It professes to be the house in which Christ resided eight years at Nazareth; professes to have been moved by angels from Nazareth to a place of greater safety in Hungary. After centuries of quiet sojourn in Hungary troublous times urged another migration, and the same angels came one night and took the Holy House into Dalmatia. After five hundred or a thousand years of genteel seclusion there, some heathenish Dalmatians kicked up a row in its neighborhood, and the angels saw fit to take it again a journeying. Traveling always by night, it was at last set down in its present position, when it became the owner of a large tract of rich land, a village of houses for thousands of people, and two black-faced images dressed in white satin, pointed all over with large diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. One honest-looking peasant was going, by short steps on his knees, round and round the little old house, reverently kissing the door stones each time he passed (I noticed that the door stones appeared quite new), until the knees of his breeches were all worn away, and his own seemed calloused by his penitential promenade.

Czar Peter's house (*Saint Peter's* house, the boy-guides of Zaandam call it) contains, in the first and main room, the oak table and three chairs, his own handiwork, just as he left them

a hundred and sixty odd years ago; little cupboard-like doors open into his bed box, and at the foot of the bed a low door leads into the other room of his cabin. Except where the portraits of himself and Catharine hang, the walls of that room are literally covered with the names of visitors, written in pencil, and, as usual, an American has occupied the most prominent place. Over the middle of the door-way, on a level with the eyes of a six-foot man, where the light strikes strongest, a Yankee has immortalized his name.

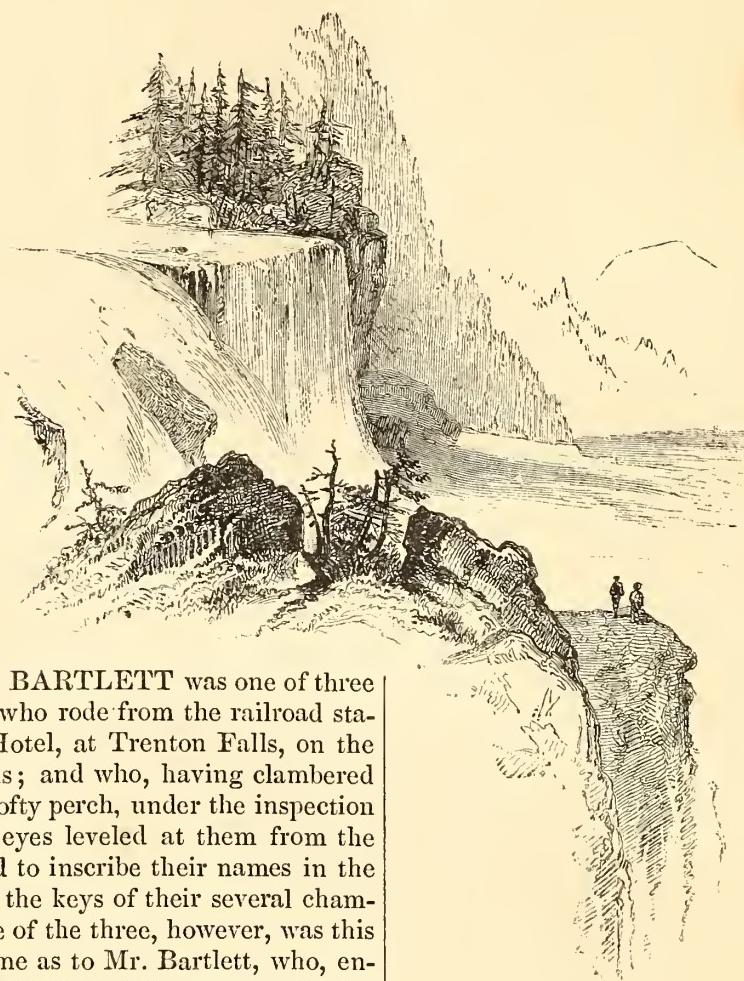
"Returning to our muttons," as the Frenchman has it, there is one sort of evil which dyke-builders can not insure against; and I am winding off this paper in sight of the spires and high gables of sixteen villages sticking out of thirty feet of water and ice. The beginning of the current year (1861) was excessively cold; much snow has fallen; the ice running in "the Waal," a main bayou of the Rhine, dammed, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 7th the alarm-bells of the Bommel Polder warned the inhabitants to fly from the coming waters. Sixteen villages are inundated, twelve persons are missing; a single dyke protects for the present the city of Bommel. People are securing their property as best they may; bands of workmen and soldiers are watching and strengthening the lines; engineers and adjutants are on the move day and night; officers from the King's household are examining the locks and waste weirs throughout the whole region, and all Holland dreads the coming thaw.



NORTH HOLLAND FARM-HOUSE.

## THE CHIROPODIST: A STORY OF THE WATERING-PLACES.

### I.—TRENTON FALLS.



**M**R. HENRY BARTLETT was one of three gentlemen who rode from the railroad station to Moore's Hotel, at Trenton Falls, on the top of an omnibus; and who, having clambered down from that lofty perch, under the inspection of forty pairs of eyes leveled at them from the balcony, hastened to inscribe their names in the book, and secure the keys of their several chambers. To no one of the three, however, was this privacy so welcome as to Mr. Bartlett, who, entering his room with flushed face, nervously dismissed the servant, locked the door, and dropped into a chair with a pant of relief. Our business being entirely with him, we shall at once dismiss his two companions—whom, indeed, we have only introduced as accessories to the principal figure—and, taking our invisible seats in the opposite chair, proceed to a contemplation of his person.

Age—four, perhaps five and twenty—certainly not more; height, five feet nine inches, with well-developed breast and shoulders; limbs, whose firm, ample muscle betrays itself through the straight lines of his light summer costume, and hands and feet of agreeable shape; complexion fair, with a skin of feminine fineness and transparency, whereon the uncontrollable blood writes his emotions so palpably that he who runs may read; eyes of a clear, honest blue, but so shy of meeting a steady gaze that few know how beautiful they really are; mouth full and sensitive, and of so rich and dewy a red that we can not help wishing he were a woman that we might be pardoned for kissing it; forehead broad, and rather low; hair—but here we hesitate, for his enemies would certainly call it red. Indeed, in some lights it *is* red, but its prevailing tint is brown, with a bronze lustre on the curls. As he sits thus, unconscious of our observation, he is certainly handsome, in spite of a haunting air of timidity which weakens the expression of

features not weak in themselves. On further observation, we are inclined to believe that he has not achieved that easy poise of self-possession which, in men of becoming modesty, is the result of more or less social experience. He belongs, evidently, to that class of awkward, honest, warm-hearted, and sensitive natures whom all men like, and some women.

Mr. Bartlett's reflections, after his arrival, were—we have good reason to know—after this fashion: "When will I cease to be a fool? Why couldn't I stare back at all those people on the balcony as coolly as the two fellows who sat beside me? Why couldn't I get down without missing the step and grazing my shin on the wheel? Why should I walk into the house with my head down, and a million of cold little needles pricking my back, because men and women, and not sheep, were looking at me? I have at least an average body, as men go—an average intellect, too, I think; yet every day I see spindly, brainless squirts [Mr. Bartlett would not have used this epithet in conversation, but it certainly passed through his mind] put me to shame by their self-possession. The women think me a fool because I have not the courage to be natural and unembarrassed, and I carry the consciousness of the fact about me whenever I meet them. Come, come: this will never do. I am a man, and I ought to possess the ordinary res-

olution of a man. Now, here's a chance to turn over a new leaf. Nobody knows me; no one will notice me particularly; and whether I fail or succeed, the experiment will never be brought forward to my confusion hereafter."

Full of a sudden courage he sprang to his feet, and carefully adjusted his toilet for the tea-table, whistling cheerfully all the while. At the sound of the gong he descended the staircase, and approached the dining-room with head erect, meeting the gaze of the other guests with a steadiness which resembled defiance. He was surprised to find how mechanical and transitory were the glances he encountered. As Mr. Bartlett's friend, I should not like to assert that in his efforts to appear self-possessed he approached the bounds of effrontery; but I have my own private suspicions about the matter. At the table a lively conversation was carried on, and he was able to take many stealthy observations of the ladies without being noticed. To his shame I must confess that he had never been seriously in love, though it was a condition he most earnestly desired. Attracted toward women by the instinct of his nature, and repelled by his awkward embarrassment, there seemed little chance that he would ever attain it. On this particular occasion, however, he cast his eyes around with the air of a sultan scanning his slaves before throwing the handkerchief to the chosen one. The female guests—old, young, married, single, ill-favored or beautiful—were subjected to the review. It is impossible to describe Mr. Bartlett's satisfaction with himself.

We had passed over twenty-nine of the thirty-five ladies present without experiencing any special emotion; but at the thirtieth he was suddenly attacked by a recurrence of his habitual timidity. He fixed his eyes upon his toast, painfully conscious by the warmth of his ears that he was blushing violently, and actually drank a third cup of tea (one more than his usual allowance) before he became sufficiently composed to look up again. Really there was no cause for confusion. Her face was turned away, so that even the profile was not wholly visible; but the exquisite line of the forehead and cheek, bent inward at the angle of the unseen eye, and melting into the sweep of the neck and shoulder, were the surest possible prophecies of beauty. Her chestnut hair, rippled at the temples, was gathered into a heavy, shining knot at the back of her head, and inwoven with the varnished, heart-shaped leaves of the smilax. More than this Mr. Bartlett did not dare to notice.

During the evening he flitted restlessly about the rooms, intent on an object which he thus explained to himself: "I should like to see whether her front face corresponds to the outline of her cheek. I am alone; it is too late to visit the Falls, and a whim of this sort will help me to pass the time." But the lady belonged, apparently, to a numerous party, who took possession of one end of the balcony and sat in the moonlight, in such a position that he

could not see her features with distinctness. The face was a pure oval, in a frame-work of superb hair, and the glossy leaves of smilax glittered like silver in the moonlight whenever she chanced to turn her head. There were songs, and she sang—"Scenes that are brightest," or something of the kind, suggested by the influences of the night. Her voice was clear and sweet, without much strength—one of those voices which seem to be made for singing to one ear alone. "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me," thought Mr. Bartlett. [He had just been reading the "Idyls of the King."] He slipped off to bed, saying to himself: "A little more courage, and I may be able to make her acquaintance."

In the morning he set out to make the tour of the Falls. Entering the glen from below, he slowly crept up the black shelves of rock, under and around the rush of the amber waters. The naiads of Trenton, waving their scarfs of rainbow brede, tossed their foam fringes in his face: above, the dryads of the pine and beech looked down from their seats on the brink of the overhanging walls. Mr. Bartlett was neither a poet nor a painter, nor was it necessary; but his temperament (as you may know from his skin and the color of his hair) was joyous and excitable, and he felt a degree of delight that made him forget his own self. I fancy there are no embarrassing conventionalisms at the bottom of the earth—wherever that may be—and the glen at Trenton is two hundred feet on the way thither. Our friend enjoyed to the full this partial release, and was surprised to find that he could assist several married ladies to climb the slippery steps at the High Fall without consciously blushing.

How it came to pass he never could rightly tell, but certain it is that, on lifting his eyes after a long contemplation of the shifting slides of fretted amber, he found himself alone in the glen—with the exception of a young lady who sat on the rocks a few paces distant. At the first glance he thought it was a child, for the slight form was habited in a Bloomer dress, and a broad hat shaded the graceful head. The wide trowsers were gathered around her ankles, and a pair of the prettiest feet he had ever seen dangled in the edge of the swift stream. She was idly plucking up tufts of grass from the crevices of the rock, and tossing them in the mouth of the cataract, and her face was partly turned toward him. It was the fair unknown of the evening before! There was no mistaking the lovely cheek and the rippled chestnut hair.

Mr. Bartlett felt—as he afterward expressed himself—a warm, sweet shudder run through all his veins. Alone with that lovely creature, below the outside surface of the earth! "Oh, if I could but speak to her! Her dress shows that she can lay aside the soulless forms of society in such a place as this: why not I? There's Larkin, and Kirkland, and lots of fellows I know, wouldn't hesitate a moment. But what shall

I say? ‘The scenery’s very fine?’ Pshaw! But the first sentence is the only difficulty—the rest will come of itself. What if I address her boldly as an old acquaintance, and then apologize for my mistake? Upon my word, a good idea! So natural and possible!’

Having determined upon this plan, he immediately put it into action before the resolve had time to cool. His step was firm and his bearing was sufficiently confident as he approached her; but when she lifted her long lashes, disclosing a pair of large, limpid, hazel eyes, which regarded him, unabashed, with the transient curiosity one bestows upon a stranger, his face, I am sure, betrayed the humbug of the thing. The lady, however, not anticipating what followed, could scarcely have remarked it.

Raising his hat as he reached a corner of the rock upon which she sat, he said, in a voice so curiously balanced between his enforced boldness and his reflected surprise thereat, that he hardly recognized it as his own:

“How do you, Miss Lawrence?”

The lady looked at him wonderingly—steady, child-like eyes, that frankly and innocently perused his face, as if seeking for some trace of a forgotten acquaintance. Mr. Bartlett could not withdraw his, although he knew that his face was getting redder and his respiration more unsteady every moment. He stammered forth:

“Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina, I believe.”

“You are mistaken, Sir,” said the lady, with the least shade of coldness in her voice, but it fell upon Mr. Bartlett like the wind from an iceberg—“I am not Miss Lawrence.”

“I—I beg your pardon,” he answered, somewhat confusedly. “You resemble her; I expected to meet her here. Will you please tell her I inquired for her? Here’s my card!” Therewith he thrust both hands into his vest pockets, extracted a card from one of them, and laid it hastily upon the rock beside her.

“Bertha! Bertha!” rang through the glen, above the roar of the waterfall. The remainder of the party which the young lady had preceded now came into view descending toward her.

“Good-day, Miss Lawrence!” said Mr. Bartlett, again lifting his hat, and retracing his steps. For his life he could not have passed her and run the gauntlet of the faces of her friends upon the narrow path. Every soul of them would have instantly seen what a fool he was. Moreover, he had achieved enough for one day. The soldier who storms a perilous breach and finds himself alive on the inside of it could not be more astonished than he. “I blundered awfully,” he thought; “but, after all, it’s the only way to learn.”

“Who’s your friend, Bertha?” asked her brother, Dick Morris, the avant-guard of the party. “I never saw the fellow before.”

“If you had not frightened him by your sudden appearance,” said she, “you might have discovered. A Southerner, I suppose, though he don’t look like one. He addressed me as Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina, and after-

ward left me his card, to be given to her. What shall I do with it?”

“Ha! the card will tell us who he is,” said Dick, picking it up. He instantly burst into a roar of laughter. “Ha! ha! This comes of wearing a Bloomer, Bertha! Though I must say it’s by no means complimentary to your little feet. Who’d suspect *you* of having corns?”

“Dick, what *do* you mean?”

“Ha! ha! no doubt I came at the nick of time to prevent him from pulling off your shoes.”

“DICK!”

Therewith she impatiently jerked the card from her brother’s hand. It was large, thick, handsomely glazed, and contained the following inscription:

PROFESSOR HURLBUT,  
CHIROPODIST

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE NOBILITY  
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

“Incredible!” she exclaimed. “So young, and embarrassed in his manners; how could he ever have taken hold of the Queen’s foot?”

“Embarrassed indeed!” said Dick. “I think he has a very cool way of procuring patients. But, faith, he’s chosen a romantic operating-room. After climbing down these rocks the corns naturally begin to twinge, and here’s the Professor on hand. Behold the march of civilization!”

Bertha did not fall into her brother’s vein of badinage, as usual. She was vexed that the fresh, manly face and blue eyes into which she had looked belonged to a charlatan, and vexed at herself for being vexed thereat. It was not so easy, however, to dismiss Professor Hurlbut from her mind, for Dick had related the incident to the others of the party, with his own embellishments, and numberless were the jokes to which it gave rise throughout the day.

Meantime Mr. Bartlett, in happy ignorance of the worst blunder he had ever made, returned to the hotel. The day previous, at Utica, he had been annoyed by an itinerant extractor of corns, suppressor of bunions, and regulator of irregular nails, whose proffered card he had put into his pocket in order to get rid of the man. It was *this* card which he had presented to Miss Morris as his own. On reaching the hotel he easily ascertained her real name and place of residence, with the additional fact that the party were to leave for Saratoga on the morrow. It occurred to him also that Saratoga, in the height of the season, would be well worth a visit.

In the evening he again happened to meet the lady on the stairs. He retreated into a corner of the landing, to make room for her ample skirts, and, catching a glance of curious interest from her hazel eyes, ventured to say: “Good-evening, Miss Law-ris!” suddenly correcting her name in the middle. Bertha, in spite of the womanly dignity which she could very well summon to her aid, could not suppress a fragment of gay laughter, in which the supposed Professor joined. A slight inclination of the lovely head acknowledged his salutation.

## II.—SARATOGA.



THE next morning Miss Bertha Morris left, with her party, for Saratoga; and after allowing a day to intervene, in order to avoid the appearance of design, Mr. Henry Bartlett followed. He did not admit to himself in the least that this movement was prompted by love; but he was aware of an intense desire to make her acquaintance. The earnestness which this desire infused into his nature gave him courage; the man within him was beginning to wake and stir; and a boyhood of character, prolonged beyond the usual date, was dropping rapidly into the irrecoverable conditions of the past.

It chanced that they both took quarters in the same hotel; and great was Bertha's astonishment, on her first morning visit to the Congress Spring, to find Professor Hurlbut quietly quaffing his third glass. He looked so much like a gentleman; he was really so fresh and rosy, so genuinely masculine in comparison with the *blasé* youths she was accustomed to see, that, forgetting his occupation, she acknowledged his bow with a cordiality which provoked herself the moment afterward. Mr. Bartlett was so much encouraged by this recognition that he ventured to walk beside her on their return to the hotel. She, having in the impulsive frankness and forgetfulness of her nature returned his greeting, felt bound to suffer the temporary companionship, embarrassing though it was. Fortunately none of her friends were in sight, nor was it probable that they knew the chiropodist in any case. She would be rid of him at the hotel door, and would take good care to avoid him in the future.

"How delightful it is here!" said Mr. Bartlett, thinking more of his present position than of Saratoga in general.

An inclination of the head was her only reply. "This is my first visit," he added; "and I can not conceive of a summer society gayer or more inspiring."

"I have no doubt you will find it a very favorable place for your business," said Bertha, maliciously recalling him to his occupation, as she thought.

"Oh, I hope so!" exclaimed the innocent Bartlett. For was not his only business in Saratoga the endeavor to make her acquaintance? And was he not already in a fair way to be successful?

"Disgusting!" thought Bertha, as she suddenly turned and sprang up the steps in front of the ladies' drawing-room. "He thinks of nothing but his horrid corn-plaster, or whatever it is! I really believe he suspects that I need his services. That such a man should be so brazen a charlatan—it is monstrous!"

Such thoughts were not an auspicious commencement for the day, and Bertha's friends remarked that she was not in her sunniest mood. She was very careful, however, not to speak of her meeting with the chiropodist; there would have been no end to her brother's banter. She was also vexed that she could not forget his honest blue eyes, and the full, splendid curves of his mouth. Indignation, she supposed, was her predominant emotion; but, in reality, there was a strong under-feeling of admiration, had she been aware of it.

After dinner Mr. Bartlett, occupying the post of observation at his window (room No. 1346, seventh story), saw the Morris party—Bertha among them—enter a carriage and drive away in the direction of the Lake. Half an hour later, properly attired, he mounted a handsome roan at the door of a livery-stable, and set off in the same direction. He was an accomplished rider, his legs being somewhat shorter than was required by due proportion, owing to which circumstance he appeared taller on horseback than afoot. Like all horsemen, he was thoroughly self-possessed when in the saddle; and could he but have ridden into drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, would have felt no trace of his customary timidity.

Bertha noticed his figure afar off, approaching the carriage on a rapid trot, but made no remark. Dick, who had a quick eye for good points both in man and beast, exclaimed, "By Jove! there's a fine pair of them! Look at the action of that roan! See how the fellow rises at the right moment without leaving his saddle! no jumping or bumping there!" Mr. Bartlett came on at a staving pace, lifting his hat to the ladies with perfect grace as he passed. He would have blushed could he have felt a single ripple of the wave of admiration which flowed after him. Bertha alone was silent, more than ever provoked and disgusted that such a gallant outward embodiment of manhood should be connected with such disagreeable associations! Had he been any thing but a chiropodist! A singular feeling of shame, for his sake, prevented her from betraying his personality to her friends; and it came to pass that they innocent-

ly defended the very charlatan whom they had so ridiculed in the glen at Trenton from *her* half-disparaging observations.

After all, she thought, the man may be honest in his profession, which he may look upon as simply that of a physician. A pain in the toe is probably as troublesome as a pain in the head; and why should not one be cured as well as the other? A dentist, I am sure, is a very respectable person; and, for my part, I would as soon operate on a corny toe as a carious tooth. [I would not have you suppose, ladies, that Miss Morris made use of such horrid expressions in her conversation: I am only putting her thoughts into my own words.] Still, the conclusion to which she invariably arrived was, "I wish he were any thing else!"

That evening there was a hop at the hotel. The Morrises were enthusiastic daners—even the widow, Bertha's mother, not disdaining a quadrille. Mr. Bartlett, in an elegant evening dress, his eyes sparkling with new light, was there also. In the course of the day he had encountered a Boston cousin, Miss Jane Heath, a tall, dashing girl, some two or three years older than himself. She was one of the few women with whom he felt entirely at ease. There was an honest, cousinly affection between them; and he always felt relieved, in society, when supported by her presence.

"Now, Harry," said Jane, as they entered the room, "remember, the first schottish belongs to me. After that, I'll prove my disinterestedness by finding you partners."

As he led her upon the floor his eyes dropped in encountering those of Bertha Morris, whose floating tulle was just settling itself to rest as she whirled out of the ranks. Poor Bertha! had she been alone she could have cried. He danced as well as he rode—the splendid, mean fellow! the handsome, horrid—chiropodist! Well, it was all outward varnish, no doubt. If it was true that he had relieved the nobility of Great Britain of their corns, he must have acquired something of the elegances of their society. But such ease and grace in dancing could not be picked up by mere imitation—it was a born gift. Even her brother Dick, who was looked upon as the highest result of fashionable education in such matters, was not surer or lighter of foot.

An hour later Bertha, who had withdrawn from the dancers and was refreshing herself with the mild night air at an open window, found herself temporarily separated from her friends. Mr. Bartlett had evidently been watching for such an opportunity, for he presently disengaged himself from the crowd and approached her.

"You are fond of dancing, Miss Morris?" said he.

"Ye-es," she answered, hesitatingly, divided between her determination to repel his effrontery and her inability to do so. She turned partly away, and gazed steadily into the moonshine.

Mr. Bartlett, however, was not to be discour-

aged. "Still, even the most agreeable exercise will fatigue at last," he remarked.

"Oh," said Bertha, rather sharply, suspecting a professional meaning in his words, "my feet are perfectly sound, I assure you, Sir!"

It is not to be denied that he was a little surprised at the earnestness of an assertion which, in a playful tone, would not have seemed out of place. "I think you proved that at Trenton Falls," he rejoined; "but will you grant me the pleasure of another test during the next quadrille?"

"No further test is necessary, Sir. I presume you have patients enough already!" And having uttered these words as coolly as her indignation allowed, Bertha moved away from the window.

"Patience?" said Mr. Bartlett to himself, wholly misapprehending her meaning; "yes, I shall have patience while there is a chance to hope. But why did she speak of patience? Women, I have heard, are natural diplomats, and have a thousand indirect ways of saying things which they do not wish to speak outright. Could she mean to test the sincerity of my wish to know her. It is not to be expected that a stranger, so awkwardly introduced, should be received without hesitation—mistrust, perhaps. No, no, I must persevere; she would despise me if I did not understand her meaning."

The following days were cold and rainy. There was an end of the gay out-door life which offered him so many chances of meeting Miss Morris, and the fleeting glimpses he caught of her in the great dining-hall or the passage leading to the ladies' parlor were simply tantalizing. I have no doubt there was a mute appeal in his eyes which must have troubled the young lady's conscience; for she avoided meeting his gaze. The knowledge of his presence made her uneasy: there was an atmosphere about the hotel which she would willingly have escaped. She walked with the consciousness of an eye every where following her, and, in spite of herself, furtively sought for it. We, who are aware of her mystification, may be amused at it; but imagine yourselves in the same situation, ladies, and you will appreciate its horrors!

No, this was not longer to be endured, and so, after five or six days at Saratoga, the party suddenly left for Niagara. Bertha, an only daughter, was a petted child, and might have had her own way much oftener than was really the case. The principal use she made of her privilege was to follow the bent of a remarkably free, joyous, and confiding nature. She was just unconventional enough to preserve an individuality, and thereby distinguish herself from thousands of girls who seem to have been cut out by a single pattern. The sphere within which true womanhood moves is much wider than most women suspect. To the frank, honest, and pure nature, what are called "the bounds of propriety" are its natural horizoning, moving with it, and inclosing it everywhere without restraining its freedom.

## III.—NIAGARA.

We shall not be surprised to find that shortly after Miss Morris's departure Room No. 1346 in the Catanational Hotel had another tenant. Mr. Bartlett followed, as a matter of course. He began, nevertheless, to feel very much like a fool, and—as he afterward confessed—spent most of the time between Utica and the Suspension Bridge in deliberating whether he should seek or avoid an interview. As if such discussions with one's self ever amounted to anything!

Ascertaining the lady's presence, he decided to devote his first day to Niagara, trusting the rest to chance. In fact, he could not have done a more sensible thing, for there is a Special Chance appointed for such cases. The forenoon was not over before he experienced its operations. Bertha, cloaked and cowed in India-rubber, stood on the hurricane deck of the *Maid of the Mist*, as the venturesome little steamer approached the corner of the Horse-Shoe Fall. Looking up through blinding spray at the shimmer of emerald and dazzling silver against the sky, she crept near a broad-shouldered figure to shelter herself from the stormy gusts of the Fall. Suddenly the boat wheeled, at the very edge of the tremendous sheet, and swirled away from the vortex with a heave which threw her off her feet. She did not fall, however; for strong arms caught her waist and steadied her until the motion subsided.

Through the rush of the spray and the roar of the Fall she indistinctly heard a voice apologizing for the unceremonious way in which the arms had seized her. She did not speak—fearful, in fact, of having her mouth filled with water—but frankly gave the gentleman her hand. The monkish figure bowed low over the wet fingers, and respectfully withdrew. As the mist cleared away she encountered familiar eyes. Was it possible? The Chiropodist!

This discovery gave Bertha no little uneasiness. A subtle instinct told her that he had followed on her account, in spite of her cornless feet. Perhaps he had left a lucrative practice at Saratoga—and why? There was but one answer to the question, and she blushed painfully as she admitted its possibility. What was to be done? She would tell her brother; but no—young men are so rash and violent. Avoid him? That was difficult and embarrassing. Ignore him? Yes, as much as possible, and, if necessary, frankly tell him that she could not accept his acquaintance. On the whole, this course seemed best, though an involuntary sympathy with her victim made her wish that it were all over.

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In the afternoon Mrs. Morris, as usual, took her summer siesta; Dick had found a friend, and was whirling somewhere behind a pair of fast horses; and, finally, Bertha, bored by the society in the ladies' parlor, took her hat and a book and walked over to Goat Island. She made the circuit of its forests and flashing water views, and finally selected a shady seat on its western side, whence she could look out on the foamy stairs of the Rapids. The unnecessary book lay in her lap; a more wonderful than any printed volume lay open before her.

Who shall dare to interpret the day-dream of a maiden? Soothed by the mellow roar of the waters, fascinated by the momentary leaps of spray from the fluted, shell-shaped hollows of the descending waves, and freshened by the wind that blew from the cool Canadian shore, she nursed her wild weeds of fancy till they blossomed into brighter than garden-flowers. Meanwhile a thunder-cloud rose, dark and swift, in the west. The menaces of its coming were unheard, and Bertha was first recalled to consciousness by the sudden blast of cold wind that precedes the rain.

When she looked up, the gray depth of storm already arched high over the Canadian woods, and big drops began to rap on the shingly bank below her. A little further down was a summer-house—open to the west, it is true, but it offered the only chance of shelter within view. She had barely reached it before a heavy peal of thunder shattered the bolts of the rain, and it rushed down in an overwhelming flood. Mounted on the bench and crouched in the least exposed corner, she was endeavoring, with but partial success, to shelter herself from the driving flood, when a man, coming from the opposite end of the island, rushed up at full speed.

"Here," he panted, "Miss Morris, take this umbrella! I saw you at a distance, and made haste to reach you. I hope you're not wet." The spacious umbrella was instantly clapped over her, and the inevitable Chiropodist placed himself in front to steady it, fully exposed to the rain.

Bertha was not proof against this gallant self-sacrifice. In the surprise of the storm—the roar of which mingled with that of the Fall, made a continuous awful peal—the companionship of any human being was a relief, and she felt grateful for Professor Hurlbut's arrival. Chiropodist though he was, he must not suffer for her sake.

"Here!" said she, lifting the umbrella, "it will shelter us both. Quick! I insist upon it:" seeing that he hesitated.

There was really no time for parley, for every drop pierced him to the skin, and the next moment found him planted before her, interposing a double shield. His tender anxiety for her sake quite softened Bertha. How ungrateful she had been!

"This is the second time I am obliged to you to-day, Sir," said she. "I am sorry that I have unintentionally given you trouble."

"Oh, Miss Morris," cried the delighted Bartlett, "don't mention it! It's nothing; I am quite amphibious, you know."

"You might be now in a place of shelter but for me," she answered, penitently.

"I'd rather be here than any where else!" he exclaimed, in a burst of candor which quite overleaped the barrier of self-possession and came down on the other side. "If you would allow me to be your friend, Miss Morris—if you would permit me to—to speak with you now and then; if—if—" Here he paused, not knowing precisely what more to say, yet feeling that he had already said enough to make his meaning clear.

Bertha was cruelly embarrassed, but only for a moment. Professor Hurlbut had at least been frank and honest in his avowal—she felt his sincerity through and through—and he deserved equal honesty at her hands.

"I am your debtor," said she, in an uncertain voice; "and you have a right to expect gratitude, at least, from me. I can not, therefore, refuse your acquaintance, though, as you know, your—your occupation would be considered objectionable by many persons."

"My occupation!"

"Your profession, then. I must candidly confess that I have a prejudice—a foolish one, perhaps, against it."

"My profession!" cried the astounded Bartlett; "why, I have none!"

"Well—it is scarcely to be called a 'profession,' but it is always liable to the charge of charlatanism: pardon me the word. And it may be ridiculed in so many ways. I wish, for your sake—for I believe you to be capable of better things—that you would adopt some other business."

Mr. Bartlett's amazement was now beyond all bounds. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Miss Morris, what do you mean?"

Starting up from the bench as he uttered these words he jostled Bertha's book from her hand. The leaves parted in falling, and a large card, escaping from between them, fluttered down upon the floor. He picked it up and restored it to her, with the book.

"There!" she answered, giving the card back again, "there is what I mean! Must I give you your own card in order to acquaint you with your own business?"

Mr. Bartlett looked at it for a second in blank amazement; then, like a flash of lightning, the whole course of the misunderstanding flashed across his mind. He burst—I am ashamed to say—into a tremendous paroxysm of mingled tears and laughter: were he not so strong and masculine a man, I should say, "hysterics." In vain he struggled to find words. At every attempt a fresh convulsion of laughter seized him, and tears, mingled with rain, flowed down his cheeks.

Bertha began to be alarmed at this strange and unexpected convulsion. "Professor Hurlbut!" said she, "what is the matter?"

"Professor Hurlbut!" he repeated, in a faint, scarcely audible scream; then, striving to suppress his uncontrollable fit of delight and comical surprise, he sank upon the bench at her feet, shaking from head to foot with the effort.

"A-a-ah!" he at last panted forth, as if heaving an atlas-load from his heart, and stood erect before her. With his face still flushed and eyes sparkling he was as handsome an embodiment of youth and life as one could wish to see. In two words he explained to her the mistake, on learning which Bertha blushed deeply, saying: "How could I ever have supposed it!" And then, reflecting upon the inferences which could be drawn from such an expression, became suddenly shy and silent.

Of course she accepted Mr. Bartlett's escort to the hotel when the rain was over, and was presented to the agonized mother, who hailed him as a deliverer of her daughter from untold dangers, and privately remarked, afterward, to the latter: "Upon my word, a very nice young man, my dear!" Dick's commendation was no less emphatic though differently expressed: "A good fellow! well made in the shoulders and flanks: fine action, but wants a little training!"

By this time, ladies, you have probably guessed the conclusion. My story would neither be agreeable nor true (I am relating facts) if they were not married, and did not have two children, and live happy ever after. Married they were, in the course of time, and happy they also are, for I visit them now and then.

One thing I had nearly forgotten. When Mrs. Bartlett chooses to tease her husband in that playful way so delightful to married lovers, she invariably calls him "Professor Hurlbut," while he retorts with "Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina." Moreover, in Mrs. B.'s confidential little boudoir, over her work-stand, hangs a neatly-framed card, whereon you may read:

#### PROFESSOR HURLBUT, CHIROPODIST

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE NOBILITY  
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

And that is all I have to say.

## CURED.

SOME people will be "shocked" at this story. But as they are the very people whom such a sensation and such a story will be apt to benefit, I ask them still to read it.

I was talking with a gentleman of an unusually *gestural* turn. In the course of our converse he advanced the singularly original theory, pointing with emphasis to the organ in question, that "The eye—the eye—is the index of the"—bang! This latter word was not a vocal utterance but a spirited stroke upon a part of his organism so remote from where I was accustomed to locate the spiritual essence that I involuntarily inquired "stomach?"

The youth's classic features instantly and indignantly assumed "love's proper hue," and I in my embarrassment glancing *my* "indexes" across the parlor, met two others mournfully, troubled blue.

I turned with a bitter courage to my conversationist. "Was I so far out after all?" inquired I. "Look at Mr. Larue's eyes; would they have that fashion of expression if he hadn't the dyspepsia so dreadfully?"

Whether my gallant's reply was specially pertinent or no I can not tell, for I do not remember it; and after that evening, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he "passed on his way, and I saw him no more."

Not so Gilbert Larue. There were few days of that visit of mine at Mrs. Dunleith's which did not find his tall figure en-easy-chair in her parlor.

Always, barring the first greeting and a few subsequent conversational lightnings, with a *distract* air, with an oppressed sort of expression as if some weight were settling down over his young manhood, crushing out high ambition, careless cheer, and gay romance all at one steady sweep.

It was not mental dullness—not a bit of it. The gentlemen admitted "there was no better lawyer in town than Larue when he really shook off his lethargy long enough to show it out." The ladies found no margin to dispute it, for in dialogue no one went deeper or with better success into the causes of things than Mr. Larue. But whence, even in our fair presence, this frequent wan abstraction, this air of one forever groping mentally after a chief good lost out of life?

"Mrs. Dunleith!" cried I, struck specially one day soon after my arrival by Larue's slow step and melancholy face as he passed the window in the street, "what can ail Gilbert Larue?"

It was with no slight shock my ear included the laconic syllable,

"Dyspepsia."

"Can it be possible then, Mrs. Dunleith, that the effect upon the face and bearing, caused by total loss of earthly friends and prosperity, can be produced by mere stomach-ache?"

She laughed a little. "In Mr. Larue's case it certainly seems to have had that effect, helped

on more than probably by tireless devotion to that meerschaum you have noticed he carries—in what is probably its true position in all respects—next his heart."

"And I have been taking Larue for one of humanity's porcelain type, no less mentally than we see he is physically; and here you tell me he is no less a sensualist than the poor wretch whose crimson face and uncertain gate tells the story in words one can run and read, the difference being only in the form of the vice."

"My dear, I tell you no such thing; for pity's sake don't talk so: hear me put the case. Larue came here some years ago for the study and practice of his profession, and the mind he brought to bear on it was a better mind than you will find in three-fourths of his race; but like many such minds, too apt to consider the abstract to the neglect of things immediate. He has lodged from the first at the Marion—you know how unctuously the season's luxuries are served up there. Such a diet, coupled with constant office application, would give St. Paul himself dyspepsia. Larue ought to have exercised more, I grant you, but to a young man who has his fortune all to make, horse hire or keeping does not present itself feasibly; there was no gymnasium, no special question then as now on the subject of physical exercise. Added to this I fancy Larue prided himself on indifference to 'trifles,' as he and other good people mistakenly call them. Unluckily, too, one of his favorite theories has been the independence of 'mind to matter'—I wonder if it ever strikes him how ill his own case supports that same theory? I do not doubt that for years back he has partaken freely of every palatable dish set before him, asking no questions, if not for 'conscience' sake then for that of pride. Taking all this together, was it not the easiest thing in the world for this gentleman to wake up some day and find drear dyspepsia in full possession? Smoking, they say, drives off 'blues,' dulls bodily aches, and pleasantly stuns a man generally; no wonder Larue took kindly to it—that affection once commenced grows apace. And so it has chanced, and not wonderfully I think, that Gilbert Larue, of fine character and full faculties, should be dulled and saddened as he is."

"But why the mischief doesn't he diet and leave off smoking?"

"Why don't every body leave off pet vices? Because they can't or won't see that they are such. Mr. Larue doubtless has a dim consciousness that rich food and steady smoking are not entirely the thing; but he would be very angry if one were to hint that he exceeded in these things, and was less a man for it. But I see he likes you very well so far; then why not some day say to him, kindly, 'Friend Larue, you are ruining this fine mind of yours by your neglect of health's most obvious laws—by rich food, scant exercise, and steady poisoning with tobacco?'

"The idea! I never could do it. I don't believe in young ladies caressing the gentlemen,

even if they could forgive them for it; which, believe me, they never do."

"Certainly not; and it stands just so with all Larue's other friends. None of them will tell him the wholesome truth, which never fails to wound even if it would do any good, which I don't believe."

"Well, Mrs. Dunleith, what do you imagine the end of it will be?"

The kind lady fell into a deeper thoughtfulness than had held her heretofore.

"I am afraid, unless some change takes place in his present walk, total failure of health will result; and thus his loss to a society and profession which, under other circumstances, you will believe he would have rarely adorned."

"What would marrying do for him?"

A flicker of a smile passed my hostess's face as to say, "Ah, the young ladies' one resort;" but she replied,

"Not much, I fear, unless his wife possessed an influence as well as ingenuity passing most women. Had he been rightly married six years ago he might have been a different man: as it is, I fear it is too late."

Our dialogue was interrupted by its object. He coming in to close the day with a quiet game of chess, instead, thought I, of taking a brisk walk or ride out of town.

As I sat with him at our learned game I found the romance heretofore circling round his graceful melancholy evaporating wonderfully. I did not think, as I had done only yesterday, "Poor man! 'some secret sorrow of the soul,'" but, "something he's eaten for dinner!"

Mrs. Dunleith invited him to remain to tea—and he did so; finding it hard, he said, to leave homes like hers for the lonesome room at the hotel he had tired of so thoroughly.

I suppose Mrs. Dunleith thought one more supper would give no serious impetus to the finale she had depicted as her guest came through the gate. At all events the tea-table was laden, as usual, with every appliance to tempt the temperate and overthrow the resolves of the most remorseful dyspeptic; which Mr. Larue did not appear by any means, as he partook of the strong coffee, hot cakes, tarts, and edibles of a like nature, pleasant for the invalid taste, but specially hateful for its digestion. We had fallen into that leisure incident to the near completion of a meal. The cake salver had been passed, the gentleman choosing a slice of plum-cake, heavy and black with richness. He had scarcely diminished it when the hostess making some observation, he turned his face and attention toward her. The thought struck me that I might take two ounces of misanthropy from friend Larue's evening—so, with blushing face and mouse-movement, I leaned forward and drew the incipient nightmare from the side of his plate and hid it in my napkin unperceived.

But the conversation over, he cast about for his cake, and, after a slightly surprised survey of plate and environs, seemed to conclude he had eaten it; though that did not prevent his

acceptance of a second piece as Mrs. Dunleith offered it.

As for me, I was never less in love with a man in my whole life.

He seemed in deep waters a good part of the evening, and dear Dora Allen sitting by him, and noting his bleak aspect, tried all her little arts to make him gay; even letting her pretty hand rest unnecessarily (for *that* purpose) on his as she gave him a sweet flower from the vase on the table.

The cloud lifted a moment then, I believe, but it was of a weight and texture no amount of smile sunshine could serve to disperse: only, in fact—digestion.

As Mr. Larue, not at all in love but liking my new face and cheerful talk well, slowly came and went, how I did long to sit down beside him, look right into his eyes and tell him all about himself! Like "Miss Prissy" in the "Minister's Wooing," I never could bear to leave undone what "seemed to want doing." But great as the need was in this case, I knew that neither I nor any other young lady could perform the operation with success. A winged angel could scarcely have argued the matter so ethierally that it would not have vexed him keenly. No doubt he would have been disgusted by the earnestness with which modern genius presses the truth of the affinity of physical condition with spiritual. With him mind was one thing, and body another: alike independent and unassimilated.

What was to be done in the case of friend Larue? For the life of me I could not tell. Why should I, you ask, not loving this man, take so special an interest in him as to trouble myself about him, and think him over so constantly. I did not take a *special* interest in him. I knew several gentlemen whom I liked quite as well; and had any of them been under Larue's day incubus, I should probably, like the heroine quoted, felt as if I must "do something." Conceited to the brim, you say. Well, so far as consists in thinking myself as capable as any other wholly well and happy person, for an active share in the world's general work, I was conceited, and am so to-day.

Father's letter, coming after I had been at Mrs. Dunleith's about three weeks, was not considerate of mental states; for it said, "Come home, puss, the day after to-morrow, without fail. Your mother can't spare you a day longer. She has had Dorcas Linshingle in to tea three times since you went, and I only staved off a fourth by promising to recall you."

Dorcas Linshingle was a stringent, blue-looking, not young maiden. A special aversion of father's, and not wholly admired by mother, who must have been lonesome enough to have invited her even in our country neighborhood; for we live upon our "place," fifteen miles from the large town I was visiting.

I packed up forthwith, and Larue's hand in a parting shake, and his eyes, more melancholy than usual, in what I saw was a really reluctant

farewell. He assured me of his intention of making us a speedy visit; his father and mine were old friends. I was pleased, yet not specially flattered; he was a great visitor among the ladies, though no carpet knight. And really I do not think his physical state would have admitted a love fit had he been mentally ever so willing.

So I went home; and whether the country solitude favored the reflection or no, it is certain I woke up daily thinking of Mr. Larue. I even dreamed of him; a voice seemed to drone over me—"Mr. Larue, Mr. Larue—what can you do for Mr. Larue?"

One morning, at breakfast, father glaneed at the early autumn sunshine as it lay in bright spears upon the carpet, and said to mother—"Molly, this makes me think of your old White Mountain project: this would be splendid weather to go, though."

"It would, indeed," said mother, with a little sigh; "but the obstacles are just as many this year as ever."

"What were they?" asked I. "Oh, I know. Impossibility of shutting up a farm-house, and no one hereabouts you could be willing to leave in total charge."

At this last the dream-question found solution.

"Oh, father! there is your old friend's son, poor Gilbert Larue, half dead with dyspepsia: he would be delighted to come, and I am sure it would do him good."

Father has a very keen pair of "indexes," and he brought the disconcerting organs to bear full upon me. I did not blench, of course, for Mr. Larue lodged in my conscience, not my heart, and was becoming so troublesome a guest, I believe I should have "taken a disliking" to the whole subject if this relief had not come. Father removed his eyes satisfied—he knew me.

"Well," said he, placidly, "if Larue is perfectly willing to mew himself up here for six or eight weeks, we will send for Dorcas Linshingle and Aunt Bessy Lamwell to do the proprieties in our places and withdraw forthwith."

So that day's mail carried Larue's invitation and came the next day with his acceptance. Business, he said, was not so pressing at that season but it could be prosecuted in the country with an occasional return for a day.

Thus a very few breakfasts after that one of arrangement found father and mother, two as young old folks and ardent scenery lovers as the land can furnish, *en route* to explore one of its *chefs-d'œuvre*.

A few hours later of the same day found Larue on the way to his rustication—those few intervening hours, spent alone getting the house to rights—for neither Aunt Bessy nor Miss Linshingle had arrived yet—were full and pressed down with schemes for the improvement of Mr. Larue. Going about with a housekeepery sense of power and absoluteness, I wrought out—helped vastly by said sense—a plan, somewhat castle de espagne-like, yet if things went well not at all unfeasible.

Nothing less than to put my guest on short commons during the whole term of his visit. Short commons! Do these words express twelve dinner-courses and six kinds of dessert? That was not my interpretation.

Two o'clock brought the virgin Linshingle, awful in the stock costume of the race. Why describe it? why enumerate the unpliant dress and curls, the worsted mitts, etc.? They passed into history long before my quill pin-feathered and grew; nay, before the very fingers that now wield it. Doreas, of course, had her good points—and the word is descriptive—they were points.

After an hour of not lax conversation I met the blonde nose of Aunt Bessy Lamwell in a greeting salute.

Looking at her you might see why it was well to add the Linshingle to the duenna force. Aunt Bessy was what the doctors call "lymphatic"—a little white petite pin-cushion woman; no single sharp angle in her whole nature against which an offender might be galled. A tall fellow, with black eyes, once upon a time, with the minister's consent, bore off the little pin-cushion, yet never put this specimen of the article to its legitimate use.

Nothing in him so sharp but it rounded off softly before touching her. Even the emeter eyes had a trick of growing liquid as they fell on this little woman; but the time came when, past all change, they lay sealed under a coffin-lid, and Aunt Bessy stood in the world alone, yet less without protection than any one I ever saw. I never knew a churl so curt, or an arm so rough, that she did not have their kindest and gentlest. And was it not Aunt Bessy's "mission" to evoke things like these?

My final guest arrived a little before tea-time in excellent spirits, for him, but with little red rims around the blue eyes—"been smoking all the way," was my inner comment.

"Well, friends, what will you have for tea?" inquired I, rising at length. The ladies, of course, would take "any thing," that being the stereotype reply at such times—knowing, as they all do, how predestinate every article is on company occasions. Larue "was sure nothing could fail of being ambrosia here." "Even Graham biscuits?" asked I, laughingly; to which he responded, rather too resignedly, "Amen."

They were the staple of the meal at any rate, abetted by apple-sauce, stewed peaches, the plainest of ginger-cake, and the mildest of tea. All these, arranged to immense advantage on spotless linen, served in china and silver.

I don't know what Larue thought of my initial supper; but yet, I think I do. Not from any sign of his, for he might have been surfeiting on veritable ambrosia so far as outward indication went—you see Mr. Larue was a gentleman.

After tea I went to help Hepzibah with the milk. The ladies went *tête-à-tête* by themselves, and I was provokingly apprised of my third guest's whereabouts by an odor filtering through the vine over his chamber-window—that eternal meerschaum! I had nearly forgotten it, and

now it well-nigh upset my scheme for the owner's reclamation.

I hated tobacco; I had never in a single instance seen it blessed to its user; and I knew that no man, whatever his other habits might be, could be well who smoked so many hours out of his life as Gilbert Larue. "Smokin', I do say for it," commented my democratic and privileged handmaid, as her olfactories were in like manner smitten, "one o' the onwholesomest tricks a man can have. I calc'late that's what makes this one look so saller, and yaller, moonshiny. No young man o' his age orter have that lonesome look out o' his eycs."

"A plainer diet would take that away, I fancy."

"Vittles, you mean," said Hepzibah, reflectively; "laud I couldn't think before why you was up to havin' such an awful slim supper: but if you want vittles got that way all along I'm agreeable; I'm free to confess I never did care much for these greasy fixins some set so much store by."

Breakfast was like unto supper. Boiled, not fried chicken, ditto potatoes, coffee just strong enough to be recognized as such, together with Graham the ubiquitous. As Larue tasted the beverage the fancy struck me that, had he been at his usual seat at the Marion, he would have replaced that cup on the waiter with an expression strong in just the degree he found the coffee weak, and would have declined "bran bread" irrevocably.

At breakfast we fell into discussion of things culinary—Aunt Bessy, thinking perhaps my housewifely laurels were fading, remembered some old pastry success of mine, and begged me to repeat it. Larue, too, "would be delighted to test my proficiency."

I was vexed; that pastry was precisely one I should have preferred not to set before this guest. However, in due time I went into the kitchen, donned my white apron, rolled up my sleeves, and took out the moulding-board to prepare, thought I, a whole afternoon's melancholy for Mr. Larue. No, I wouldn't do it.

"Hepzibah, where is the sugar?"

"There, in the cubbard, in one o' them bowls."

There were two bowls, and tasting the contents of one I found it salt. I took it down, made and filled a pie-plate with a pastry at whose richness even a well-ordered stomach might have shrieked, then melted butter, squeezed lemons, and qualified the whole with sugar.

Dinner came on daintily served. A not too fat roast, into whose gravy flour and water entered generously, excellent vegetables, and Graham!

My dyspeptic unconsciously brightened as dessert appeared. It was a splendid pie. I sliced it liberally and sent it round. The gentleman forked off the preliminary triangle and put it in his mouth. It was really curious to see his face change from placid satisfaction to hesitation first, then absolute disgust; it was an effort, indeed, to swallow that morsel.

Meanwhile Aunt Bessy had undergone a simi-

lar experiment, and hers was the privilege of speech.

"Why, dear, what's the matter of this pie?"

"Isn't it right?" asked I, blunting the wedge of the article I had furnished myself. I gave Larue credit for resolution.

"What, indeed!" cried I, in the last surprise, of course.

"Hepzibah!"

"Wa'al," inquired the handmaid, putting her head in at the door.

"What was in that other bowl in the closet?"

She reflected. "My blessed! you hain't ben and seasoned those pies with salt?"

"But I have, though," said I, in the provoked accents I could assume. "Take the mess away for pity's sake!"

A nice farina pudding replaced the pastry failure, and I should have been highly satisfied so far with my plan but for that pipe and those cigars.

Larue did not smoke them in my presence and face, as social usage might have allowed; and he was not at all aware of my aversion to the things. But in his room, where writing kept him several hours a day, it was puff, puff, without respite; and at length emerging, sober and slow-stopped, with red rimmed eyes, I almost hated him.

I had a physician friend in town—one of those men who carry a whole heraldry in every motion—a gentleman by "nature and God's grace;" but married. I wrote to him:

"Doctor, have you any liquid or substance with which the bowl of a pipe being rubbed, or a cigar being dipped, will give the smoker sufficient nausea to make him eschew the vice for the time?"

The answer came in the shape of a box containing a little bottle of some colorless liquid, and the rather singular prescription:

"Persevere my dear, and I'll wager you'll succeed."

I put the water-like liquid in my drawer to await its hour, thinking how simple a shape great forces in nature will take. Thus, a little white powder one can blow away with a breath has ample power to drive forth beyond recall the fairest soul that ever looked out of dear eyes!

It was two miles to the post-office, and Jabez Mearns, our man of all work, was busy, though, had he been at perfect liberty, I should have contrived for Mr. Larue to go, for the sake of the blne-dispelling fog, on horseback. We had two good and sufficiently elegant steeds, and Jabez, leading them up with true Yankee reluctance, took occasion to inquire "how I s'posed the work o' the farm was to be kerried on with the hosses kitin' out pleasurin' every day o' the week?"

"Jabez," inquired I, with an understanding smile, "does it take two horses saddled and bridled to lay a piece of stone wall?"

I "had" my curt servitor there. I had heard father give Jabez directions concerning a long-neglected job of this kind, which he had told him he should certainly expect to see up on his

return. I saw Jabez inclined to procrastinate. He often expressed himself to the effect that "Ef there was one yethly piece of drudgin' he hated wuss than another that was layin' stin into wall."

Every day found us on our way to the post-office. The two miles there and back seldom proving sufficient, we explored many a tree-lined "fork" and turning; I with all my usual cheerfulness, Larue infected with some share of the same, but often, as of old, *distrait* and sad. I never felt offended at these moods. I knew their cause, and that a queen's presence could not have checked them.

But often, as we rode, walked, or sat, I thought of the old anti-platonism of the impossibility of two youth being constantly together without love; and thought how morally improbable it seemed that I should even fancy myself in that position as regarded friend Larue, though I had no "affair" present or prospective that I knew of, and was any thing but unimpressible.

The meerschaum, I soon observed, was never separated from its owner. No matter what coat he wore, the silver and ebony tube was always to be seen in its breast-pocket. Its owner would have opened his eyes, indeed, had he dreamed of the schemes I revolved to get possession thereof without his knowledge.

But one fortunate day the hapless Jabez led up the steeds for our ride, and as we stood by the gate preparing to mount, I observed my guest's coat had caught on a projecting nail. My first thought was to release it to prevent the rent which must ensue as he stepped forward to mount—my next to let it rip, which it did generously.

"How unlucky, Mr. Larue! Some of us will mend it for you; but pray hasten to change it, for we haven't a second to lose. I am afraid the mail will be closed as it is, and I wouldn't have this letter miss it for any thing."

With true gallantry the gentleman sped, and I turned to Jabez: "You need not come up from the lot to put out the horses when we come back. Mr. Larue will do it to-day."

To my great relief this gentleman returned pipeless, and after the pleasantest of rides, in high spirits we reached the gate once more, where, of course, no Jabez.

"The excellent Mearns must be absorbed in his bulwarks. Will it be too much trouble for you to unsaddle the horses, or shall they stand till he comes up?"

"By no means." And he remounted his horse and led mine away, and I flew straight to the "prophet's chamber," blushing *riantly*, I own, as I crossed its threshold. But there over a chair hung the torn coat, and safe in its pocket the pipe half full of embers, which I quickly emptied, and poured in a little stream from the bottle, wetting the bowl thoroughly, and letting it run out the neck. It dried in at once, and putting back the embers I replaced the pipe as before, and was leaving the room when I spied a box of cigars peeping from under a newspaper. Here was a job! With nervous fingers I emptied the

bottle into an empty soap-saucer on the wash-stand, and dipped the tip of every cigar therein. I had barely replaced them when I heard my guest in the lower hall coming pipeward already. I had barely time to escape and enter my sanctum when he reached his own, where presently I heard the scrape of a match, and knew the solace had begun.

Scarcely such in this case, for he came down to dinner dreadfully pale, and Aunt Bessy instantly inquired if he were not ill.

"Quite well now, thank you, though I did have a slight attack of something, I don't know what, about an hour ago."

"Indeed! Mustn't it have been palpitation of the heart caused by riding? My poor dear used to suffer that way."

"I think not," replied he, and, with little inclination to pursue the discourse, betook himself to Graham and apple-sauce.

After dinner he went into the porch and proceeded to light a cigar. I had a view of proceedings from the parlor window, and presently saw him fling away the cigar, lean his head upon his hand, looking white and wretched, and finally go up to his room, whence he did not emerge until evening.

The Linshingle, sitting columnar, save the motion of the finger-ends below the mits stiffly knitting, probably put her own construction on my conduct that afternoon, for I was unquestionably very fidgety, slightly remorseful, though I argued my right to do what I had done by the old rule. How could I, seeing my neighbor off the track, refuse to do unto him as, etc., even though it made him a little uncomfortable at first?

Readers in tobacco serfhood will readily appreciate my hero's condition. Mewed up in the country, and the grand stay of pipe and cigars all by some diablerie unsmokable.

Mr. Larue was miserable that week: there is no denying it. No doubt a hundred times he wished himself back in town, though he would have died by inches before retreating from his social contract a day before honorably released.

Day after day passed, and for a reason easily imagined I was glad no business demanded a day in town.

We continued the daily ride till a long spell of rainy, sad-colored weather put a stop to the resource. Yet I was not to be discouraged. To the infinite disgust of Mr. Mearns, I invaded that temple of his priesthood, the great barn, choosing the open space between the mows for the theatre of action; and, spite of Jabez's strong disapprobation, lugged thither every rope, chain, and clothes-line on the premises, and there, with the active (as I contrived to make it) assistance of Mr. Larue and the presence and countenance of the ladies—of Aunt Bessy at least—we constructed a very primitive gymnasium. I hunted up a treatise on the subject, and put myself and guest through a course I should never have undertaken solus. We swung from ropes tied to beams. With as many horseshoes as we could hold in each hand for "dumb bells," we charged,

and chassced, backward, forward, sideways—we ran and stamped, and, best of all, laughed in calculably.

As in the case of Mr. Mearns, the forces in Miss Dorcas's virgin bosom did not all speak approval. Once, having directed my pupil to the "mast-head," and preparing to at least try to follow him, the Linshingle gave sepulchral vent to the dread query,

"What would your ma say?"

"Hurrah, I hope," replied I, pressing on and seating myself upon the "cross beam" for the first time in life.

For three weeks my régime went on without a hitch or relapse of a single day. I never wrought or thought so hard in my life as in these three weeks; for, after all, lion's share as I have given myself in the vital forces, I was guiding one stronger by every right of nature than myself—guiding him, too, for the sheer reason that he did not see it so. How if he found it out?

He seemed in no danger, for he talked of the wonders the "country air" was working; and I expressed my pleasure, though secretly agreeing with Dame Partington as to the impossibility of folks thriving, like "camomiles," exclusively on "country air."

We had many delightful indoor hours, sitting all of us in the pleasant parlor, in chill weather, round an open fire-place, whose wood flame with its flexible flicker varied like our moods.

Larue and I played chess, and talked and read aloud by turns. Aunt Bessy's "socks for the soldiers" grew apace as she placidly watched or listened. Dorcas, too, sat and knitted. I do not know what she thought of. She did not understand chess, nor many books, nor all our talk about them, I feared. Her tree of life had never gained that bent in its twighood. And you, dear, bright friend who read, will forgive me if I say that a life like hers, with its narrow round of intellect never broadened or beautified by husband or child's dear love, has in it a deeper pathos, a truer call for sympathy, than yours or mine will ever have.

I own I selected a good deal of our reading with a purpose. I wanted certain books to teach friend Larue truths not for me to voice successfully. He took down a volume one day, saying, "Here is the 'Sage of Concord,' or, rather, his misnomered book, the 'Conduct of Life,' let us follow a few of his pyrotechnics."

So we read of "fate," of "power," of "wealth," of "beauty;" but beginning the chapter on "Worship," I said, "Not that, please, don't read it."

"Are you afraid of it?" asked he, smiling a little.

"Indeed I am not: when one has a personal experience of the *truth* of the things here set at naught the subtlest argument falls harmless. But I can not bear to hear a friend of mine deny the Lord that bought him, though it be only in voicing unapproved another's words."

"You are right," said he; "nor do I wish to do it. Beautiful and true as are many of Em-

erson's thoughts, the 'Trail of the Serpent' is over them all. Though I suppose it takes a Christian to see it so."

"There is his contemporary, Holmes: how are you pleased with his views?" inquired I.

"It has seemed to me," replied he, "that Holmes believes in Christianity not through any special willingness, but because he can not help it. And even then tries, in a measure, to disentangle us from moral obligation by giving such great importance to circumstance—almost declaring, substantially, that there are multitudes who have neither innate consciousness of right and wrong, or the power to choose the former. It would be folly, of course, to deny the force of inherited predisposition; but I think he lays too much stress upon it in connection with morality."

"Then you will not be likely to agree with those who ascribe the same spiritual importance to bodily health or disease?"

"I believe that proposition still less."

"Is not that because you have not argued the matter? Now, for instance, I suppose you know some articles of diet are lighter, more digestible, as well as more wholesome than others. Also what these articles are."

"I suppose I do, in a general way."

"Can you recall no evening—in church, let us say—when words wont to rouse your soul's readiest response and best aspiration fell upon dulled ears and a mind which seemed pressed with leaden weights, while it should have soared and sang?"

"Unfortunately I can."

"Well, what had mine host been serving for dinner?"

He laughed a little, reddened a good deal, yet reflected, as I hoped, on the gastronomical fault which had so surely led to the devotional one.

"I do remember, certainly, and shall have to admit the force of your argument."

This was all the conversation we ever had on this subject, and slight as this was I was afraid it would flash upon him how fully I was putting the theory in practice as regarded himself.

Only once more during his stay the matter was brought forward by me, and that quite unconscious of his hearing. I thought him at work in his chamber, and was reading to the ladies by their request. It was an essay, a sort of lecture to *moral* people, and not the class on whom that style of effort is more frequently bestowed. It spoke of the great delicacy of the human organism—how susceptible of disrepair, how difficult of restoration; proceeding to show how easily a person to whom the idea of vice or excess would be terrible can, by little neglects of exercise and diet—little indulgences in things not sinful but unwholesome—reduce the physical condition to that of the real debauchee: thus not only defeating earthly pleasure and success, but possibly hindering and even insuring the failure of the soul in its heavenward ascent.

I paused at length, and having done so heard, for the first time, the step of my guest pacing thoughtfully in the shady back-parlor in full

hearing of the words, and, I hoped, like conviction of their truth.

Well, why lengthen the story of those six quiet weeks? I will come to the seventh, and last, and have done.

It would surprise one who has no experience of the change two months can make in an invalid's physique, to see their effect on Mr. Laruc.

Hepzibah was quite correct in her complacent affirmation, that he "looked twice as rugged and as fair-complexioned again as he did when he cum—why, his very whiskers seemed to curl tighter, and when he was the least bit tickled his eyes would shine as merry and hansum as a new button!"

Yes, it was but plain my guest was rising to a new physical life—would he continue? Would the old Gilbert Laruc, sad of face and slow of step, come back with town life, or would he emerge into the life alert, firm-handed, and pleasant-faced of the new Gilbert Larue?

What made the eyes into whose sadness I had looked so coolly thrill me thus with their gay brightness now?

Why had common speech and casual contact the same effect? Could I be falling in love with my patient? Oh, wise Plato!

Father and mother wrote the day they were

coming home. Larue went that day also. And I wonder if the parting guest I sped was any the less dear than those whose coming I welcomed?

What earthly reason had my heart to pulse so highly for a whole week every day at that hour which brought Jabez with the daily mail? Could it be in hope rather than expectancy of the white packet the end of that period brought? The sample I must give you ran:

"Dear, the long and short of it is I love you—how much, I wish I could tell you. I must have been rather an old young man, I believe; for I really thought all capacity for such feeling had gone out of my heart. I must confess to you a fact of which you have no idea [had I not?], I suppose—viz., that I came to your house a grim, self-indulgent dyspeptic, though I hardly saw it so at the time. Those two, all too speedy, months [the first tobaccoless week included, I presume!] opened to me no less a new love than a new life. Dear, neither can be perfect, nay, nor live at all without you. You will not deny alike my necessity and joy, nor forbid me hope permission to claim them both in you?"

What would you have done, dear friend, had it been you? Would you have refused the life-shelter of a strong arm, or the steady sunshine of a great love, albeit you had cured their possessor of dyspepsia?

## ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

### CHAPTER XLI.

#### HOW CAN I SAVE HIM?

"**I** WILL not consent to live with you while such deeds as these are being done." Such were the last words which Mrs. Furnival spoke as she walked out of her own drawing-room, leaving her husband still seated in his arm-chair.

What was he to do? Those who would hang by the letter of the law in such matters may say that he should have rung the bell, sent for his wife, explained to her that obedience was a necessary duty on her part, and have finished by making her understand that she must and would continue to live wherever he chose that she should live. There be those who say that if a man be any thing of a man he can always insure obedience in his own household. He has the power of the purse and the power of the law; and if, having these, he goes to the wall, it must be because he is a poor creature. Those who so say have probably never tried the position.

Mr. Furnival did not wish to send for his wife, because by doing so he would have laid bare his sore before his servants. He could not follow her, because he knew that he should not find her alone in her room. Nor did he wish for any further parley, because he knew that she would speak loud, and probably sob—nay, very possibly proceed to a fainting fit. And, moreover, he much doubted whether he would

have the power to keep her in the house if it should be her pleasure to leave it. And then what should he do? The doing of something in such a catastrophe, was, he thought, indispensable.

Was ever a man so ill-treated? Was ever jealousy so groundless? Here was a woman, with whom he was on the point of quarreling, who was engaged to be married to another man, whom for months past he had only seen as a client; and on her account he was to be told by his wife that she would not consent to live with him! Yes; it was quite indispensable that he should do something.

At last he went to bed, and slept upon it; not sharing the marital couch, but occupying his own dressing-room. In the morning, however, as he sat down to his solitary breakfast, he was as far as ever from having made up his mind what that something should be. A message was brought to him by an elderly female servant with a grave face—the elderly servant who had lived with them since their poorer days—saying that "Missus would not come down to breakfast this morning." There was no love sent, no excuse as to illness, no semblance of a peaceable reason, assumed even to deceive the servant. It was clear to Mr. Furnival that the servant was intended to know all about it. "And Miss Biggs says, Sir, that if you please you're not to wait for her."

"Very well, that'll do," said Mr. Furnival, who had not the slightest intention of waiting for Miss Biggs; and then he sat himself down to eat his bacon, and bethink himself what step he would take with this revereant and troublesome spouse.

While he was thus employed the post came. The bulk of his letters as a matter of course went to his chambers; but there were those among his correspondents who wrote to him at Harley Street. To-day he received three or four letters, but our concern will be with one only. This one bore the Hamworth post-mark, and he opened it the first, knowing that it came from Lady Mason. It was as follows:

"*Private.*

"THE CLEEVE, 23d January, 18—.

"MY DEAR MR. FURNIVAL,—I am so very sorry that I did not see you to-day! Indeed, your leaving without seeing me has made me unhappy, for I can not but think that it shows that you are displeased. Under these circumstances I must write to you and explain to you how that came to pass which Sir Peregrine told you. I have not let him know that I am writing to you, and I think for his sake that I had better not. But he is so good, and has shown to me such nobleness and affection, that I can hardly bring myself to have any secret from him.

"You may conceive what was my surprise when I first understood that he wished to make me his wife. It is hardly six months since I thought that I was almost exceeding my station in visiting at his house. Then by degrees I began to be received as a friend, and at last I found myself treated with the warmest love. But still I had no thought of this, and I knew that it was because of my great trouble that Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme were so good to me.

"When he sent for me into his library and told me what he wished, I could not refuse him any thing. I promised obedience to him as though I were a child; and in this way I found myself engaged to be his wife. When he told me that he would have it so, how could I refuse him, knowing as I do all that he has done for me, and thinking of it as I do every minute? As for loving him, of course I love him. Who that knows him does not love him? He is made to be loved. No one is so good and so noble as he. But of love of that sort I had never dreamed. Ah me, no! —a woman burdened as I am does not think of love.

"He told me that he would have it so, and I said that I would obey him; and he tried to prove to me that in this dreadful trial it would be better for me. But I would not wish it on that account. He has done enough for me without my causing him such injury. When I argued it with him, trying to say that others would not like it, he declared that Mrs. Orme would be well pleased, and, indeed, so she told me afterward herself. And thus I yielded to him, and agreed that I would be his wife. But I was not happy, thinking that I should injure him; and I promised only because I could not deny him.

"But the day before yesterday young Mr. Orme, his grandson, came to me and told me that such a marriage would be very wrong. And I do believe him. He said that old family friends would look down upon his grandfather and ridicule him if he were to make this marriage. And I can see that it would be so. I would not have such injury come upon him for the gain of all the world to myself. So I have made up my mind to tell him that it can not be, even though I should anger him. And I fear that it will anger him, for he loves to have his own way—especially in doing good; and he thinks that our marriage would rescue me altogether from the danger of this trial.

"So I have made up my mind to tell him, but I have not found courage to do it yet; and I do wish, dear Mr. Furnival, that I might see you first. I fear that I may have lost your friendship by what has already been done.

If so, what will become of me? When I heard that you had gone without asking for me, my heart sank within me. I have two friends whom I so dearly love, and I would fain do as both direct me, if that may be possible. And now I propose to go up to London to-morrow, and to be at your chambers about one o'clock. I have told Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme that I am going; but he is too noble-minded to ask questions now that he thinks I may feel myself constrained to tell him. So I will call in Lincoln's Inn at one o'clock, and I trust that if possible you will see me. I am greatly in want of your advice, for in truth I hardly know what to do.

"Pray believe me to be always your attached friend,  
"MARY MASON."

There was hardly a word—I believe not a word in that letter that was not true. Her acceptance of Sir Peregrine had been given exactly in the manner and for the reasons there explained; and since she had accepted him she had been sorry for having done so, exactly in the way now described. She was quite willing to give up her husband if it was thought best—but she was not willing to give up her friend. She was not willing to give up either friend, and her great anxiety was so to turn her conduct that she might keep them both.

Mr. Furnival was gratified as he read the letter—gratified in spite of his present frame of mind. Of course he would see her—and of course, as he himself well knew, would take her again into favor. But he must insist on her carrying out her purpose of abandoning the marriage project. If, arising from this abandonment, there should be any coolness on the part of Sir Peregrine, Mr. Furnival would not regret it. Mr. Furnival did not feel quite sure whether in the conduct of this case he was not somewhat hampered by the—energetic zeal of Sir Peregrine's line of defense.

When he had finished the perusal of his letter and the consideration which it required, he put it carefully into his breast coat pocket, envelope and all. What might not happen if he left that envelope about in that house? And then he took it out again, and observed upon the cover the Hamworth post-mark, very clear. Post-marks nowadays are very clear, and every body may know whence a letter comes. His letters had been brought to him by the butler; but was it not probable that that ancient female servant might have seen them first, and have conveyed to her mistress intelligence as to this post-mark? If so; and Mr. Furnival almost felt himself to be guilty as he thought of it.

While he was putting on his great-coat in the hall, the butler assisting him, the ancient female servant came to him again. There was a look about her face which told of war, and declared her to be, if not the chief lieutenant of his wife, at any rate her color-sergeant. Martha Biggs no doubt was chief lieutenant. "Missus desires me to ask," said she, with her grim face and austere voice, "whether you will be pleased to dine at home to-day?" And yet the grim, austere woman could be affectionate and almost motherly in her ministrations to him when things were going well, and had eaten his salt and bro-

ken his bread for more than twenty years. All this was very hard! "Because," continued the woman, "missus says she thinks she shall be out this evening herself."

"Where is she going?"

"Missus didn't tell me, Sir."

He almost determined to go up stairs and call upon her to tell him what she was going to do, but he remembered that if he did it would surely make a row in the house. Miss Biggs would put her head out of some adjacent door and scream, "Oh laws!" and he would have to descend his own stairs with the consciousness that all his household were regarding him as a brute. So he gave up that project. "No," he said, "I shall not dine at home;" and then he went his way.

"Missus is very aggravating," said the butler, as soon as the door was closed.

"You don't know what cause she has, Spooner," said the housekeeper, very solemnly.

"Is it at his age? I believe it's all nonsense, I do—feminine fancies, and vagaries of the weaker sex."

"Yes, I dare say; that's what you men always say. But if he don't look out he'll find missus'll be too much for him. What'd he do if she were to go away from him?"

"Do?—why live twice as jolly. It would only be the first rumpus of the thing."

I am afraid that there was some truth in what Spooner said. It is the first rumpus of the thing, or rather the fear of that, which keeps together many a couple.

At one o'clock there came a timid female rap at Mr. Furnival's chamber door, and the juvenile clerk gave admittance to Lady Mason. Crabwitz, since the affair of that mission down at Hamworth, had so far carried a point of his, that a junior satellite was now permanently installed; and for the future the indignity of opening doors, and "just stepping out" into Chancery Lane, would not await him. Lady Mason was dressed all in black—but this was usual with her when she left home. To-day, however, there was about her something blacker and more sombre than usual. The veil which she wore was thick, and completely hid her face; and her voice, as she asked for Mr. Furnival, was low and plaintive. But, nevertheless, she had by no means laid aside the charm of womanhood; or it might be more just to say that the charm of womanhood had not laid aside her. There was that in her figure, step, and gait of going which compelled men to turn round and look at her. We all know that she had a son some two or three and twenty years of age, and that she had not been quite a girl when she married. But notwithstanding this, she was yet young; and though she made no effort—no apparent effort—to maintain the power and influence which beauty gives, yet she did maintain it.

He came forward and took her by the hand with all his old affectionate regard, and, muttering some words of ordinary salutation, led her to a chair. It may be that she muttered some-

thing also, but if so the sound was too low to reach his ears. She sat down where he placed her, and as she put her hand on the table near her arm, he saw that she was trembling.

"I got your letter this morning," he said, by way of beginning the conversation.

"Yes," she said; and then, finding that it was not possible that he should hear her through her veil, she raised it. She was very pale, and there was a look of painful care, almost of agony, round her mouth. He had never seen her look so pale—but he said to himself at the same time that he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"And to tell you the truth, Lady Mason, I was very glad to get it. You and I had better speak openly to each other about this—had we not?"

"Oh yes," she said. And then there was a struggle within her not to tremble—a struggle that was only too evident. She was aware of this, and took her hand off the table.

"I vexed you because I did not see you at The Cleeve the other day."

"Because I thought that you were angry with me."

"And I was so."

"Oh, Mr. Furnival!"

"Wait a moment, Lady Mason. I was angry—or rather sorry and vexed to hear of that which I did not approve. But your letter has removed that feeling. I can now understand the manner in which this engagement was forced upon you; and I understand also—do I not?—that the engagement will not be carried out?"

She did not answer him immediately, and he began to fear that she repented of her purpose. "Because," said he, "under no other circumstances could I—"

"Stop, Mr. Furnival. Pray do not be severe with me." And she looked at him with eyes which would almost have melted his wife—and which he was quite unable to withstand. Had it been her wish, she might have made him promise to stand by her, even though she had persisted in her engagement.

"No, no; I will not be severe."

"I do not wish to marry him," she went on to say. "I have resolved to tell him so. That was what I said in my letter."

"Yes, yes."

"I do not wish to marry him. I would not bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—no, not to save myself from—" And then, as she thought of that from which she desired to save herself, she trembled again, and was silent.

"It would create in men's minds such a strong impression against you, were you to marry him at this moment!"

"It is of him I am thinking—of him and Luccius. Mr. Furnival, they might do their worst with me, if it were not for that thought. My boy!" And then she rose from her chair, and stood upright before him, as though she were going to do or say some terrible thing. He still kept his chair, for he was startled, and hardly

knew what he would be about. That last exclamation had come from her almost with a shriek, and now her bosom was heaving as though her heart would burst with the violence of her sobbing. "I will go," she said. "I had better go." And she hurried away toward the door.

"No, no; do not go yet." And he rose to stop her, but she was quite passive. "I do not know why you should be so much moved now." But he did know. He did understand the very essence and core of her feelings—as probably may the reader also. But it was impossible that he should allow her to leave him in her present state.

She sat down again, and leaning both her arms upon the table, hid her face within her hands. He was now standing, and for the moment did not speak to her. Indeed he could not bring himself to break the silence, for he saw her tears, and could still hear the violence of her sobs. And then she was the first to speak. "If it were not for him," she said, raising her head, "I could bear it all. What will he do? what will he do?"

"You mean," said Mr. Furnival, speaking very slowly, "if the—verdict—should go against us."

"It will go against us," she said. "Will it not?—tell me the truth. You are so clever, you must know. Tell me how it will go. Is there any thing I can do to save him?" And she took hold of his arm with both her hands, and looked up eagerly—oh, with such terrible eagerness!—into his face.

Would it not have been natural now that he should have asked her to tell him the truth? And yet he did not dare to ask her. He thought that he knew it. He felt sure—almost sure, that he could look into her very heart, and read there the whole of her secret. But still there was a doubt—enough of doubt to make him wish to ask the question. Nevertheless he did not ask it.

"Mr. Furnival," she said; and as she spoke there was a hardness came over the soft lines of her feminine face; a look of courage which amounted almost to ferocity, a look which at the moment recalled to his mind, as though it were but yesterday, the attitude and countenance she had borne as she stood in the witness-box at that other trial, now so many years since—that attitude and countenance which had impressed the whole court with so high an idea of her courage. "Mr. Furnival, weak as I am, I could bear to die here on the spot—now—if I could only save him from this agony. It is not for myself I suffer." And then the terrible idea occurred to him that she might attempt to compass her escape by death. But he did not know her. That would have been no escape for her son.

"And you too think that I must not marry him?" she said, putting up her hands to her brows as though to collect her thoughts.

"No; certainly not, Lady Mason."

"No, no. It would be wrong. But, Mr.

Furnival, I am so driven that I know not how I should act. What if I should lose my mind?" And as she looked at him there was that about her eyes which did tell him that such an ending might be possible.

"Do not speak in such a way," he said.

"No, I will not. I know that it is wrong. I will go down there, and tell him that it must not—must not be so. But I may stay at The Cleeve—may I not?"

"Oh, certainly—if he wishes it—after your understanding with him."

"Ah; he may turn me out, may he not? And they are so kind to me, so gentle and so good. And Lueius is so stern. But I will go back. Sternness will perhaps be better for me now than love and kindness."

In spite of every thing, in the teeth of his almost certain conviction of her guilt, he would now, even now, have asked her to come to his own house, and have begged her to remain there till the trial was over—if only he had had the power to do so. What would it be to him what the world might say, if she should be proved guilty? Why should not he have been mistaken as well as others? And he had an idea that if he could get her into his own hands he might still bring her through triumphantly—with assistance from Solomon Aram and Chaffanbrass. He was strongly convinced of her guilt, but by no means strongly convinced that her guilt could be proved. But then he had no house at the present moment that he could call his own. His Kitty, the Kitty of whom he still sometimes thought with affection—that Kitty whose soft motherly heart would have melted at such a story of a woman's sorrows, if only it had been rightly approached—that Kitty was now vehemently hostile, hostile both to him and to this very woman for whom he would have asked her care.

"May God help me!" said the poor woman. "I do not know where else to turn for aid. Well; I may go now, then. And, indeed, why should I take up your time further?"

But before she did go Mr. Furnival gave her much counsel. He did not ask as to her guilt, but he did give her that advice which he would have thought most expedient had her guilt been declared and owned. He told her that very much would depend on her maintaining her present position and standing; that she was so to carry herself as not to let people think that she was doubtful about the trial; and that above all things she was to maintain a composed and steadfast manner before her son. As to the Orines, he bade her not to think of leaving The Cleeve, unless she found that her remaining there would be disagreeable to Sir Peregrine after her explanation with him. That she was to decline the marriage engagement he was very positive; on that subject there was to be no doubt.

And then she went; and as she passed down the dark passage into the new square by the old gate of the Chancellor's court, she met a stout

lady. The stout lady eyed her savagely, but was not quite sure as to her identity. Lady Mason in her trouble passed the stout lady without taking any notice of her.

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## CHAPTER XLII.

### JOHN KENNEBY GOES TO HAMWORTH.

WHEN John Kenneby dined with his sister and brother-in-law on Christmas-day he agreed, at the joint advice of the whole party there assembled, that he would go down and see Mr. Dockwrath at Hamworth, in accordance with the invitation received from that gentleman—his enemy, Dockwrath, who had carried off Miriam Usbech, for whom John Kenneby still sighed—in a gentle easy manner indeed—but still sighed as though it were an affair but of yesterday. But though he had so agreed, and though he had never stirred from that resolve, he by no means did it immediately. He was a slow man, whose life had offered him but little excitement; and the little which came to him was husbanded well and made to go a long way. He thought about this journey for nearly a month before he took it, often going to his sister and discussing it with her, and once or twice seeing the great Moulder himself. At last he fixed a day and did go down to Hamworth.

He had, moreover, been invited to the offices of Messrs. Round and Crook, and that visit also was as yet unpaid. A clerk from the house in Bedford Row had found him out at Hubbles and Grease's, and had discovered that he would be forthcoming as a witness. On the special subject of his evidence not much had then passed, the clerk having had no discretion given him to sift the matter. But Kenneby had promised to go to Bedford Row, merely stipulating for a day at some little distance of time. That day was now near at hand; but he was to see Dockwrath first, and hence it occurred that he now made his journey to Hamworth.

But another member of that Christmas party at Great St. Helen's had not been so slow in carrying out his little project. Mr. Kantwise had at once made up his mind that it would be as well that he should see Dockwrath. It would not suit him to incur the expense of a journey to Hamworth, even with the additional view of extracting payment for that set of metallic furniture; but he wrote to the attorney telling him that he should be in London in the way of trade on such and such a day, and that he had tidings of importance to give with reference to the great Orley Farm case. Dockwrath did see him, and the result was that Mr. Kantwise got his money, fourteen eleven—at least he got fourteen seven six, and had a very hard fight for the three odd half-crowns—and Dockwrath learned that John Kenneby, if duly used, would give evidence on his side of the question.

And then Kenneby did go down to Hamworth. He had not seen Miriam Usbech since

the days of her marriage. He had remained hanging about the neighborhood long enough to feast his eyes with the agony of looking at the bride, and then he had torn himself away. Circumstances since that had carried him one way and Miriam another, and they had never met. Time had changed him very little, and what change time had made was perhaps for the better. He hesitated less when he spoke, he was less straggling and undecided in his appearance, and had about him more of manhood than in former days. But poor Miriam had certainly not been altered for the better by years and circumstances as far as outward appearance went.

Kenneby as he walked up from the station to the house—and from old remembrances he knew well where the house stood—gave up his mind entirely to the thought of seeing Miriam, and in his memories of old love passages almost forgot the actual business which now brought him to the place. To him it seemed as though he was going to meet the same Miriam he had left—the Miriam to whom in former days he had hardly ventured to speak of love, and to whom he must not now venture so to speak at all. He almost blushed as he remembered that he would have to take her hand.

There are men of this sort, men slow in their thoughts but very keen in their memories; men who will look for the glance of a certain bright eye from a window-pane, though years have rolled on since last they saw it—since last they passed that window. Such men will bethink themselves, after an interval of weeks, how they might have brought up wit to their use and improved an occasion which chance had given them. But when the bright eyes do glance, such men pass by abashed; and when the occasion offers, their wit is never at hand. Nevertheless they are not the least happy of mankind, these never-readies; they do not pick up sudden prizes, but they hold fast by such good things as the ordinary run of life bestows upon them. There was a lady even now, a friend of Mrs. Moulder, ready to bestow herself and her fortune on John Kenneby—a larger fortune than Miriam had possessed, and one which would not now probably be neutralized by so large a family as poor Miriam had bestowed upon her husband.

How would Miriam meet him? It was of this he thought as he approached the door. Of course he must call her Mrs. Dockwrath, though the other name was so often on his tongue. He had made up his mind, for the last week past, that he would call at the private door of the house, passing by the door of the office. Otherwise the chances were that he would not see Miriam at all. His enemy, Dockwrath, would be sure to keep him from her presence. Dockwrath had ever been inordinately jealous. But when he came to the office-door he hardly had the courage to pass on to that of the private dwelling. His heart beat too quickly, and the idea of seeing Miriam was almost too much for him. But, nevertheless, he did carry out his plan, and did knock at the door of the house.



JOHN KENNEBY AND MRS. DOCKWRATH.

And it was opened by Miriam herself. He knew her instantly in spite of all the change. He knew her, but the whole course of his feelings were altered at the moment, and his blood was made to run the other way. And she knew him too. "La, John," she said, "who'd have thought of seeing you?" And she shifted

the baby, whom she carried, from one arm to the other as she gave him her hand in token of welcome.

"It is a long time since we met," he said. He felt hardly any temptation now to call her Miriam. Indeed it would have seemed altogether in opposition to the common order of

things to do so. She was no longer Miriam, but the maternal Dockwrath; the mother of that long string of dirty children whom he saw gathered in the passage behind her. He had known as a fact that she had all the children, but the fact had not made the proper impression on his mind till he had seen them.

"A long time! 'Deed then it is. Why we've hardly seen each other since you used to be a courting of me; have we? But, my! John; why haven't you got a wife for yourself these many years? But come in. I'm glad to see every bit of you, so I am; though I've hardly a place to put you to sit down in." And then she opened a door and took him into a little sitting-room on the left hand side of the passage.

His feeling of intense enmity to Dockwrath was beginning to wear away, and one of modified friendship for the whole family was supervening. It was much better that it should be so. He could not understand before how Dockwrath had had the heart to write to him and call him John, but now he did understand it. He felt that he could himself be friendly with Dockwrath now, and forgive him all the injury; he felt also that it would not go so much against the grain with him to marry that friend as to whom his sister would so often solicit him.

"I think you may venture to sit down upon them," said Miriam, "though I can't say that I have ever tried myself." This speech referred to the chairs with which her room was supplied, and which Kenneby seemed to regard with suspicion.

"They are very nice I'm sure," said he, "but I don't think I ever saw any like them."

"Nor nobody else either. But don't you tell him so;" and she nodded with her head to the side of the house on which the office stood.

"I had as nice a set of mahoganys as ever a woman could want, and bought with my own money too, John; but he's took them away to furnish some of his lodgings opposite, and put them things here in their place. Don't, Sam; you'll have 'em all twisted about nohows in no time if you go to use 'em in that way."

"I wants to see the pictur' on the table," said Sam.

"Drat the picture," said Mrs. Dockwrath. "It was hard, wasn't it, John, to see my own mahoganys, as I had rubbed with my own hands till they was ever so bright, and as was bought with my own money too, took away and them things brought here? Sam, if you twist that round any more I'll box your ears. One can't hear one's self speak with the noise."

"They don't seem to be very useful," said Kenneby.

"Useful! They're got up for cheater; that's what they're got up for. And that Dockwrath should be took in with 'em—he that's so sharp at every thing—that's what surprises me. But laws, John, it isn't the sharp ones that gets the best off. You was never sharp, but you're as smirk and smooth as though you came out of a

bandbox. I am glad to see you, John, so I am." And she put her apron up to her eyes and wiped away a tear.

"Is Mr. Dockwrath at home?" said John.

"Sam, run round and see if your father's in the office. He'll be home to dinner, I know. Molly, do be quiet with your sister. I never see such a girl as you are for bothering. You didn't come down about business, did you, John?" And then Kenneby explained to her that he had been summoned by Dockwrath as to the matter of this Orley Farm trial. While he was doing so, Sam returned to say that his father had stepped out, but would be back in half an hour, and Mrs. Dockwrath, finding it impossible to make use of her company sitting-room, took her old lover into the family apartment which they all ordinarily occupied.

"You can sit down there at any rate without it all crunching under you, up to nothing." And she emptied for him as she spoke the seat of an old well-worn horse-hair bottomed arm-chair. "As to them tin things I wouldn't trust myself on one of them; and so I told him, angry as it made him. But now about poor Lady Mason—. Sam and Molly, you go into the garden, there's good children. They is so ready with their ears, John; and he contrives to get every thing out of 'em. Now do tell me about this."

Kenneby could not help thinking that the love match between Miriam and her husband had not turned out in all respects well, and I fear that he derived from the thought a certain feeling of consolation. "He" was spoken about in a manner that did not betoken unfailing love and perfect confidence. Perhaps Miriam was at this moment thinking that she might have done better with her youth and her money! She was thinking of nothing of the kind. Her mind was one that dwelt on the present, not on the past. She was unhappy about her furniture, unhappy about the frocks of those four younger children, unhappy that the loaves of bread went faster and faster every day, very unhappy now at the savageness with which her husband prosecuted his anger against Lady Mason. But it did not occur to her to be unhappy because she had not become Mrs. Kenneby.

Mrs. Dockwrath had more to tell in the matter than had Kenneby, and when the elder of the children who were at home had been disposed of she was not slow to tell it. "Isn't it dreadful, John, to think that they should come against her now, and the will all settled as it was twenty year ago? But you won't say any thing against her; will you now, John? She was always a good friend to you; wasn't she? Though it wasn't much use; was it?" It was thus that she referred to the business before them, and to the love passages of her early youth at the same time.

"It's a very dreadful affair," said Kenneby, very solemnly; "and the more I think of it the more dreadful it becomes."

"But you won't say any thing against her;

will you? You won't go over to his side; eh, John?"

"I don't know much about sides," said he.

"He'll get himself into trouble with it; I know he will. I do so wish you'd tell him, for he can't hurt you if you stand up to him. If I speak—Lord bless you, I don't dare to call my soul my own for a week afterward."

"Is he so very—"

"Oh, dreadful, John! He's bid me never speak a word to her. But for all that I used till she went away down to The Cleeve yonder. And what do you think they say now? And I do believe it too. They say that Sir Peregrine is going to make her his lady. If he does that it stands to reason that Dockwrath and Joseph Mason will get the worst of it. I'm sure I hope they will; only he'll be twice as hard if he don't make money by it in some way."

"Will he, now?"

"Indeed he will. You never knew any thing like him for hardness if things go wrong a while. I know he's got lots of money, because he's always buying up bits of houses; besides, what has he done with mine? but yet sometimes you'd hardly think he'd let me have bread enough for the children—and as for clothes!" Poor Miriam! It seemed that her husband shared with her but few of the spoils or triumphs of his profession.

Tidings now came in from the office that Dockwrath was there. "You'll come round and eat a bit of dinner with us?" said she, hesitatingly. He felt that she hesitated, and hesitated himself in his reply. "He must say something in the way of asking you, you know, and then say you'll come. His manner's nothing to you, you know. Do, now. It does me good to look at you, John; it does indeed." And then, without making any promise, he left her and went round to the office.

Kenneby had made up his mind, talking over the matter with Moulder and his sister, that he would be very reserved in any communication which he might make to Dockwrath as to his possible evidence at the coming trial; but nevertheless when Dockwrath had got him into his office, the attorney made him give a succinct account of every thing he knew, taking down his deposition in a regular manner. "And now if you'll just sign that," Dockwrath said to him when he had done.

"I don't know about signing," said Kenneby. "A man should never write his own name unless he knows why."

"You must sign your own deposition;" and the attorney frowned at him and looked savage. "What would a judge say to you in court if you had made such a statement as this, affecting the character of a woman like Lady Mason, and then had refused to sign it? You'd never be able to hold up your head again."

"Wouldn't I?" said Kenneby, gloomily; and he did sign it. This was a great triumph to Dockwrath. Mat Round had succeeded in get-

ting the deposition of Bridget Bolster, but he had got that of John Kenneby.

"And now," said Dockwrath, "I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll go to the Blue Posts—you remember the Blue Posts?—and I'll stand a beef-steak and a glass of brandy-and-water. I suppose you'll go back to London by the 3 p.m. train. We shall have lots of time."

Kenneby said that he should go back by the 3 p.m. train, but he declined, with considerable hesitation, the beef-steak and brandy-and-water. After what had passed between him and Miriam he could not go to the Blue Posts with her husband.

"Nonsense, man," said Dockwrath. "You must dine somewhere."

But Kenneby said that he should dine in London. He always preferred dining late. Besides, it was a long time since he had been at Hamworth, and he was desirous of taking a walk that he might renew his associations.

"Associations!" said Dockwrath, with a sneer. According to his ideas a man could have no pleasant associations with a place unless he had made money there or been in some way successful. Now John Kenneby had enjoyed no success at Hamworth. "Well, then, if you prefer associations to the Blue Posts I'll say good-by to you. I don't understand it myself. We shall see each other at the trial, you know." Kenneby, with a sigh, said that he supposed they should.

"Are you going into the house," said Dockwrath, "to see her again?" and he indicated with his head the side on which his wife was, as she before had indicated his side.

"Well, yes; I think I'll say good-by."

"Don't be talking to her about this affair. She understands nothing about it, and every thing goes up to that woman at Orley Farm." And so they parted.

"And he wanted you to go to the Blue Posts, did he?" said Miriam, when she heard of the proposition. "It's like him. If there is to be any money spent it's any where but at home."

"But I ain't going," said John.

"He'll go before the day's out, though he mayn't get his dinner there. And he'll be ever so free when he's there. He'll stand brandy-and-water to half Hamworth when he thinks he can get any thing by it; but if you'll believe me, John, though I've all the fag of the house on me, and all them children, I can't get a pint of beer—not regular—betwixt breakfast and bedtime." Poor Miriam! Why had she not taken advice when she was younger? John Kenneby would have given her what beer was good for her quite regularly.

Then he went out and took his walk, sauntering away to the gate of Orley Farm, and looking up the avenue. He ventured up some way, and there at a distance before him he saw Lucius Mason walking up and down, from the house toward the road and back again, swinging a heavy stick in his hand, with his hat pressed down over his brows. Kenneby had no desire

to speak to him ; so he returned to the gate, and thence went back to the station, escaping the town by a side lane ; and in this way he got back to London without holding further communication with the people of Hamworth.

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### CHAPTER XLIII.

#### JOHN KENNEBY'S COURTSHIP.

"SHE's as sweet a temper, John, as ever stirred a lump of sugar in her tea," said Mrs. Moulder to her brother, as they sat together over the fire in Great St. Helen's on that same evening—after his return from Hamworth. "That she is—and so Smiley always found her. 'She's always the same,' Smiley said to me many a day. And what can a man want more than that?"

"That's quite true," said John.

"And then as to her habits—I never knew her take a drop too much since first I set eyes on her, and that's nigh twenty years ago. She likes things comfortable; and why shouldn't she, with two hundred a year of her own coming out of the Kingsland Road brick-fields? As for dress, her things is beautiful, and she is the woman that takes care of 'em! Why, I remember an Irish cabinet as Smiley gave her when first that venture in the brick-fields came up money; if that cabinet is as much as turned yet, why I'll eat it. And then, the best of it is, she'll have you to-morrow. Indeed she will; or to-night, if you'll ask her. Goodness gracious! if there ain't Moulder!" And the excellent wife jumped up from her seat, poked the fire, emptied the most comfortable arm-chair, and hurried out to the landing at the top of the stairs. Presently the noise of a loudly-wheezing pair of lungs was heard, and the commercial traveler, enveloped from head to foot in coats and comforters, made his appearance. He had just returned from a journey, and having deposited his parcels and packages at the house of business of Hubbles and Grease, in Hounds-ditch, had now returned to the bosom of his family. It was a way he had, not to let his wife know exactly the period of his return. Whether he thought that by so doing he might keep her always on the alert and ready for marital inspection, or whether he disliked to tie himself down by the obligation of a fixed time for his return, Mrs. Moulder had never made herself quite sure. But on neither view of the subject did she admire this practice of her lord. She had on many occasions pointed out to him how much more snug she could make him if he would only let her know when he was coming. But he had never taken the hint, and in these latter days she had ceased to give it.

"Why, I'm uncommon cold," he said, in answer to his wife's inquiries after his welfare. "And so would you be too, if you'd come up from Leeds since you'd had your dinner. What, John, are you there? The two of you are mak-

ing yourself snug enough, I suppose, with something hot?"

"Not a drop he's had yet since he's been in the house," said Mrs. Moulder. "And he's hardly as much as darkened the door since you left it." And Mrs. Moulder added, with some little hesitation in her voice, "Mrs. Smiley is coming in to-night, Moulder."

"The d—l she is! There's always something of that kind when I gets home tired out, and wants to be comfortable. I mean to have my supper to myself, as I likes it, if all the Mother Smileys in London choose to come the way. What on earth is she coming here for this time of night?"

"Why, Moulder, you know."

"No; I don't know. I only know this, that when a man's used up with business he don't want to have any of that nonsense under his nose."

"If you mean me—" began John Kenneby.

"I don't mean you; of course not; and I don't mean any body. Here, take my coats, will you? and let me have a pair of slippers. If Mrs. Smiley thinks that I'm going to change my pants, or put myself about for her—"

"Laws, Moulder, she don't expect that!"

"She won't get it, any way. Here's John dressed up as if he was going to a box in the theatre. And you—why should you be going to expense, and knocking out things that costs money, because Mother Smiley's coming? I'll Smiley her!"

"Now, Moulder—" But Mrs. Moulder knew that it was of no use speaking to him at the present moment. Her task should be this—to feed and cosset him if possible into good-humor before her guest should arrive. Her praises of Mrs. Smiley had been very fairly true. But nevertheless she was a lady who had a mind and voice of her own, as any lady has a right to possess who draws in her own right two hundred a year out of a brick-field in the Kingsland Road. Such a one knows that she is above being snubbed, and Mrs. Smiley knew this of herself as well as any lady; and if Moulder, in his wrath, should call her Mother Smiley, or give her to understand that he regarded her as an old woman, that lady would probably walk herself off in great dudgeon—herself and her share in the brick-field. To tell the truth, Mrs. Smiley required that considerable deference should be paid to her.

Mrs. Moulder knew well what was her husband's present ailment. He had dined as early as one, and on his journey up from Leeds to London had refreshed himself with drink only. That last glass of brandy which he had taken at the Peterborough station had made him cross. If she could get him to swallow some hot food before Mrs. Smiley came, all might yet be well.

"And what's it to be, M.?" she said in her most insinuating voice; "there's a lovely chop down stairs, and there's nothing so quick as that."

"Chop!" he said, and it was all he did say at the moment.

"There's a 'am in beautiful cut," she went on, showing by the urgency of her voice how anxious she was on the subject.

For the moment he did not answer her at all, but sat facing the fire, and running his fat fingers through his uncombed hair. "Mrs. Smiley!" he said; "I remember when she was kitchen-maid at old Pott's."

"She ain't nobody's kitchen-maid now," said Mrs. Moulder, almost prepared to be angry in the defense of her friend.

"And I never could make out when it was that Smiley married her—that is, if he ever did."

"Now, Moulder, that's shoeing of you. Of course he married her. She and I is nearly an age as possible, though I think she is a year over me. She says not, and it ain't nothing to me. But I remember the wedding as if it was yesterday. You and I had never set eyes on each other then, M."

This last she added in a plaintive tone, hoping to soften him.

"Are you going to keep me here all night without any thing?" he then said. "Let me have some whisky—hot, with—and don't stand there looking at nothing."

"But you'll take some solids with it, Moulder? Why, it stands to reason you'll be famished."

"Do as you're bid, will you, and give me the whisky. Are you going to tell me when I'm to eat and when I'm to drink, like a child?" This he said in that tone of voice which made Mrs. Moulder know that he meant to be obeyed; and though she was sure that he would make himself drunk, she was compelled to minister to his desires. She got the whisky and hot water, the lemon and sugar, and set the things beside him; and then she retired to the sofa. John Kenneby the while sat perfectly silent looking on. Perhaps he was considering whether he would be able to emulate the domestic management of Dockwrath or of Moulder when he should have taken to himself Mrs. Smiley and the Kingsland brick-field.

"If you've a mind to help yourself, John, I suppose you'll do it," said Moulder.

"None for me just at present, thank'ee," said Kenneby.

"I suppose you wouldn't swallow nothing less than wine in them togs?" said the other, raising his glass to his lips. "Well, here's better luck, and I'm blessed if it's not wanting. I'm pretty well tired of this go, and so I mean to let 'em know pretty plainly."

All this was understood by Mrs. Moulder, who knew that it only signified that her husband was half tipsy, and that in all probability he would be whole tipsy before long. There was no help for it. Were she to remonstrate with him in his present mood he would very probably fling the bottle at her head. Indeed, remonstrances were never of avail with him. So she sat herself down, thinking how she would

run down when she heard Mrs. Smiley's step, and beg that lady to postpone her visit. Indeed it would be well to send John to convey her home again.

Moulder swallowed his glass of hot toddy fast, and then mixed another. His eyes were very bloodshot, and he sat staring at the fire. His hands were thrust into his pockets between the periods of his drinking, and he no longer spoke to any one. "I'm — if I stand it," he growled forth, addressing himself. "I've stood it a — deal too long." And then he finished the second glass. There was a sort of understanding on the part of his wife that such interjections as these referred to Hubbles and Grease, and indicated a painfully advanced state of drink. There was one hope; the double heat, that of the fire and of the whisky, might make him sleep; and if so, he would be safe for two or three hours.

"I'm blessed if I do, and that's all," said Moulder, grasping the whisky-bottle for the third time. His wife sat behind him, very anxious, but not daring to interfere. "It's going over the table, M," she then said.

"D—— the table!" he answered; and then his head fell forward on his breast, and he was fast asleep with the bottle in his hand.

"Put your hand to it, John," said Mrs. Moulder in a whisper. But John hesitated. The lion might rouse himself if his prey were touched.

"He'll let it go easy if you put your hand to it. He's safe enough now. There. If we could only get him back from the fire a little, or his face'll be burned off of him."

"But you wouldn't move him?"

"Well, yes; we'll try. I've done it before, and he's never stirred. Come here, just behind. The easters is good, I know. Laws! ain't he heavy?" And then they slowly dragged him back. He grunted out some half-pronounced threat as they moved him: but he did not stir, and his wife knew that she was again mistress of the room for the next two hours. It was true that he snored horribly, but then she was used to that.

"You won't let her come up, will you?" said John.

"Why not? She knows what men is as well I do. Smiley wasn't that way often, I believe; but he was awful when he was. He wouldn't sleep it off, quite innocent, like that; but would break every thing about the place, and then cry like a child after it. Now Moulder's got none of that about him. The worst of it is, how am I ever to get him into bed when he wakes?"

While the anticipation of this great trouble was still on her mind, the ring at the bell was heard, and John Kenneby went down to the outer door that he might pay to Mrs. Smiley the attention of waiting upon her up stairs. And up stairs she came, bristling with silk—the identical Irish cabinet, perhaps, which had never been turned—and conscious of the business which had brought her.

"What—Moulder's asleep is he?" she said,

as she entered the room. "I suppose that's as good as a pair of gloves, any way."

"He ain't just very well," said Mrs. Moulder, winking at her friend; "he's tired after a long journey."

"Oh—h! ah—h!" said Mrs. Smiley, looking down upon the sleeping beauty, and understanding every thing at a glance. "It's uncommon bad for him, you know, because he's so given to flesh."

"It's as much fatigue as any thing," said the wife.

"Yes, I dare say;" and Mrs. Smiley shook her head. "If he fatigues himself so much as that often he'll soon be off the hooks."

Muel was undoubtedly to be borne from two hundred a year in a briek-field, especially when that two hundred a year was eoming so very near home; but there is an amount of impertinent familiarity whieh must be put down even in two hundred a year. "I've known worse eases than him, my dear; and that ended worse."

"Oh, I dare say. But you're mistook if you mean Smiley. It was 'sepilus as took him off, as every body knows."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I'm not going to say any thing against that. And now, John, do help her off with her bonnet and shawl, while I get the tea-things."

Mrs. Smiley was a firm set, healthy-looking woman of—about forty. She had large, dark, glassy eyes, which were bright without sparkling. Her cheeks were very red, having a fixed settled color that never altered with circumstances. Her blaek wiry hair was ended in short crisp eurls, whieh sat close to her head. It almost collected like a wig, but the hair was in truth her own. Her mouth was small, and her lips thin, and they gave to her face a look of sharpness that was not quite agreeable. Nevertheless she was not a bad-looking woman, and with such advantages as two hundred a year and the wardrobe whieh Mrs. Moulder had de-scribed, was no doubt entitled to look for a second husband.

"Well, Mr. Kenneby, and how do you find yourself this cold weather? Dear, how he do snore; don't he?"

"Yes," said Kenneby, very thoughtfully, "he does rather." He was thinking of Miriam Us-bech as she was twenty years ago, and of Mrs. Smiley as she appeared at present. Not that he felt inclined to grumble at the lot prepared for him, but that he would like to take a few more years to think about it.

And then they sat down to tea. The lovely ehops whieh Moulder had despised, and the ham in beautiful cut which had failed to tempt him, now met with due appreeiation. Mrs. Smiley, though she had never been known to take a drop too mueh, did like to have things comfortable; and on this occasion she made an excellent meal, with a large poeket-handkerchief of Moulder's—brought in for the occasion—stretched across the broad expanse of the Irish cabinet. "We sha'n't

wake him, shall we?" said she, as she took her last bit of muffin.

"Not till he wakes natural, of hisself," said Mrs. Moulder. "When he's worked it off he'll rouse himself, and I shall have to get him to bed."

"He'll be a bit patchy then, won't he?"

"Well, just for a while of course he will," said Mrs. Moulder. "But there's worse than him. To-morrow morning, maybe, he'll be just as sweet as sweet. It don't hang about him, sullen like. That's what I hate, when it hangs about 'em." Then the tea-things were taken away, Mrs. Smiley in her familiarity assisting in the removal, and—in spite of the example now before them—some more sugar, and some more spirits, and some more hot water were put upon the table. "Well, I don't mind just the least taste in life, Mrs. Moulder, as we're quite between friends; and I'm sure you'll want it to-night to keep yourself up." Mrs. Moulder would have answered these last words with some severity had she not felt that good-humor now might be of great value to her brother.

"Well, John, and what is it you've got to say to her!" said Mrs. Moulder, as she put down her empty glass. Between friends who understood each other so well, and at their time of life, what was the use of ceremony?

"La, Mrs. Moulder, what should he have got to say? Nothing I'm sure as I'd think of listening to."

"You try her, John."

"Not but what I've the greatest respect in life for Mr. Kenneby, and always did have. If you must have any thing to do with men, I've always said, recommend me to them as is quiet and steady, and hasn't got too much of the gab; a quiet man is the man for me any day."

"Well, John?" said Mrs. Moulder.

"Now, Mrs. Moulder, can't you keep your-self to yourself, and we shall do very well. Laws, how he do snore! When his head goes bobbling that way I do so fear he'll have a fit."

"No he won't; he's eoming to, all right. Well, John?"

"I'm sure I shall be very happy," said John, "if she likes it. She says that she respects me, and I'm sure I've a great respect for her. I always had—even when Mr. Smiley was alive."

"It's very good of you to say so," said she; not speaking, however, as though she were quite satisfied. What was the use of his remembering Smiley just at present!

"Enough's enough between friends any day," said Mrs. Moulder. "So give her your hand, John."

"I think it'll be right to say one thing first," said Kenneby, with a solemn and deliberate tone.

"And what's that?" said Mrs. Smiley eagerly.

"In such a matter as this," continued Kenneby, "where the hearts are concerned—"

"You didn't say any thing about hearts yet," said Mrs. Smiley, with some measure of approbation in her voice.

" Didn't I ? " said Kenneby. " Then it was an omission on my part, and I beg leave to apologize. But what I was going to say is this : when the hearts are concerned, every thing should be honest and above-board."

" Oh, of course," said Mrs. Moulder ; " and I'm sure she don't suspect nothing else."

" You'd better let him go on," said Mrs. Smiley.

" My heart has not been free from woman's lovely image."

" And isn't free now, is it, John ? " said Mrs. Moulder.

" I've had my object, and though she's been another's, still I've kept her image on my heart."

" But it ain't there any longer, John ? He's speaking of twenty years ago, Mrs. Smiley."

" It's quite beautiful to hear him," said Mrs. Smiley. " Go on, Mr. Kenneby."

" The years are gone by as though they was nothing, and still I've had her image on my heart. I've seen her to-day."

" Her gentleman's still alive, ain't he ? " asked Mrs. Smiley.

" And likely to live," said Mrs. Moulder.

" I've seen her to-day," Kenneby continued ; " and now the Adriatic's free to wed another."

Neither of the ladies present exactly understood the force of the quotation ; but as it contained an appropriate reference to marriage, and apparently to a second marriage, it was taken by both of them in good part. He was considered to have made his offer, and Mrs. Smiley thereupon formally accepted him. " He's spoke quite handsome, I'm sure," said Mrs. Smiley to his sister ; " and I don't know that any woman has a right to expect more. As to the brick-fields—." And then there was a slight reference to business, with which it will not be necessary that the readers of this story should embarrass themselves.

Soon after that Mr. Kenneby saw Mrs. Smiley home in a cab, and poor Mrs. Moulder sat by her lord till he roused himself from his sleep. Let us hope that her troubles with him were as little vexatious as possible ; and console ourselves with the reflection that at twelve o'clock the next morning, after the second bottle of soda and brandy, he was " as sweet as sweet."

have called at Orley Farm, of course," said Lady Staveley, " only that I hear that Lady Mason is likely to prolong her visit with you. I must trust to you Mrs. Orme to make all that understood." Sir Peregrine took upon himself to say that it all should be understood, and then drawing Lady Staveley aside, told her of his own intended marriage. " I can not but be aware," he said, " that I have no business to trouble you with an affair that is so exclusively our own ; but I have a wish, which perhaps you may understand, that there should be no secret about it. I think it better, for her sake, that it should be known. If the connection can be of any service to her, she should reap that benefit now, when some people are treating her name with a barbarity which I believe to be almost unparalleled in this country." In answer to this Lady Staveley was of course obliged to congratulate him, and she did so with the best grace in her power ; but it was not easy to say much that was cordial, and as she drove back with Mrs. Arbuthnot to Noningsby the words which were said between them as to Lady Mason were not so kindly meant toward that lady as their remarks on their journey to The Cleeve.

Lady Staveley had hoped—though she had hardly expressed her hope even to herself, and certainly had not spoken of it to any one else—that she might have been able to say a word or two to Mrs. Orme about young Peregrine, a word or two that would have shown her own good feeling toward the young man—her own regard, and almost affection for him, even though this might have been done without any mention of Madeline's name. She might have learned in this way whether young Orme had made known at home what had been his hopes and what his disappointments, and might have formed some opinion whether or no he would renew his suit. She would not have been the first to mention her daughter's name ; but if Mrs. Orme should speak of it, then the subject would be free for her, and she could let it be known that the heir of the Cleeve should at any rate have her sanction and good-will. What happiness could be so great for her as that of having a daughter so settled, within eight miles of her ? And then it was not only that a marriage between her daughter and Peregrine Orme would be an event so fortunate, but also that those feelings with reference to Felix Graham were so unfortunate ! That young heart, she thought, could not as yet be heavy laden, and it might be possible that the whole affair should be made to run in the proper course—if only it could be done at once. But now, that tale which Sir Peregrine had told her respecting himself and Lady Mason had made it quite impossible that any thing should be said on the other subject. And then again, if it was decreed that the Noningsby family and the family of The Cleeve should be connected, would not such a marriage as this between the baronet and Lady Mason be very injurious ? So that Lady Staveley was not quite happy as she returned to her own house.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

SHOWING HOW LADY MASON COULD BE VERY NOBLE.

LADY MASON returned to The Cleeve after her visit to Mr. Furnival's chambers, and nobody asked her why she had been to London or whom she had seen. Nothing could be more gracious than the deference which was shown to her, and the perfect freedom of action which was accorded to her. On that very day Lady Staveley had called at The Cleeve, explaining to Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme that her visit was made expressly to Lady Mason. " I should

Lady Staveley's message, however, for Lady Mason was given with all its full foree. Sir Peregrine had felt grateful for what had been done, and Mrs. Orme, in talking of it, made quite the most of it. Civility from the Staveleys to the Ormes would not, in the ordinary course of things, be accounted of any special value. The two families might, and naturally would, know each other on intimate terms. But the Ormes would as a matter of course stand the highest in general estimation. Now, however, the Ormes had to bear up Lady Mason with them. Sir Peregrine had so willed it, and Mrs. Orme had not for a moment thought of contesting the wish of one whose wishes she had never contested. No words were spoken on the subject; but still with both of them there was a feeling that Lady Staveley's countenance and open friendship would be of value. When it had come to this with Sir Peregrine Orme, he was already disgraced in his own estimation—already disgraced, although he declared to himself a thousand times that he was only doing his duty as a gentleman.

On that evening Lady Mason said no word of her new purpose. She had pledged herself both to Peregrine Orme and to Mr. Furnival. To both she had made a distinct promise that she would break off her engagement, and she knew well that the deed should be done at once. But how was she to do it? With what words was she to tell him that she had changed her mind and would not take the hand that he had offered to her? She feared to be a moment alone with Peregrine lest he should tax her with the non-fulfillment of her promise. But in truth Peregrine at the present moment was thinking more of another matter. It had almost come home to him that his grandfather's marriage might facilitate his own; and though he still was far from reconciling himself to the connection with Lady Mason, he was almost disposed to put up with it.

On the following day, at about noon, a chariot with a pair of post-horses was brought up to the door of The Cleeve at a very fast pace, and the two ladies soon afterward learned that Lord Alston was closeted with Sir Peregrine. Lord Alston was one of Sir Peregrine's oldest friends. He was a man senior both in age and standing to the baronet; and, moreover, he was a friend who came but seldom to The Cleeve, although his friendship was close and intimate. Nothing was said between Mrs. Orme and Lady Mason, but each dreaded that Lord Alston had come to remonstrate about the marriage. And so in truth he had. The two old men were together for about an hour, and then Lord Alston took his departure without asking for or seeing any other one of the family. Lord Alston had remonstrated about the marriage, using at last very strong language to dissuade the baronet from a step which he thought so unfortunate; but he had remonstrated altogether in vain. Every word he had used was not only fruitless but injurious; for Sir Peregrine was a man

whom it was very difficult to rescue by opposition, though no man might be more easily led by assumed acquiescence.

"Orme, my dear fellow," said his lordship, toward the end of the interview, "it is my duty, as an old friend, to tell you this."

"Then, Lord Alston, you have done your duty."

"Not while a hope remains that I may prevent this marriage."

"There is ground for no such hope on your part; and permit me to say that the expression of such a hope to me is greatly wanting in courtesy."

"You and I," continued Lord Alston, without apparent attention to the last words which Sir Peregrine had spoken, "have nearly come to the end of our tether here. Our careers have been run; and I think I may say as regards both, but I may certainly say as regards you, that they have been so run that we have not disgraced those who preceded us. Our dearest hopes should be that our names may never be held as a reproach by those who come after us."

"With God's blessing I will do nothing to disgrace my family."

"But, Orme, you and I can not act as may those whose names in the world are altogether unnoticed. I know that you are doing this from a feeling of charity to that lady."

"I am doing it, Lord Alston, because it so pleases me."

"But your first charity is due to your grandson. Suppose that he was making an offer of his hand to the daughter of some nobleman—as he is so well entitled to do—how would it affect his hopes if it were known that you at the time had married a lady whose misfortune made it necessary that she should stand at the bar in a criminal court?"

"Lord Alston," said Sir Peregrine, rising from his chair, "I trust that my grandson may never rest his hopes on any woman whose heart could be hardened against him by such a thought as that."

"But what if she should be guilty?" said Lord Alston.

"Permit me to say," said Sir Peregrine, still standing, and standing now bolt upright, as though his years did not weigh on him a feather, "that this conversation has gone far enough. There are some surmises to which I can not listen, even from Lord Alston."

Then his lordship shrugged his shoulders, declared that in speaking as he had spoken he had endeavored to do a friendly duty by an old friend—certainly the oldest, and almost the dearest friend he had—and so he took his leave. The wheels of the chariot were heard grating over the gravel, as he was carried away from the door at a gallop, and the two ladies looked into each other's faces, saying nothing. Sir Peregrine was not seen from that time till dinner; but when he did come into the drawing-room his manner to Lady Mason was, if possible, more gracious and more affectionate than ever.

"So Lord Alston was here to-day," Peregrine said to his mother that night before he went to bed.

"Yes, he was here."

"It was about this marriage, mother, as sure as I am standing here."

"I don't think Lord Alston would interfere about that, Perry."

"Wouldn't he? He would interfere about any thing he did not like; that is, as far as the pluck of it goes. Of course he can't like it. Who can?"

"Perry, your grandfather likes it; and surely he has a right to please himself."

"I don't know about that. You might say the same thing if he wanted to kill all the foxes about the place, or do any other outlandish thing. Of course he might kill them, as far as the law goes, but where would he be afterward? She hasn't said any thing to him, has she?"

"I think not."

"Nor to you?"

"No; she has not spoken to me—not about that."

"She promised me positively that she would break it off."

"You must not be hard on her, Perry."

Just as these words were spoken there came a low knock at Mrs. Orme's dressing-room door. This room, in which Mrs. Orme was wont to sit for an hour or so every night before she went to bed, was the scene of all the meetings of affection which took place between the mother and the son. It was a pretty little apartment, opening from Mrs. Orme's bedroom, which had at one time been the exclusive property of Peregrine's father. But by degrees it had altogether assumed feminine attributes; had been furnished with soft chairs, a sofa, and a lady's table; and though called by the name of Mrs. Orme's dressing-room, was in fact a separate sitting-room devoted to her exclusive use. Sir Peregrine would not for worlds have entered it without sending up his name beforehand, and this he did on only very rare occasions. But Lady Mason had of late been admitted here, and Mrs. Orme now knew that it was her knock.

"Open the door, Perry," she said; "it is Lady Mason." He did open the door, and Lady Mason entered.

"Oh, Mr. Orme, I did not know that you were here."

"I am just off. Good-night, mother!"

"But I am disturbing you."

"No, we had done;" and he stooped down and kissed his mother. "Good-night, Lady Mason. Hadn't I better put some coals on for you, or the fire will be out?" He did put on the coals, and then he went his way.

Lady Mason while he was doing this had sat down on the sofa, close to Mrs. Orme; but when the door was closed Mrs. Orme was the first to speak. "Well, dear," she said, putting her hand caressingly on the other's arm. I am inclined to think that had there been no one whom Mrs. Orme was bound to consult but herself, she would have wished that this marriage should

have gone on. To her it would have been altogether pleasant to have had Lady Mason ever with her in the house; and she had none of those fears as to future family retrospections respecting which Lord Alston had spoken with so much knowledge of the world. As it was, her manner was so caressing and affectionate to her guest that she did much more to promote Sir Peregrine's wishes than to oppose them. "Well, dear," she said, with her sweetest smile.

"I am so sorry that I have driven your son away."

"He was going. Besides, it would make no matter; he would stay here all night sometimes if I didn't drive him away myself. He comes here and writes his letters at the most unconscionable hours, and uses up all my note-paper in telling some horse-keeper what is to be done with his mare."

"Ah, how happy you must be to have him!"

"Well, I suppose I am," she said, as a tear came into her eyes. "We are so hard to please. I am all anxiety now that he should be married; and if he were married, then I suppose I should grumble because I did not see so much of him. He would be more settled if he would marry, I think. For myself I approve of early marriages for young men." And then she thought of her own husband whom she had loved so well and lost so soon. And so they sat silent for a while, each thinking of her own lot in life.

"But I must not keep you up all night," said Lady Mason.

"Oh, I do so like you to be here," said the other. Then again she took hold of her arm, and the two women kissed each other.

"But, Edith," said the other, "I came in here to-night with a purpose. I have something that I wish to say to you. Can you listen to me?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Orme; "surely."

"Has your son been talking to you about—about what was said between him and me the other day? I am sure he has, for I know he tells you every thing—as he ought to do."

"Yes, he did speak to me," said Mrs. Orme, almost trembling with anxiety.

"I am so glad, for now it will be easier for me to tell you. And since that I have seen Mr. Furnival, and he says the same. I tell you because you are so good and so loving to me. I will keep nothing from you; but you must not tell Sir Peregrine that I talked to Mr. Furnival about this."

Mrs. Orme gave the required promise, hardly thinking at the moment whether or no she would be guilty of any treason against Sir Peregrine in doing so.

"I think I should have said nothing to him, though he is so very old a friend, had not Mr. Orme—"

"You mean Peregrine?"

"Yes; had not he been so—so earnest about it. He told me that if I married Sir Peregrine I should be doing a cruel injury to him—to his grandfather."

"He should not have said that."

"Yes, Edith—if he thinks it. He told me that I should be turning all his friends against him. So I promised him that I would speak to Sir Peregrine, and break it off if it be possible."

"He told me that."

"And then I spoke to Mr. Furnival, and he told me that I should be blamed by all the world if I were to marry him. I can not tell you all he said, but he said this: that if—if—"

"If what, dear?"

"If in the court they should say—"

"Say what?"

"Say that I did this thing—then Sir Peregrine would be crushed, and would die with a broken heart."

"But they can not say that; it is impossible. You do not think it possible that they can do so?" And then again she took hold of Lady Mason's arm, and looked up anxiously into her face. She looked up anxiously, not suspecting any thing, not for a moment presuming it possible that such a verdict could be justly given, but in order that she might see how far the fear of a fate so horrible was operating on her friend. Lady Mason's face was pale and woe-worn, but not more so than was now customary with her.

"One can not say what may be possible," she answered, slowly. "I suppose they would not go on with it if they did not think they had some chance of success."

"You mean as to the property?"

"Yes; as to the property."

"But why should they not try that, if they must try it, without dragging you there?"

"Ah, I do not understand; or, at least, I can not explain it. Mr. Furnival says that it must be so; and therefore I shall tell Sir Peregrine to-morrow that all this must be given up." And then they sat together silently, holding each other by the hand.

"Good-night, Edith," Lady Mason said at last, getting up from her seat.

"Good-night, dearest."

"You will let me be your friend still, will you not?" said Lady Mason.

"My friend! Oh yes; always my friend. Why should this interfere between you and me?"

"But he will be very angry—at least I fear that he will. Not that—not that he will have any thing to regret. But the very strength of his generosity and nobleness will make him angry. He will be indignant because I do not let him make this sacrifice for me. And then—and then—I fear I must leave this house."

"Oh no, not that; I will speak to him. He will do any thing for me."

"It will be better perhaps that I should go.

People will think that I am estranged from Lueius. But if I go, you will come to me? He will let you do that—will he not?"

And then there were warm, close promises given, and embraces interchanged. The women did love each other with a hearty, true love, and each longed that they might be left together.

And yet how different they were, and how different had been their lives!

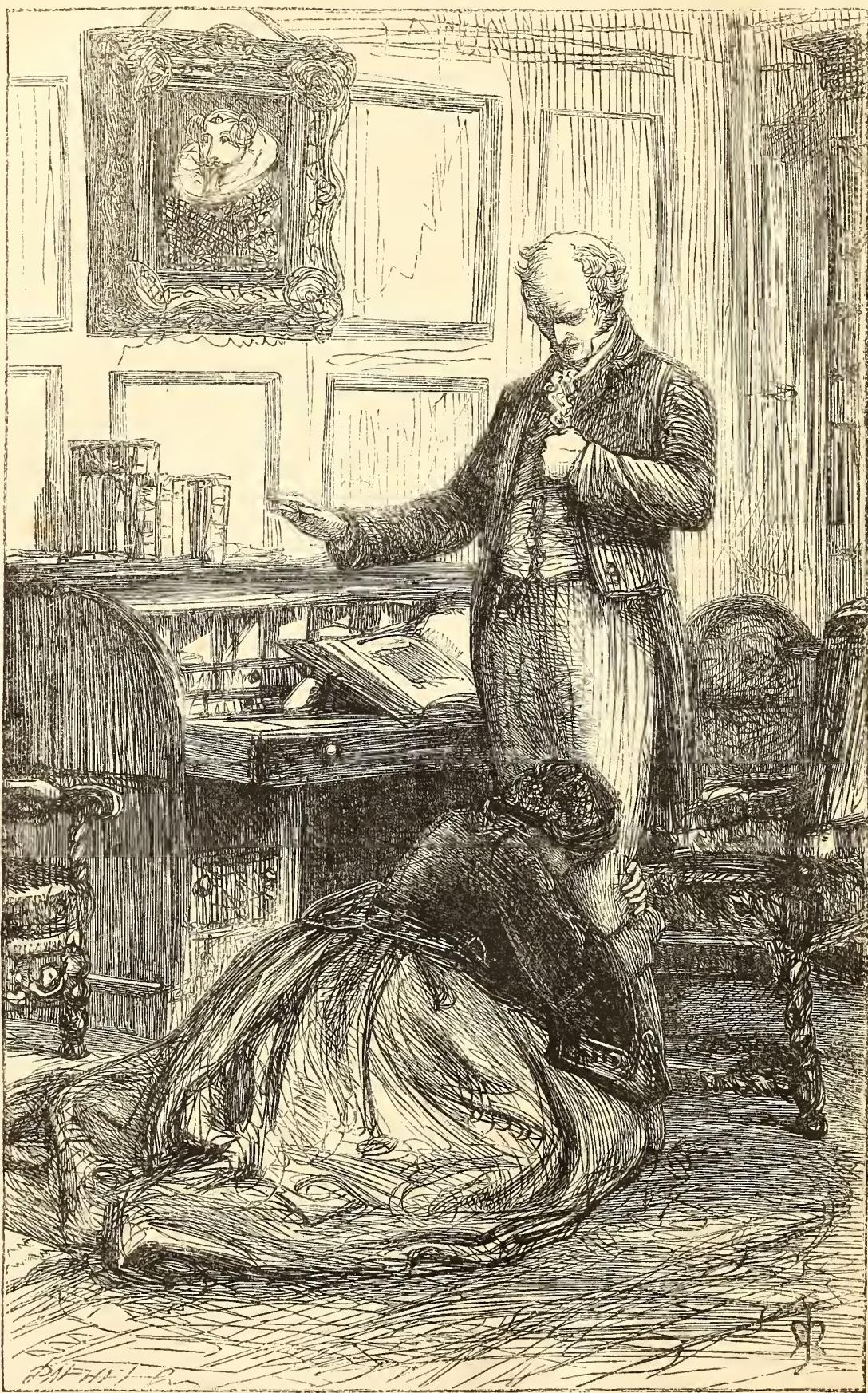
The prominent thought in Lady Mason's mind as she returned to her own room was this—that Mrs. Orme had said no word to dissuade her from the line of conduct which she had proposed to herself. Mrs. Orme had never spoken against the marriage as Peregrine had spoken, and Mr. Furnival. Her heart had not been stern enough to allow her to do that. But was it not clear that her opinion was the same as theirs? Lady Mason acknowledged to herself that it was clear, and acknowledged to herself also that no one was in favor of the marriage. "I will do it immediately after breakfast," she said to herself. And then she sat down—and sat through the half the night thinking of it.

Mrs. Orme, when she was left alone, almost rebuked herself in that she had said no word of censure against the undertaking which Lady Mason proposed for herself. For Mr. Furnival and his opinion she did not care much. Indeed, she would have been angry with Lady Mason for speaking to Mr. Furnival on the subject, were it not that her pity was too deep to admit of any anger. That the truth must be established at the trial Mrs. Orme felt all but confident. When alone she would feel quite sure on this point, though a doubt would always creep in on her when Lady Mason was with her. But now, as she sat alone, she could not realize the idea that the fear of a verdict against her friend should offer any valid reason against the marriage. The valid reasons, if there were such, must be looked for elsewhere. And were these other reasons so strong in their validity? Sir Peregrine desired the marriage; and so did Lady Mason herself, as regarded her own individual wishes. Mrs. Orme was sure that this was so. And then for her own self, she—Sir Peregrine's daughter-in-law, the only lady concerned in the matter—she also would have liked it. But her son disliked it, and she had yielded so far to the wishes of her son. Well—was it not right that with her those wishes should be all but paramount? And thus she endeavored to satisfy her conscience as she retired to rest.

On the following morning the four assembled at breakfast. Lady Mason hardly spoke at all to any one. Mrs. Orme, who knew what was about to take place, was almost as silent; but Sir Peregrine had almost more to say than usual to his grandson. He was in good spirits, having firmly made up his mind on a certain point; and he showed this by telling Peregrine that he would ride with him immediately after breakfast. "What has made you so slack about your hunting during the last two or three days?" he asked.

"I shall hunt to-morrow?" said Peregrine.

"Then you can afford time to ride with me through the woods after breakfast." And so it would have been arranged had not Lady Mason immediately said that she hoped to be able to say a few words to Sir Peregrine in the library after breakfast. "Place aux dames," said he.



THE CONFESSION.

"Peregrine, the horses can wait." And so the matter was arranged while they were still sitting over their toast.

Peregrine, as this was said, had looked at his mother, but she had not ventured to take her eyes for a moment from the tea-pot. Then he had looked at Lady Mason, and saw that she

was, as it were, going through a fashion of eating her breakfast. In order to break the absolute silence of the room he muttered something about the weather, and then his grandfather, with the same object, answered him. After that no words were spoken till Sir Peregrine, rising from his chair, declared that he was ready.

He got up and opened the door for his guest, and then hurrying across the hall, opened the library door for her also, holding it till she had passed in. Then he took her left hand in his, and passing his right arm round her waist, asked her if any thing disturbed her.

"Oh yes," she said, "yes; there is much that disturbs me. I have done very wrong."

"How done wrong, Mary?" She could not recollect that he had called her Mary before, and the sound she thought was very sweet—was very sweet, although she was over forty, and he over seventy years of age.

"I have done very wrong, and I have now come here that I may undo it. Dear Sir Peregrine, you must not be angry with me."

"I do not think that I shall be angry with you; but what is it, dearest?"

But she did not know how to find words to declare her purpose. It was comparatively an easy task to tell Mrs. Orme that she had made up her mind not to marry Sir Peregrine, but it was by no means easy to tell the baronet himself. And now she stood there leaning over the fire-place, with his arm round her waist—as it behooved her to stand no longer, seeing the resolution to which she had come. But still she did not speak.

"Well, Mary, what is it? I know there is something on your mind or you would not have summoned me in here. Is it about the trial? Have you seen Mr. Furnival again?"

"No, it is not about the trial," she said, avoiding the other question.

"What is it then?"

"Sir Peregrine, it is impossible that we should be married." And thus she brought forth her tidings, as it were at a gasp, speaking at the moment with a voice that was almost indicative of anger.

"And why not?" said he, releasing her from his arm and looking at her.

"It can not be," she said.

"And why not, Lady Mason?"

"It can not be," she said again, speaking with more emphasis, and with a stronger tone.

"And is that all that you intend to tell me? Have I done any thing that has offended you?"

"Offended me! No. I do not think that would be possible. The offense is on the other side—"

"Then, my dear—"

"But listen to me now. It can not be. I know that it is wrong. Every thing tells me that such a marriage on your part would be a sacrifice—a terrible sacrifice. You would be throwing away your great rank—"

"No," shouted Sir Peregrine; "not though I married a kitchen-maid, instead of a lady who in social life is my equal."

"Ah no; I should not have said rank. You can not lose that; but your station in the world, the respect of all around you, the—the—the—"

"Who has been telling you all this?"

"I have wanted no one to tell me. Thinking of it has told it me all. My own heart,

which is full of gratitude and love for you, has told me."

"You have not seen Lord Alston?"

"Lord Alston! oh no."

"Has Peregrine been speaking to you?"

"Peregrine!"

"Yes; Peregrine, my grandson."

"He has spoken to me."

"Telling you to say this to me. Then he is an ungrateful boy—a very ungrateful boy. I would have done any thing to guard him from wrong in this matter."

"Ah; now I see the evil that I have done. Why did I ever come into the house to make quarrels between you?"

"There shall be no quarrel. I will forgive him even that if you will be guided by me. And, dearest Mary, you must be guided by me now. This matter has gone too far for you to go back—unless, indeed, you will say that personally you have an aversion to the marriage."

"Oh no, no; it is not that," she said, eagerly. She could not help saying it with eagerness. She could not inflict the wound on his feelings which her silence would then have given.

"Under those circumstances I have a right to say that the marriage must go on."

"No; no."

"But I say it must. Sit down, Mary." And she did sit down, while he stood leaning over her and thus spoke. "You speak of sacrificing me. I am an old man with not many more years before me. If I did sacrifice what little is left to me of life with the object of befriending one whom I really love, there would be no more in it than what a man might do, and still feel that the balance was on the right side. But here there will be no sacrifice. My life will be happier, and so will Edith's. And so indeed will that boy's, if he did but know it. For the world's talk, which will last some month or two, I care nothing. This I will confess, that if I were prompted to this only by my own inclination, only by love for you"—and as he spoke he held out his hand to her, and she could not refuse him hers—"in such a case I should doubt and hesitate and probably keep aloof from such a step. But it is not so. In doing this I shall gratify my own heart, and also serve you in your great troubles. Believe me, I have thought of that."

"I know you have, Sir Peregrine, and therefore it can not be."

"But therefore it shall be. The world knows it now, and were we to be separated after what has passed, the world would say that I—I had thought you guilty of this crime."

"I must bear all that." And now she stood before him, not looking him in the face, but with her face turned down toward the ground, and speaking hardly above her breath.

"By Heavens, no! not while I can stand by your side. Not while I have strength left to support you and thrust the lie down the throat of such a wretch as Joseph Mason. No, Mary, go back to Edith and tell her that you have tried

it, but that there is no escape for you." And then he smiled at her. His smile at times could be very pleasant!

But she did not smile as she answered him. "Sir Peregrine," she said; and she endeavored to raise her face to his but failed.

"Well, my love."

"Sir Peregrine, I am guilty."

"Guilty! Guilty of what?" he said, startled rather than instructed by her words.

"Guilty of all this with which they charge me." And then she threw herself at his feet, and wound her arms round his knees.

## AN ORTHOPTERIAN DEFENSE.

"I will tell it softly;  
You crickets shall not hear it."

**N**EITHER Juvenal nor Sir Walter Scott were Naturalists, or had the slightest peep into the hidden arcana of Nature. Neither of them saw any thing with eyes, either approximately or afar off; but both with a dim light beheld an Intelligence which, looking at it *inwardly*, and not *outwardly*, they considered, though an inexorable law of Providence, somewhat remarkable. Juvenal has nine lines\* which Sir Walter Scott, as his friends term it, has "paraphrased":

"Even the tiger fell and sullen bear  
Their likeness and their lineage spare;  
Man only mars kind Nature's plan,  
And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

If you will take the trouble to compare these two, you will wish many *translators* of the present day conveyed the meaning of an author's thoughts so emphatically. Many a bright and beautiful message, with wings multiplied by languages, would be borne to souls, leaving their wealth to germinate, which now come to us garbled and betiseled with the translator's constructions, rendering them unintelligible, if not positively injurious.

We will not discuss the facts that prove how fallacious both poets are which can be taken from every department of Natural History, but confine ourselves to the one through which we have been so long—and, I trust, pleasantly to you, as it has been to me—journeying together.

I think it is a conclusion little disputed among those possessing the faith of the Christian, that in all the evil permitted to reach His creatures by an All-seeing Father—be it spiritually, morally, or through the instrumentality of na-

ture—*good* is the meaning, and good is eventually the result, which we who only see, feel, and understand the present, view neither for our improvement nor benefit; but which, if analyzed in all its bearings, would be found working together for the good of the whole. Self is a shadow, comprehended alone by man, unknown in heaven or in the earth beneath. Man, to himself, is not only a microcosm but a macrocosm; and, unfortunately for himself, he is willing to look on every thing around with a light springing from within, and not from without; which light alone dispels the darkness on truth's troubrous path.

If this result is reached in great evils, which eventually expand into benefits, how much more so is it discoverable in the agency of those thousand minute beings placed around us to watch and invigorate the earth by constant destruction and renovation; and which, in their turn, would become an evil if they were not sacrificed as food for another race, which in its turn becomes the basis of life in higher orders, until man is reached, the recipient of the result—the *good*!

Suppose, for instance, a plant—an exotic—transplanted from a strange region: climate and soil being agreeable it thrives, and multiplied, and spread in luxuriance around and about us; suppose now that its natural insects, consumers and destroyers, should not seek it or find it, nor follow man in this new cultivation. How soon this once beautiful or useful exotic would become distasteful to us—utterly abhorrent! With nothing but this one thing obtruding upon us, the fig-tree would become a *upas* for poison, and wheat give us flour bitter, unnourishing, hateful. Therefore, is this not a wise provision that a race should exist which has the power to keep superfluous productions from becoming positive injuries?

A great outcry is made at the destruction caused by locusts, by ants, by cut-worms, by wire-worms, and a dozen other supposed enemies. But what fields of withered, unpalatable grasses the country would become if not eaten clear of this exuberance, and allowed to be reinvigorated by a new growth! The earth would be uninhabitable for man in tropical climates if ants and termites did not take old timber and fallen trees under their especial protection. The ground would become so baked by the sun, so hardened by evaporation, that all vegetation would soon disappear if those restless, twisting, eating little denizens, cut-worms, wire-worms, and a vast variety of others, did not keep constantly at work tossing, rooting, burrowing amidst, opening Mother Nature's bosom to the genial influences of rain, vapor, and dew.

How idle, then—nay, how ungrateful—it is in us to complain that such a thing is "a nuisance," and another "a plague!" Let us look over, beyond the trouble, and we shall see a benefit coming—slowly, perhaps, but still progressing—toward us. Then, again, the good effects which these insects are performing for us may in time become, from over-increase or preponderance, a

\* Satire xv. 163-171.—*Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem*, etc. Literally rendered: "The tigress of India maintains unbroken harmony with each tigress that ravens. Bears, savage to others, are yet at peace among themselves. But for man! he is not content with forging on the ruthless anvil the death-dealing steel! While his progenitors, those primeval smiths, that wont to hammer out naught save rakes and hoes, and wearied out with mattocks and plow-shares, knew not the art of manufacturing swords. Here we behold a people whose brutal passion is not glutted with simple murder, but deem their fellows' breasts and arms and faces a kind of natural food."

decided torment—causing us to suffer, directly or indirectly, a thousand-fold more than the other evils would have entailed.

Here, then, we reach the balance of power: a race of insects which, because they perform the mission they are sent upon, are called “cowardly,” “cruel cannibals,” “using Heaven’s livery in the Devil’s service,” and the like. If they could absent themselves for a while, how soon these undeserved epithets would be changed into terms of devotion, and they would be hailed, as they really are, benefactors to their ungrateful and vituperative assailants! I think you will agree with me, when you close this article, that this is not a problematical case, propounded for adjudication, but that they are a decided countercheck, given to us by the Giver of all good, that his great law should be strictly fulfilled: that all things shall pass away, yet be renewed in constant rotation; and that nothing which He has made shall be lost.

I have a strange, a singularly odd company to place before you. If their natural habits have been little understood hitherto their appearance has been less appreciated. The beauty of this adaptativeness to the task to be performed is most wonderfully illustrated in this family; and if a sensation of the uncouth, the eccentric, lingers around them, it is all lost when we know them in the appreciation of the useful.

Look first at the *Mantis Religiosa Americana*—the “American Soothsayer.” We have here a personage famed in legendary lore; who is said to have conversed with saints and children; who mingles now in the worship of the Hottentots; who adds to the pleasure and amusements of the Chinese by exhibiting his pugilistic propensities; who is, among the Turks, considered worthy of religious honors; and who is famed for possessing magic powers of some kind wherever met with, at home or abroad. You will not wonder at it if you study attentively the quaint and weird creature’s face, free, and at liberty to follow her own fancy or instinct, or whatever you may call it. I am fearful that you will think I should be bordering on the marvelous if I should describe many scenes such as this personage and I have passed together; but I shall plead, in return, that you follow my example, and see whether you will not say more than I shall have space to do, by taking one or more as companions the coming season.

To obtain them in perfection at the North you can get your friends to look on the pine rail fences inclosing corn-fields any where south of New Jersey, or in the forks of the branches of the young pine, whose resin she enjoys amazingly, and send you the capsule of eggs; keep it in a warm, dry place, and in June, if the weather is fine, hundreds of these creatures will work their way from their odd-looking cradle. Out of this host you may succeed in raising five or ten, if you are very watchful. In the open air they would all come to maturity, but when in confinement the stronger devour the weaker. Feed them as freely as you can with flies, ants,

or aphides; any variety of insect will serve as food. They change their skins four times. At the last moulting they obtain their wings, and have reached the imago state. It will be, if a fine specimen, nearly three inches long from the mouth to the tip of the tail-pieces; and the wings will expand nearly the same. They are longer than this in Texas and Mexico. They will be of a soft, pale, silvery apple-green, all over the shades in white, except the eyes and hooks, which are very black. The abdomen is so transparent that its color varies with the food it has been devouring: dark, if the caterpillars were such; a light color if otherwise. After the last moulting tie a long thread or a silken string around the thorax where it joins the body; place her on the cornice of the window, or on the frame of a picture or mirror, and you will be troubled with no insects near you. But you must watch that she does not starve, by placing near her caterpillars, young grasshoppers, and the like. If you take a little pains you can soon approach her, and hold an insect or a piece of raw pigeon flesh, and she will come and take it.

“Queen Bess,” of famous memory, would alight on my shoulder and take all her food from me half a dozen times a day. When she omitted her visit I knew that she had been hunting on her own account. All night long she would keep watch and guard under the mosquito-net. The silk was fastened to the post of the bed; and woe betide an unfortunate mosquito who fancied for his supper a drop of claret. It was the drollest, the most laughter-moving sensation, to feel one of these trumpeters saluting your nose or forehead, and hear Queen Bess approaching with those long claws, creeping slowly, softly, nearer and nearer; to feel the fine prick of the lancet setting in for a tipple; then you would suppose a dozen fine needles had been suddenly drawn across the part; then, *presto!* Bess’s strong, sabre-like claws had the jolly trumpeter tucked into her capacious jaws before you could open your eyes to ascertain the state of affairs.

These creatures very seldom fly far, but walk in a most stately and dignified manner. Queen Bess could not bear to be overlooked or slighted; and so sure as she saw me bending over the magnifier with an insect, and I thought she was ten yards off, the insect would be incontinently snapped out of my fingers. Many a valuable specimen disappeared in this way. I learned to put her at these times in the sounding-board of an *Æolian harp*, which was generally placed in the window. Her majesty liked music of this kind amazingly; as the vibration was *felt* though not heard. I presume she fancied she was serenaded by the singing leaves of the forest. I knew she would have remained there spell-bound until driven forth by hunger, if I did not remove her when I was not afraid of her company.

As I have begun my “experiences,” I will go through with them and confess that I was obliged from circumstances to attach more than accident to her prophetic capacity—her fortune-tell-

ing. I have not a grain of superstition to contend against in other matters, having so much reverence for the Creator of all things that I certainly have no fear of any thing earthly or spiritually conveyed to the senses. But I was taught by the saddest teacher, Experience, that whenever Queen Bess's refusal went unheeded I was the sufferer. The first time I ever tried it was to determine a vacillating presentiment I felt about trying a new horse whose reputation was far from good. I placed Queen Bess before me, held up my finger:

"Attention! Queen Bess, would you advise me to try that horse?"

She was standing on her hind-legs, her antennæ erect, wings wide spread. I repeated the question. Antennæ fell; wings folded; and down she went, gradually, until her head and long thorax were buried beneath her front-legs. I took her advice, and did not venture. Two days later the horse threw his rider and killed him.

Here was the turning-point. Was I to allow such folly to master me, if French girls do take a mantis to the junction of three roads, and ask her on which their lover will come, and watch the insect turning and examining each road with her weird sibyl head? If French girls commit such follies, should I, a staid American woman, follow their example—putting my faith in the caprices of an insect? Pshaw! I was above such folly. So the next time Queen Bess was consulted a more decided refusal was given; but I disregarded her warning, and most sorely did I repent it. Again she would approve, by standing more erect, if possible, spreading and closing her wings; then all was sunshine with me. So it went for many months. Many others have had the same experience, if they will confess it honestly. I learned to obey the hidden head more carefully than any other, I am sorry to say; and I never, in one single instance, knew her to refuse her opinion; and I never knew it to be wrong in whatever way she announced it.

But, sad to relate, Queen Bess disappeared very suddenly. No searching could bring her fate to light. She had not been tied for some time; and I supposed, of course, that the ungrateful thing had taken her departure for green fields and loving trees, and I thought I rejoiced in being my own mistress once more. Some months after, in changing the bed appurtenances, her majesty's remains were found. She had been caught by her feet and front claws in some silk fringe, from which she could not extricate herself, and had starved to death—miserable fate for so much intelligence and fame as she enjoyed!

Youngsters try their future expectations by making a mimic chariot, ballasting it with small pebbles, shot, or any thing—it is astonishing what weight she will carry)—and harnessing her in with silk. Upon being freighted she rises immediately, as if to try the weight; if too heavy she will not fly. Lighten the chariot,

and she will soar away to a tree or a field; then her owner is to be a lucky boy. If she will not go at all, or only a short distance, and soon come down, misfortune is to be his doom. But whether there is or is not any prophetic power exhibited she has the fame of it, and in every country where she is known is valued on its account. I never heard a refusal to grant "a something odd about her doings" by any one who has been seriously inclined to keep her company.

The *Mantis Religiosa* of Southern Europe, Asia, and Africa corresponds in every particular, as far as I can trace, with ours, except that they are represented without the tail appendages, which are not mentioned by authors who treat of them, and the shanks of the fore-legs are not so broad. The first discrepancy, I think, must be an oversight in the design, and the last is not sufficient to constitute another genus; so I simply have added *Americana* by way of distinction.

They are found during summer every where south and southwest of New Jersey. The male is not quite two inches long, and is very inferior in size and appearance to the female. There are varieties of brown and gray colors. This proceeds from climate, food, and other changes. They are strictly carnivorous, and invaluable to the planters and farmers, consuming an immense number of insects. They are very harmless, innocent, and patient, and should not be exposed to so much abuse for performing their mission so valiantly. I wish many of us could say that our duties were all as honestly and faithfully performed.

They have a countercheck constantly attending in the shape of a pretty Ichneumon fly, which deposits an egg in each of hers by inserting her ovipositor through the gummy matter of the capsule when fresh. If the fly is inattentive, or not at hand, the capsule soon hardens, and the mantes are safe. You will generally find the mother insect watching near the capsule for a day or more after finishing it. The commencement of this capsule is a singular arrangement, as the gummy material proceeds from food digested in her body. It is used, as the eggs are being deposited, according to the quantity required. She chooses the location for her capsule, stations herself near it, and commences exuding this gummy matter. She takes a portion in her jaws, and walks gradually away with it, drawing it out finer and finer, until it will allow no more expansion. She now pauses, still holding the end of the string of gum in her mouth. In this position she will remain for hours—what is apparently a piece of spun glass leading from her mouth to the spot of gum where the capsule is to be commenced. Often this breaks, and days will elapse before the capsule will be begun. But if it retains its continuity, on the succeeding day her work of maternity is begun. We may presume this must be for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the gum to withstand atmospheric changes the entire winter, and to resist the Ichneumon

fly. Some of the capsules are very rough, and badly finished; others resemble knots or twists on the branches; others, again, are left half finished, as if the gum had failed—which is likely the case, from the food required not being attainable. But we must leave this famed personage for one more humble.

The *Phasma Fragilis Americana*—“Fragile American Phasma,” or, familiarly, “Walking-stick”—is a singular creature to look at; and unless in motion you would take it to be a twiggy stick. It is of a very dark brown, with lines of black, like old wood. It is believed to be entirely herbivorous; but I have fed them, found in Connecticut, for weeks at a time, on aphides. They are represented as biting off the tops of buds, eating holes in leaves, and destroying bean and corn crops in the Middle States. The few I have seen here appeared to me to be eating the vegetable matter for the sake of the insect deposit found on it. Eggs and larvæ had been placed wherever they had performed the most mischief. I know that they will live and thrive—but not so well—on fruits and salads. They are very lazy, quiet, inoffensive creatures, appearing so dry, so attenuated, and stick-like, that you would hardly be able to allow them much space for usefulness. But I have been told by farmers that they were glad to see the black barebones—they always somehow had good crops. So their good must be done by stealth, and for it they are very much misunderstood by many. You will find their capsules glued upon blades of grass or other plants—roundish black and white spots of gum. The eggs are small, and not very numerous.

Sometimes they make their appearance in certain places in myriads, and then disappear again for years. The cause has as yet eluded investigation. As soon as they are dead they drop to pieces. It is said that they have the power of renewing their limbs if broken off. This is erroneous. They moult four times, but have not even a rudiment of a wing. The only difference perceptible after the last moulting is, all the segments of the body are very distinctly separated. The young have the appearance of those dot-and-line figures in which our artist used to revel some years ago.

The *Spectrum Betulla*—“Birch-Tree Spectrum”—is the *S. Femoratum* of Say. Its habits are strictly herbivorous, living in forests on the highest birch-trees. They were numerous some years ago at the Falls of Niagara, and a specimen was found in a garden at Montreal. Their habits and economy are the same, but we perceive none of the mute intelligence in these as we find in the *Mantis*, although so closely related. They are of the color of dead leaves—a dingy brown, with a slight streak down the back. They generally go in pairs. The female is longer, but not so stout as the male. She has two small wedges folded together as an ovipositor, and the capsule appears precisely like two rough pieces of bark bent into shape. Rough as it appears it is compact, impervious to water, and

full of eggs, which in time will produce its share of such beauties.

*Spectrum Palneus*—“Palmetto Spectrum.” I do not feel assured that this is the *Spectrum Bevittatum* of Say, though there is certainly very small difference. It is only found far south; I have never seen it north of the Carolinas. It is a brighter insect than the two preceding; more active and genial in its movements. They are found in crowds upon the far-famed palmetto-tree, their principal food being the outside leaves of its bud, or “cabbage,” as it is called, of which they partake so freely that often, if you lift one up suddenly, the gummy substance, or digested food, will ooze out around the segments. It has a most peculiar pungent smell at first; but as you familiarize yourself to it it becomes highly aromatic, like the breezes of a pine-forest strongly spiced. This odor is very peculiar, and you will never forget it when once you have inhaled it. Much as she loves this tree she does not, strange to say, deposit her capsule on it. I presume she has instinct to know that the males will always be found near this location; and she likewise knows their carnivorous propensities; so she wanders off to some large-leaved tree—such as the magnolia—and there deposits her eggs just at the stem of the leaf, in a light-brown many-ribbed capsule. Then stretching herself near by on the leaf she awaits her destiny, whether it comes by the sharp bill of the wood-pecker or the flash-like tongue of the pretty green lizard. They are of an orange-brown color, shaded very dark at the edges and segments, with a very dark band running down the back. The males are so different in appearance, so small in comparison, that you would suppose them to be different insects. They are always found in pairs until the female is ready to commence her capsule, when she departs slyly; consequently the males in time will more than outnumber the females in company. “The green-eyed monster, Jealousy,” now intrudes himself, and a grand mêlée takes place, when many are killed and wounded. Often the females can be seen dispatching the remainder of the other unhappy sex—their services being no longer required. When they have newly changed their last skin, and are fresh, they resemble long drops of gold reposing over the leaves of this quaint, historical tree.

Next I shall present a most rare, singular, shy class of insects. If you are not told where it is probable you may find them, you may never come across one during your lifetime. They may be termed the “Mantis of the air,” as the other is of the earth. The *Mantispa* is certainly our large friend in miniature. There has been some hesitancy among entomologists in which family they should be placed; many preferring to locate them among the Neuroptera. As the insect’s principal characteristic should designate its class—which in this instance pronounces the close affinity between the *Mantis* and *Mantispa* in the construction of their front legs—I consider the latter a sub-genus of the former. The

palpi of the maxillæ have five joints; there are five joints in the tarsi, or feet; the antennæ are filiform.

The Neuropterous insects are, with a very few exceptions, inhabitants of the water in their larva state; whereas the Mantispæ belong distinctly to the trunks of trees in their early stages, and are the denizens of the air in the imago state. They are more numerous than collectors think, and do an infinity of good, which is unappreciated because unknown. They moult, as the others do, four times. At first they are found on the lower branches of the most secluded trees, hunting very rapidly down the trunk. You would overlook them a dozen times, taking them for large ants; for many of them never gain their brilliant colors until at the last moulting, with their wings. As they grow older they descend more rarely; at last attain their wings; and if you can take them at all now, it must be immediately after a heavy blow and a fall of rain, when they have been beaten down from the tops of the trees. Unfortunately for collectors their food—the small processionary and social caterpillars called "canker-worms"—is so abundant that there is no necessity for their descending very low in quest of food.

The *Mantispa Denarius*—"Ten-toothed Mantispa"—is found as far north as New York, if the season is very warm and dry, and can be taken almost any summer on large trees in and near Philadelphia. The most favorable time is to watch for them on the trunks of trees, before they attain their wings, and feed them during their transformation. Place them separately, or the stronger will devour the weaker. Feed them on flies, young caterpillars, and the like, and you will be well repaid by seeing evolve an odd-looking, eccentric, most useful creature. Some are very brilliant in colors; others again are dark and sombre; and some have the body of one color and the wings of another. I have a specimen which has no color but brown and black on it, except the claws and antennæ, which are yellow. This is rather difficult to obtain or raise. The best classification, I think, for them into sub-genera is through the number of teeth intervening between the top and the lower hook of the front claws. This one has ten; another specimen, so exact that I supposed it merely a variety, and put it by as such, upon further examination I found had but three large teeth intervening, and one more joint in the antennæ, which proved that it was not the same insect. The capsule is simply three little brown knobs placed one the top of another. The young come out all at the same puncture at the extreme end. The eggs are not very numerous, and are deposited in a glutinous stuff, soft inside, which hardens exteriorly, so that you can with difficulty puncture it with a pen-knife.

The *Mantispa Aureus*—"Golden Mantispa"—is a most brilliant creature. It is shaded in the brightest of golden yellow. The stripe down the back is a very dark green, dotted with gold.

The antennæ, legs, and eyes are the same, scintillating burnished gold at every turn. The wings, where the bands are the darkest, are yellow, the spaces between merely shaded from the effulgence of the whole. Their food is the larvæ of all moths belonging to the willow family of trees; and they are consequently found where these trees abound near running streams. The larvæ are nearly black, with yellow feet, and can be seen often in June and July, running up and down the trees in the Middle and Southern States. The capsule is only a long pod-like affair, laid lengthwise in the fork of a branch.

The *Mantispa Gulosus*—"Gluttonous Mantispa"—I could decide on no name more descriptive of this insect than this. It could devour more gnats and flies than I dare tell you. Those long-legged crane-flies would disappear very magically before it. They must be an invaluable insect. The larvæ were found hidden away between the grains of some wheat ears. Only one came to perfection, and it was impossible to get food for more than one. The last moulting took place in August, and it came out with a bluish-black body, brown wings, red eyes, and yellowish legs, with brown lines intersecting them. Subsequently a number of capsules were found on the joints of the long cane-grass of the Southern swamp, from which issued in June the same larvæ; but I could not feed them. It would have taken the time of three persons to have supplied them with food. I liberated the whole colony in the garden, and doubtless they did me good service. This variety has been found as far north as New Jersey, when the season is long and dry.

I must reserve space for the justification of an insect that the whole world seems to have united together to misappreciate and misrepresent.

The *Forficula Auricularia*—"The Ear-wig"—is accused of such bad taste as to enter persons' ears and seek an entrance to the brains—which doubtless were not there to find. She would be soon convinced, if she was silly enough to make the attempt, that Mirabeau's assertion, "the Impossible did not exist," was, like many other fallacies, very possible, as in this instance. There is no intruding beyond the drum of the human ear. I will not therefore attempt to refute an *impossibility*. Then again, suppose she does eat a few holes in your melon skins, she was doing you great service when those holes were being made. There had been deposited eggs of some other insect which would have allowed you no melons at all. When the Scotchman feasted for the first time on a dish of prawns, the horny head, long-spined rostrum, legs, and antennæ all disappeared between those splendid grinders with which his race is usually so greatly favored. Seeing the terrified look of his host, he innocently exclaimed, "Ech Sirs! dinna be fashed—it's as weel to eat banes and a'!" So Mrs. Ear-wig makes assurance doubly sure by taking a bit of melon with the eggs. Again, when you find her with her head buried deep in pinks, lilies, and other flowers, nothing but those dan-

gerous-looking forceps flourishing in the air, when she nips them she consumes hosts of young larvæ and eggs which the next year would have left you neither leaf nor flower. As for soiling or staining flowers she has no power to do it if she would. Her own eggs are peculiarly free from mucus of any kind. Like many other persons in this world, she is accused of accomplishing more than Nature has given her the capacity to perform. I think the ear-wig a decidedly useful insect. In a melon-bed under glass, where never a melon-vine could even get into flower or leaf, a female ear-wig was placed, and was protected from molestation. The next season there were flower, leaf, and fruit in abundance; but Mrs. Ear-wig had been selecting her bite here and there all over them, and leaves had holes punctured in them, and other marks of disfigurement; these were of her doings. The next season these were fewer, and in time the melon-bed became unexceptionable; but she and her numerous progeny, having emptied their larder, disappeared. They are fond of fruit and flowers, and may be fed solely on them; but they thrive better on the eggs and very minute larvæ of other insects. I have brought several to perfection on aphides alone.

The ear-wig has the reputation of sitting on her eggs to incubate them as do birds. De Geer, Frisch, and others affirm this as a fact. It may be so; but I am one who likes to ascertain the reason for certain acts. In the first place, she has no heat in her body—there are no atmospheric changes evolving in the body of an insect; so how could she incubate? The eggs, moreover, are so soft that she would crush them with her weight. She is at times the most restless of insects. Seized with a kind of frenzy, those nippers opening and shutting wildly at every thing, her wings are never expanded unless she is very much terrified. Then again she is very narrow, and her abdomen could not cover six of her eggs placed in a row; while her nest generally occupies the space of the size of a half dollar. A nest now before me was in the end of a brick; the other part was elevated on two small blocks, and pushed together so as to allow only a ray of light through a crack to penetrate the abode. If you placed your eyes on a level with the ground you could observe all her manœuvres under the piece of brick supported by the blocks. First act was to gnaw away the brick until a sort of cavity was formed under the overshelving edge. This was the work of several days. Those pincers then at the end of her tail crushed up the brick into very fine dust, which was neatly spread in this cavity. A ridge was now pushed up by her legs on the outside of this bed of fine dust. An opening like a gate was left, through which she forced her head only when watching. This was the work of several days more. The sand was next turned all over as if plowed up, and then made very level again. And now she commenced dropping her eggs, here and there, day after day, until she had deposited the last. She then rested for a day or

so, and went at times after food. In about a week's time the eggs were all taken up—first by the jaws, then by the forceps at the tail—and systematically arranged. Every day they were examined, and turned over every third day. At this time there were always some which were separated from the rest, and they disappeared. She must have eaten them, for some reasons known only to herself. These had always small black spots over them.

So this business progressed for thirty-three days, to the middle of July, when the larvæ came out simultaneously. They resembled small white lice more than any thing else; brisk, active, running over and around her as soon as hatched. Certainly they could not be called "grubs." She had them around her wherever she went; they evidently could not feed themselves. Early in the morning she would lead them all off up the stalk of a tall lily, and down into the calyx; and she would hide away near by. There was plenty of food here in the dew and pollen for a regiment of such creatures. This continued five weeks, the family always returning at stated intervals to the nest under the brick; and if the weather was rainy or dark the mother would not allow her brood to stir out of doors. In time they reached their third moult, and would ramble away now and then, but always returned to the nest. At last the time approached for their last change. A few days previous to this these ungrateful creatures devoured the good mother, obtained their wings, and went out into the world to seek their fortunes separately. The old homestead was taken possession of by a field cricket, whose merry progeny made its roof ring with their merriment.

It is said that ear-wigs have six moultings. I could discover but the usual four, and see no reason why they should differ so essentially from others of their family. The ear-wig is about an inch long, of a blackish-brown color; the thorax is lead-colored, except in the centre, which is the color of the body. The wing-covers are of a dark brown, and unless examined would exhibit no translucency at all. The under wings are very pretty and large: it is wonderful how they can be hid away under those wing-covers, nothing seen except their tips. They fold first like a fan, then are doubled crosswise about the centre, then another fold below this. No small effort to get them expanded is required, we should think. They are very prismatic when the light falls on them; and no doubt the shape of the wing when expanded, resembling that of the human ear, gave rise to the name of "Ear-wig" among all nations; "*Perce-oreille* in French, "*Ohrwurm*" in German, and so on. We have several varieties in this country, but they have attracted very little attention hitherto, as their depredations have been insignificant. A pretty spotted variety is found in Louisiana on the sugar plantations. Their most preferable abode is in damp, warm places, under stones in walls and brick-work. They are very timid, harmless, ill-treated, misunderstood, much-abused

insects, for whom I henceforth bespeak your liberality and charity, feeling most assured—and I hope you will agree with me—that the Useful is ever the Beautiful.

### A DRAWN GAME.

#### I.

JUDGE CALTHORPE, of Calthorpeville, drew down his eyebrows into a letter V, and looked at me steadily with a searching smile. You would have thought I was the witness of the opposite counsel standing my cross-examination; but no, I was Judge Calthorpe's son.

"I think I heard you use the word 'Nature?'" said the Judge, presently.

"I did use the word, Sir."

"Repeat the sentence in which it occurred, if you please."

"I said that I was by nature a mathematician; that nature pointed out engineering or architecture as my proper career; and that nature revolted against my assuming a profession like the clerical, for which I had neither fitness nor desire."

"Hm. A young man who uses a word thrice in one sentence is to be supposed fully acquainted with its force. You may define the expression for me, John."

At the age of sixteen we do not find it easy to define. We take words at the value of their face, not knowing, until a later period, how delicately language and commercial paper vibrate above or below par. I was no broker in the common currenny of speech, and embodying the idea in a more respectful form, told my father so.

"Well, Sir! I will tell you what Nature is. Nature is evil. Nature is disease. Nature is wrong in every form, askew, awry, depraved. At your mother's knee you learned your hymns; have you forgotten them?

'We are by *Nature* all *unclean*,  
And all our works are *guilt*.'

That's what Nature is. Nature makes men lie—"they all go astray as soon as they are born" doing it. Nature makes men murderers—"hateful and hating one another." Nature makes them unfilial—"disobedient to parents." She would make *you* an ungrateful son if she could. Perhaps she can; but—"

The Judge's brows relaxed from that analytic smile which had been cutting into my boy-preferences with such merciless logic, and became smooth as the sea always is while a typhoon is blowing. Force in abundance, but no visible swell. I had learned to know that calmness well, though I could not define Nature.

I said not a word. I was aware he would speak by-and-by. At last the utterance came.

"You have now before you the opportunities for a liberal education. Next week Hinnom College opens. Its president was my classmate. There you will have every facility for preparing yourself to enter the noblest of careers. Latin and Greek are taught in Hinnom College by the first professors in our land.

Your favorite mathematics are not slighted. The Oriental professor, whom I know intimately, will give you private instructions in Hebrew. By this very morning's post I received a letter from him offering you board in his family during your entire college course. At the end of the four years in Hinnom you may enter the Theological Seminary on a footing unknown to the ordinary candidate for orders. You may pass out from the Seminary into a work—a glory—such as angels themselves might be proud of—are proud of, indeed—for it is *their* work.

"On the other hand, Frank Snedecker, the coach-builder, wants a boy to learn his trade. I heard him ask the postmaster where he could find a good one, as I stood at the delivery this morning. *You may be that boy.* These two courses are open to you. *And these alone.*"

I heard my father with a dim sense of his meaning—of its being some one else than he who spoke, some one else who was spoken to than I. I was habitually too quick-tempered; perhaps that was the reason I did not answer him directly. I could not command my voice at all. It lay in cottony husks at the bottom of my throat. But I burned to the roots of my hair; clenched my fists and trembled. It was well I could not speak. A boy with my immense pride and shallower passion would have blurted out, on the spur of the moment, something strong enough to make my father relentless forever. But then, again, perhaps such a boy could not have had such a father.

I waited for minutes; and meanwhile, he, not observing me at all, pursued the tenor of his own undisturbed thought. Just as I had controlled my voice sufficiently to begin framing a reply, that thought of his came round its cycle to the old subject. For the first time since a dear aunt of mine was buried I saw his lip quiver, and he spoke even tenderly, saying:

"And *I*, with my white head, may sit below you in the slip, and hear *you* preach!"

The picture of me—Judge Calthorpe's son—the head of Arlington Academy Geometry class; the darling of a mother, whose affection for her last born had made luxury a necessity to me; me—John Calthorpe in every relation of life—standing at a vice with my coarse blue sleeves rolled to the shoulder, a paper cap on my head, shaving a spoke with grimy, knotted fingers, while a coarse voice, in bad grammar, called me peremptorily to hurry—was just then sliding panoramically past my eyes. So vivid that I had a curse on my boy-lips. So vivid that I would not have heard my father's curse, had he caught mine and answered it back. But not so vivid that this rare tenderness of the Judge, my father, failed to dissipate it like mist, and instantly there melted to his love a response which he could not have burned from me by his wrath.

Those trembling lips of his said:

"And *I*, with my white head, may sit below you in the slip and hear *you* preach."

I answered, gently,

"Yes, father; you shall."

I know now that I committed a sin. At the time I did not know it. I simply felt a self-abasement, a sinking in my own self-respect, which I translated into the idea of self-sacrifice, which I even praised my own heart for as an offering of my whole bright future on the altar of filial duty. And that duty then seemed to me the highest duty. I thought dimly of those who had given up houses and lands for the sake of the ministry. Those others who had abandoned even father and mother to go where God had called them, were quite forgotten by me. And to a boy of sixteen, who looks only on those duties which are plainly tangible and conventional, how could the fact that God calls his engineers to engineering quite as loudly as he calls his clergymen to preaching forcibly present itself at such a moment? So then, being as I was, perhaps my sin was less. But a sin still. At the very instant that I submitted my own clear perception of constitutional fitness to my father's iron will, the atmosphere within my soul began to be indistinctly troubled with the first vibrations of a voice that for years grew stronger and plainer, that at last said, unmistakably,

"John Calthorpe! You are not in John Calthorpe's place!"

The very next day I set out for Hinnom College. I passed my examination creditably. I ordered my trunks to the whitewashed room at the head of the last flight of three precipitous stairs. I took my first dinner at the table of Professor Sansamon—sitting down resolutely in the seat where I was to board, under the calm gaze of the Oriental Literature eye, for the next four years. And afterward, when I saw the Engineering Department file one by one into its recitation-room—when through the wide-opened door I beheld the black-board covered with problems from that Analytic Geometry which I longed for as the Howadji thirsts for the palm-trees and the well—do you fancy or not that I felt a struggle tearing me as I sauntered into the room next door, where Professor Jones was about giving his lecture on the Greek Particles?

Well, if I did, no trace of it was sent home in my first letter. With the Greeks I became as a Greek. In Rome—represented by Room No. 6 and the Satires of Juvenal—I did as the Romans did. And when I wrote to my father I told him the course seemed likely to prove pleasant.

For I did not hate him for his sternness. I could not bear the thought of shaking such a wiry purpose as his with the pangs it would have to suffer if I communicated my weak, momentary misgivings.

He lived in a day when a man might do what he would with his own, and his children were his own to a degree unknown in our time. My eldest brother had been trained to the practice of the paternal law, because Judge Calthorpe had decided, before his birth, upon making the first son a lawyer. The next child was a mere unavailable girl—what could be done with her? She played on the piano, learned French, and crotched slippers for the Judge's domestic feet,

to be donned when they had exchanged the tribunal floor for the fender. The Judge found that unavailable girl a bitter pill; but took it, bowing to the will of fate, and waited calmly for the next boy. He came, and was made a merchant. He was *born* a merchant, according to the schedule of Judge Calthorpe. In process of time I entered the world. If I had come two years earlier I had been the merchant. But No. 3 (always allowing that he turned out Christianly) was to be the clergyman of the family. I was therefore the clergyman from the first hour I saw daylight. For our family, like a railroad, had its time-table. As on the iron thoroughfare No. 1 is a luggage train, No. 2 express, No. 3 accommodation, so on the thoroughfare of flesh and blood Judge Calthorpe's first was legal, his second mercantile, his third clerical. If it escaped him that the Great Superintendent at the starting-point might have made other arrangements—might have dispatched into life the clergyman first, then the lawyer, then perhaps an engineer—he was, I hope, no more to blame for not reading the divine lettering on the new-comer than all his neighbors, who quite as signally failed to decipher the inscriptions on *their* consignments. Let us make the excuse we always make for ancestral mistakes—the excuse our children are already beginning to make for us—it was a *less enlightened day*, you know. Like Shem and Japhet I go reverently back a few years' paces, and throw over my father's error the blanket of an *incognito*. For I will not deceive you by pretending that his name was really Judge Calthorpe.

Let us pass over the four years of life from freshmanship to graduation—the succeeding three, wherin I heard lectures on the important bearings of the Hiphil Conjugation applied to the verb *quātal*, and befouled the margin of a note-book, which ought to have chronicled the growth of the Church from Mosheim's preface to his finale, with diagrams analyzing the curve of our eloquent professor's left arm. In those days I was not a bad man. Not an unprincipled one. Not a slave to the great or petty vices of the young. I even contrived to arouse an enthusiasm for my destined profession which far surpassed that of many among my young brethren still more plainly "called;" and night and morning I fervently uttered the prayers my mother taught me. I hope I was at least a Christian. I tried to be.

Still I was a man without a purpose. A man with a *destination* only. *Sent—not going* to my end. And extinguish my old wishes as I might—put out of sight my old schemes—I could not replace them with new ones. The best I could do was to be passive—empty of all cares or expectations.

The day of my ordination came. My father had now begun to be a little deaf, and I secured him a place as near the chancel as possible. With his white head erect, his clear gray eyes warmed by a triumphant fire, he sat, as Jacob did, leaning on the top of his staff, his lips full

of solemn blessing, and never looked away from the altar till the ceremony was done. Beside him my dear, gentle mother, her nut-brown hair here and there silver-streaked, *her eyes* fuller of tenderness than of triumph, of tears than either, bent her head in the prayers, and tremulously uttered the responses. In the same slip sat my sister and my brothers, the lawyer and the merchant.

I knew they were all wrapped up in me, and in the solemnities of that hour, as one soul. I knew that the great hope of their lives was on the edge of realization. I knew that retreat was impossible to me, unless I broke the hearts that, in their sterner or milder fashions, had been cherishing me since I drew the first breath of life.

The last words of the Epistle died away. The Bishop began his examination of the candidates. The question came to me :

"Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration—to serve God for the promotion of His glory and the edifying of His people?"

Then, for the first time, that voice which had been indistinctly murmuring within me through all those seven years assumed palpable shape and roundness :

"Say No! John Calthorpe."

They tell me that I was deadly pale. It was modesty, a proper self-distrust, the people thought, that made me so. I was praised for my hesitation; I was esteemed above all my brethren as the man who held the highest notion of his vast responsibility. But could my heart have been thrown open then to their eye as it was to the eye of One! Could they have seen the fight going on within me between Truth and Casuistry! Could they have known how I trembled, thinking of the deadly sin which they commit who lie to God!

I looked through the dim, unreal shapes that seemed to flicker about the chancel from another world; I saw my father quite as pale as I, and waiting with held breath to hear my answer; my mother with her head bowed on the rail, not daring to hear it; my sister, my brothers, gazing at me fixedly. I must speak! Was I not moved by the Holy Ghost?—was not filial piety the form of one of His most powerful motions? Praying in a silent agony—"If this be perjury, O God forgive me!" I answered the Bishop :

"I trust so."

But another question. As if designedly to torture me—as if those earlier souls who built up the Rubric had caught prophetic glances of just such cases as mine—had resolved on one more effort to sift them out of their unbelonging place—yea, at any hazard of pain, were determined to save them from the crime of shutting their ears to God's voice—of an avowal in Heaven's sight that human pushing was Divine leading:

"Do you think that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and

according to the canons of this Church, to the ministry of the same?"

Before I replied, Renwick, the candidate on the left of me, pulled me by the sleeve, and whispered, "Answer! Are you ill? The Bishop wonders at you—see him look!"

Desperately I sealed my sin again. My tongue moved mechanically, my temples were wet, my eyes half blind, as I muttered,

"I think so."

After it was all over I passed out of that dreadful place, still feeling the touch of the Bishop's hands—not like the rest, in mild benediction—but as a dreadful weight of curses never to be shaken off. My father caught me in his arms, and, for the first time since I climbed upon his knee, kissed my cheek.

"God be with you in your great work!" said he, his lips trembling and his eyes filling. That was the dreadful burden of my soul! God would be with me! And I had done a thing which made me wish that He could withdraw into some unapproachable farness of the universe, never again to be with me, who had bid Him bear witness to my lie! My mother and sister fell upon my bosom, without words of any sort—with tears alone, that wet me as they fell. And those tears, so sweet to them, were a bitter, blighting dew to me! My brothers wrung both my hands, and called that the gladdest day of their lives!

But in a week I named all those feelings *morbid*. It is strange how persistence in one course makes the man over again. I had taken an irrevocable step, and in seven days looked back at the former John Calthorpe as a strange, unintelligible being, a creature of whims, whom I, grown quite sensible, had nothing to do with. The wife once a mother is never able to understand the feeling of the childless again. And I, who had passed through fearfuller pangs than maternity to beget the new John Calthorpe, utterly forgot that boyish soul which once pretended to know Heaven's biddings and forbiddings. Any body might be a minister, any body a mathematician, any body a merchant, any body a mechanic. Education—Will—those were the only elements to be considered in making the map of a life's direction. So I said; and I did think so then.

"Now, John," spoke my father one evening during the mouth of rest after the ordination, which I passed at home, "you have conquered self—you have become true to *Heaven*. I always knew you were able to be a minister. You were a Christian, I hoped; you were talented, I had no doubt. And having gained a victory over the childish fear of self-sacrifice, your Father in Heaven has surely a crown reserved for you. Having only done your duty, you do not merit it from *Him*; but from your earthly father you deserve at least a recognition of your obedience. I have only to use my influence that you may be called to the rectory of St. Matthias in the town of Seabrink. I will use it. The church is large; all your strength will be called

forth by the placee; but I know you can sustain yourself there."

Ten days after I received the call to Seabrink. Within the next forty-eight hours I had accepted it, and was on my way thither.

## II.

Seabrink, as its name indicates, is close on the ocean shore. There whale-ships fit out; thence they start; thither they return. Seabrink furnishes the hard hands that are to pull the ropes—the tearful eyes that strain to see those ropes dwindling to a spider's line against the far-off sky—the laughing faces and the eyes distilling a far pleasanter kind of moisture which welcome the ships home again. Seabrink is proud of her oil—or was. It is twenty years since I went to live there, and I have been absent from there ten. That is quite long enough for the rich gentlemen of the greasy fleet, who now have cottages at Bayshore, to forget that they ever knew any thing of the natural history of the whale beyond the information given by Mrs. Trimmer. But the captains, taking their "on shore"—the ship-owners, up to their necks in the lucrative wallow of oil-accounts—the tattooed sailors, handling their wives' broomsticks "to show how whales are won," and exhibiting carved teeth or right whalebone in the bosom of their families—all these, yes, and the littlest urchins, who were budding intocoxswains or harpooners, felt a pride in Seabrink and its oil such as the Consuls felt in Rome.

The rector of St. Matthias had no sinecure. There were actual and possible widows to be comforted—widows with no dear grave to weep over save the broad, unmonumented sea. Fatherless ones to be clothed and schooled. Parishioners to visit socially in their houses—public-spiritedly in their counting-rooms—clerically at all times and places. I had plenty to do. That voice of my earlier life, with its inevitable question of fitness for the field, was stunned by the hammers of ship-carpenters, the yo-heave-o of the sailors, and the ery of longshoremen. I was in the place; I must do its duties.

At Seabrink there was no rectorate proper. The last incumbent of St. Matthias had been a family man, and kept house in the town. I, being quite alone, did not care to burden myself with a bachelor menage, and took board in a private family.

My hostess was a sea-captain's widow. Her husband's ship, with every soul on board, had perished ten years before, striking a reef in the South Pacific. Mrs. Seacroft—a son aged nineteen, whom I warmed to from the beginning because his mother called him "Johnny," as mine did me—a daughter, whose name was Bessie, and whose years were seventeen—these three and myself made the household.

I was as comfortably situated as a reasonable man could ask to be. The front parlor, known in those latitudes as the "keeping-room," had been turned into a study for me. Its furniture, intellectual and material, were the gift of my

father. On either hand, as I entered, stood a handsome walnut case, containing theological works, old and new; opposite the door, and close by a window, with a cheerful outlook toward the sea, was my desk—that anvil where I was to hammer out my future sermons. And case was not neglected. Luxurious lounges, arm-chairs, book-supporters for reading without manual labor—these, with countless other little conveniences, perfectly unobtrusive till they were wanted, and then so agreeable that they seemed the most prominent objects in the room, made my study quite a paradise.

I domiciliated myself in this room—well, with what sort of a feeling do you think? I can compare it to nothing save that of a young bride who has married for position, from esteem, and who enters the tapestried saloons of her unloved husband, glances at the massive burnished chandeliers, gazes long and wistfully at the copy of the Fornarina, who was loved and *did* love, hanging in the pier, and with dainty foot sinking into the velvety medallion carpet, saunters listlessly to the nearest ottoman, and throws herself down with a languid sense of meretricious hollowness in every thing, saying in her soul of souls,

"All this is *my price*."

Thus I looked at my handsome study. It was *my price* for being a minister. There were other men who would make better ministers for this town of Seabrink; there was an empty place among the great body of mathematicians, mechanicians, architects, engineers, which would be filled by some one else far less fit for it than I; and Heaven, as by a plain writing on my forehead, had told me to be the mathematician, the mechanician, the architect, the engineer. I had taken the place I ought not—I had left the place I should have filled. I was the minister. *This study*, and all that it meant of seclusion, rest, quiet, was *my price*.

I am ashamed to tell you how little I cared for all this revelation. Perhaps I ought not to be so ashamed, for it flashed upon me in an instant, and then was gone. Once more came back to me the old arguments—"filial duty"—"education the only direction of talent," etc., etc., etc.

At this moment how *I hate* that "etc.," for it means so many arguments of the devil.

Let me not pretend that I gave up the pursuit of mathematics. My mind was full of them. They obtruded themselves upon the discussion of St. Paul's finest invectives; they mingled unasked with the narrative of St. Matthew; they found improper room in the mild beseechings of St. John. They were a *madness* with me! Because I had *now* no right to make them my chief study—because *now* I could never become great through them.

I hid Mrs. Mary Somerville's translation of Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*" beneath two reams of sermon-paper in my desk. The hiding was absurd. At this moment I do not know what it was for. Nobody opened the desk but myself. If an intruder had found it, there was

nothing defamatory to the clerical character in a report that it had been found. And whenever I flagged in my sermon writing, I lifted the paper carefully, let the lid of the desk rest on my head, and read the problems of the universe by stealth.

But at evening, when worn out with the labors of the day, I had another, a most notable recreation. Johnny Seacroft played a fair game of chess. I began by inviting him into my study—of a winter night—once a week. If I had sent him a card to Almack's, supposing him an Englishman—to the Tuilleries as a Frenchman—to the presence of the Tycoon, had he chanced to be a Japanese—I doubt whether he could have evinced more appreciation of the honor. He was clerk in the counting-house from which his father's ship used to sail. I was minister of his parish—a young man, but one who had seen the world and tasted the sweets of a liberal education—one who had already attained place and dignity. What immeasurable influence such a young man as I possess over such a young man as John Seacroft! How the more favored spirit is looked up to like a star! How is every motion of the higher youth noticed, recorded, remembered by the lower! When we think how much vaster power twenty-five has over nineteen than sixty or even eighty years possess with any of *his* juniors, we do not wonder that our elder brother was best known to the world as a *young man*.

I suppose that John Seacroft, on the spur of the moment, would have consented to die for me if asked. At any rate, he was overcome with humiliation the first time he found he had really checkmated me in chess, and was about making a confused promise never to do so again when I stopped him. "No, John, you shall come oftener, and let *me* beat *you*—let *me* teach *you* whatever I know also—and so we shall be even."

Chess being the very incarnation of mathematics—mathematical principles made aggressive and triumphant instead of lying passive to be attacked by school-boys—interested me abundantly.

Little by little increased the frequency of John Seacroft's visits to my room. Gradually the afternoon as well as the evening was absorbed into the vortex of the chess-fascination. At last we might be found playing in the morning. "It is only nine o'clock," he would say, "and the Messrs. Toughpenny always allow me half an hour for father's sake; let's stay and finish this game." I was *his* minister, and should have dismissed him to his post. But I was not *God's* minister, so I kept on playing.

I did not know it then, but the Messrs. Toughpenny grumbled a great deal at the remissness of the young man. He was advised, he was threatened, he was *cursed*; for the tongues of oil-men are not also oil necessarily. And one morning—while I was head and ears in a problem of the *Chess Monthly*, and my sermon for the confirmation just coming on the next Sunday lay half finished on my desk—John Sea-

croft, for the first time, burst in without knocking.

"I'm in hell!" said he, passionately, falling into the chair nearest me, and grasping the arms of mine with hands that shook as in a fever-fit."

"Why, John, what has happened?" I threw the chess-problem down; there was a greater problem before me.

"Happened? Ruin has happened! Disgrace, shame, despair have happened! My mother and sister are without the means of living. I have lost my clerkship!"

I felt a miserable sense of cold rebuke stealing over my heart like a fog. I thought that I caught a glimpse of the reasons for John's dismissal; I durst not ask him if I were right.

"Oh! this is *too* hard—*too* hard! I can't bear it! How can I tell mother? How can I tell Bess? It will kill them. The firm *were* well disposed to me. My father had been their friend for years. For his sake they would have given me every advantage. On my next birthday I should have been promoted. And—poor—poor mother—and Bessie—used to sit whole winter evenings talking around the fire about how I should get to be partner some day; and we'd still live together as we do now—and all be so comfortable—so happy. I can't bear it! I can't!"

John had continued in this way without minding my silence for several minutes, and now his voice failed him. He looked with an agonized wistfulness into my face, as if he would wring from me some little drop of the hope and help which were all drained dry in him. I must speak. I took him by the hand and tried to talk calmly.

"My dear boy, it is not as desperate as you think. Many a young man has fallen into these troubles only to rise again better and stronger. I shall go to the head of the firm and use all my influence with him to take you back. I think I can set the case before him in such a light that he will see the fairness of giving you one more chance."

"Don't believe it, Mr. Calthorpe! Toughpenny has a will like iron and a heart like ice. Since the day he began life as an errand-boy, brushing up offices, building fires, he was never one moment behind time. He can not understand carelessness—negligence is crime with him. And day after day *I* have been late at business. He has warned me many times before. I have had full notice of the way it would turn out, and I am a fool! This morning, as I entered the office, he looked coldly over his glasses, first at me, then at the clock. It was fifteen minutes after nine. I made a motion to open the gate and go into my desk; he put out his hand and bolted it. Then, without speaking a word, he motioned me to a stool outside the cashier's place. I sat down, without knowing where I was, and in two minutes more he handed me my due salary between the rails—paid up to last night."

"That is right, Sir, is it?" said he.

"I ran my eye over the bills, and answered, 'Yes.' If he had asked me whether it were right to kill me I would have said yes still. For I was hardly awake."

"Then, Sir, we are square on our final account." He spoke coolly. "I have no further need of you. You may go, Sir."

"And I know he never will take me back. I tell you, Mr. Calthorpe, when I think of mother and Bess, *I am in hell!*"

"Don't say so, my boy. You're young to trouble yet, and it seems desperate to you. You'll live to laugh at this—it won't kill you—won't even hurt you—disagreeable as it is for the time. Have you said any thing about your dismissal to your mother and sister?"

"How could I—how can I tell them?"

"Don't. I will go out directly and find Mr. Toughpenny. I'll do my best with him to have you taken back. Perhaps he'll consent immediately. If he does, then your mother and Bessie need know nothing about the dismissal. If he refuses, why there are other places in the world besides Mr. Toughpenny's where a young man can get on in life, and we'll look around for them."

"But my mother, my sister, how will they live in the mean time?"

"Put yourself at no uneasiness, they have plenty of friends, and God is the father of the fatherless, the widow's judge."

"Well, Sir, for God's sake do your best! I am going out to a friend's. I can't meet mother and Bess till I know one way or the other. And I'll come around about dinner-time to hear the worst."

"The best, John, my boy!"

He looked at me doubtfully, tried to smile, and went out leaving me alone in my study.

I had spoken so bravely to the poor fellow. Really I must have done him some good. I congratulated, prided myself on it. I made not such a bad spiritual adviser after all.

I took up the chess-problem once more. White to play and mate in four moves. Hm—White Queen to Knight third; Black K. to Kt. fourth. Hm—yes, very good. Kt. to Q. B. third.

The next instant the book went spinning across the room. I rose and paced my study from corner to corner. I who had shut my eyes to God's light—I who had sold my soul for those chairs, that desk, that library, to a father's will—I who had dared to put forth my hand and grasp the ark like Uzzah—I without the priestly soul, with a soul plainly stamped by Heaven for other uses—I with that unfinished sermon on my port-folio—chess, Laplace, every thing but the ministry in my head, and blood on my hands! It was I who had ruined John Seacroft! I remembered the Judge's words, "God be with thee, my son!" He was with me, how horribly!

I put on my hat and gloves. In five minutes I was at the counting-room of the Messrs. Tough-

penny. For an hour more I was closeted with the senior partner. He heard me with gentlemanly deference, with an air of the old experienced man listening to the young and inexperienced one whose cloth entitles him to respect. Could I account for the remissness of the boy? I might, he thought, as I lived in the same house with him. I had fought down too many self-reproving already in my life to blush as I evaded this question; but my soul was chill with a deathly shame when I said,

"The young man is young. He has no bad habits; does not drink or keep late hours. Growing years will make him feel more responsibility. Try him once more, and I will personally charge myself with his regularity of behavior."

Mr. Toughpenny bowed stiffly. He expressed by that bow much that he did not hint in words—to the effect that he had led a forty-years' business life, and was quite conversant with the doctrine of verbal warranties.

"Much as I would like to, my dear Sir, I can promise you nothing certainly," said he, calmly, after a moment's pause. "My brothers are to be consulted. I will confer with them and see that you have our conclusions—shall we say at six this evening?"

"That will be convenient to me, Sir. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Mr. Calthorpe." And the head of the firm bowed me politely out of the office parlor, returning before the green baize door flew shut again to as deep an immersion in his last ship's accounts as if we had not just been debating the whole future of a young life.

At noon John Seacroft came breathlessly to my study. Closing the door he whispered almost at my ear—for his poor mother, he seemed to feel, might hear her son's trouble even through the walls—

"Any news, Mr. Calthorpe?"

"I've been to see the firm, my dear boy. They received me very kindly, and promised to take the matter into consideration, giving me the decision to-night. Keep up your heart, my dear boy!"

John Seacroft's mouth twitched with pain, his great blue eyes grew feminine in their wet woefulness, he straightened himself up, commanded his voice, and said, gravely,

"I shall never be taken back again, Sir. Never!" Before I could answer him he was out of the room.

At dinner his place was vacant. Mrs. Seacroft, who loved him like her soul, and could not bear to miss him from her sight a moment during his leisure, looked anxiously at his vacant chair, and asked me if I knew where he was. Again I replied evasively, shunning the mention of a great misery. He said this morning that he was going to a friend's, I told her.

Bessie, a sweet, brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose whole life was in loving and being loved, was more roguishly vivacious than usual. I could not bear the sight of her. I rose hurriedly from my half finished dinner and returned to

the study. But carried thither *myself*, also the One whom my father had prayed might be always with me, and was wretched the rest of the afternoon.

At six o'clock a boy came to me from Mr. Toughpenny's. The short note he brought informed me that the firm, moved by my kind solicitations, had resolved to give John Seacroft one more chance. In my ecstasy I presented the boy with all my silver change. As soon as he was gone I danced around my study table like a madman. And then I went off to look up John Seacroft.

He was not in the house, his mother with a troubled look was waiting tea for him. I went out and took a walk through the principal streets of Seabrink, wandered along the wharves, looked in at the public library, which was one of his favorite resorts. He was visible nowhere.

Feeling certain that he had by this time reached home, for it was now forty minutes past our usual tea hour, I returned to the house. It was a golden afternoon of later May, full of the smell of honey-suckles and the shimmer of green leaves. The fresh grassy yard was striped with motley bars slanting through the pickets from the dropping sun. The whole air and life of all around me was so glad that I sprang up the steps to the porch three at a time, sure in my sympathetic cheerfulness of soul that I should see John Seacroft in the entry.

Instead his mother met me. The cloudy care had deepened on her forehead, her hand shook as it took mine wistfully, and asked below her breath, "Have you seen John?"

"No, not yet. Don't be alarmed. He will be in presently."

"Do you know what a fright I had just now? I went into his closet to put up the last basket of stockings I had just finished darning, and found that his valise, which always used to lie on the floor, was gone. I was so foolish as to suppose he had left us! My heart quite stopped beating. I haven't dared to look in his clothespress yet, but I suppose it's all right."

"Of course it is. You've been working too hard and are nervous."

Just then came a scream which I shall hear to my dying day. A piteous, despairing scream. The scream of a woman in irremediable pain and terror. Mrs. Seacroft turned to rush up stairs, but half-way Bessie met her. The blood was all gone from the girl's face—her very lips were white, her eyes dreamy. She held in her fingers a little fragment of white paper.

Mr. Seacroft snatched it from her and reached it down to me.

"*Read it to me,*" said she, in a husky voice, and put one arm around Bessie while with the other she clasped the railing of the balusters.

I did not realize what I was doing as mechanically I went over it aloud :

"*MY DARLING MOTHER AND SISTER*"—so the scrap ran—“I have been dismissed from my clerkship. I have nothing left in this world to help you with but my hands. Disgraced, degraded, in a very hell of wretchedness, I

have resolved that the folly which ruined me shall not hurt you more than I can prevent. I have shipped on board the whaling vessel *Cumberland*, and when you read this will be at sea. You shall hear from me by the first ship we meet—at our next port any how. Pray for me—forgive me—love me always. Darling—darling ones. Your son and brother will never forget you.

"JOHN SEACROFT.

"P.S. I leave orders with Messrs. Forward and Sons, who own the *Cumberland*, to pay you my wages regularly. I have plenty of clothes for the three years which the voyage may take before I get back."

"Can't we stop the vessel?" asked Mrs. Seacroft, quietly.

"It sailed at three o'clock this afternoon. I saw the advertisement up this morning."

"I'm willing to pay for a steam-tug. Why can't one go after him—dear, sweet boy?" Mrs. Seacroft smiled saying this, as if some heavenly hope were dawning on her.

"I will go and see," I replied. Mrs. Seacroft sat down on the stairs and drew Bessie's head to her breast, as I put on my hat and went into the street again.

Arriving at the wharf, I found that a tug had taken out the *Cumberland*. The only tug in all the little harbor, with the exception of one which had been chartered for a coast voyage the day before. By this time the *Cumberland* was doubtless twenty miles beyond the Ogre Shoals—so they told me—in other words, fifty miles from Seabrink. Her tug would not be back till twelve that night; the wind was fair for the *Cumberland*; already she had every stitch set there could be no question, and when the little steamer returned catching her would be impossible.

I got back to the house how, and in what state of mind, God knows alone. They were still sitting on the stairs, motionless, where I left them. I told them all I had to tell, and Mrs. Seacroft answered :

"I shall never see him again. His father lies in the sea—there will he lie. I have feared it night and day these ten years. Now it has come true. O God—O God!"

Bessie alone spoke not a word, but with a face still white as marble, helped her mother up stairs, loosed her dress, and laid her on the bed.

### III.

After the worst was known and no provision for it found possible, I shut myself in my study again. For two or three days next succeeding Mrs. Seacroft's great trouble she remained in her room. Bessie staid with her; and we three never met save when I went up to that sorrowful bedchamber, trying to comfort the comfortless. For my part, I took all my meals in my study, waited on by the one elderly New England woman who did Mrs. Seacroft's heavier housework.

It was Tuesday when John went away. The remainder of that week I performed not one slightest clerical duty outside the house. On Friday evening Mrs. Seacroft came down to supper. For the first time in four years she wore a widow's cap. This Bessie afterward told me,

adding (as indeed I was able to see at the time), that it was no ostentatious act of grief, but an assumption of those associations of the last sorrow which had now been revived again.

After supper—a silent, wretched one it was—I went back to my study, and remembered that next Sunday was confirmation. My sermon—stopped in the midst of a sentence—lay just as it was when John first broke in at my door. What had I been doing that week? *Chess-chess!* The mathematical researches which should have been my life, my profession, which were now my recreation, my tempters, my sin, they were admirably attended to. An orderly solution of three problems—all ready for mailing to the monthly lying on my table—*stared me in the face!* I turned to the desk where my sermon lay and dipped my pen in the inkstand.

*I could not think of the next word!*

For the last week I had felt very strangely. In solving the chess problems I had wondered to notice the unusual clearness of my mind, at the very moment too when my head was so hot, my feet quite numb and icy, when every now and then an uncontrollable quick shivering came over me. I had remarked how much longer than formerly it took me to get warm after retiring to bed. I had once or twice seen the air grow quite dim, quite tremulous before me, as I sat thinking in my study chair. All these symptoms I had referred to the sympathy I felt with the two sad women—the pained affection I had borne the son.

But now, standing at my desk, I experienced a dizziness, a nausea, which would resolve itself into nothing like a contagion between the mind and body. I turned away from the poor, imperfect sermon, and sat down in my easy-chair.

The thoughts which rushed over me for the next hour who can chronicle? Not *I*! I seemed to review my whole life from the hour I promised my father to enter the ministry. That is the only statement I can give of them.

The last thing which I now remember is this short sentence: “*God have mercy on an accursed, perjured man!*” Whether I said them myself, or some other voice said them above me, is not now plain to me. And then in agony and dimness I lay stretched at full length on the study floor.

#### IV.

When I next awoke I was prostrate—unable to stir hand or foot. A great chess-board—vast as the mosaic pavement of some old cathedral—lay before me on a level with my face. I thought I was in pain; some one whom I did not see seemed saying that mournfully at my ear. But I did not feel it. I was engrossed in an illimitable calculation. At my feet stood a hideous, spectre-like man, but emotionless. In body spare almost to boniness; in face cold as a flint in mid-December: and he was playing with me, as in the ancient picture, *for my soul!*

White to play and mate in four moves. As I said, my hands were powerless, but the pieces on the board moved at my will. When I half-

determined to play a knight, that warrior rose and flickered undecidedly in air above the board. So with every other piece.

At last, after long and dreadful consideration, I concluded to play the bishop. It advanced three squares. My grizzly antagonist, without a word or look, shoved forward a pawn. I moved the bishop again. The pawn still followed him.

Then I perceived a curious fact about those pieces. The game and its conclusion was destined to lie between that bishop and that pawn. I looked through the future, and saw a fateful determinacy in this relation.

Still more I saw. The bishop, from being a mere gigantic mitre, carven in ivory, developed his shape into *myself*. His face, his body, his mien were mine. He wore the same clerical habiliments as I. He became my own personality as a hypocritical assumer of the ministerial garb and functions. I beheld his internal nature—and, oh how base! I loathed him—down to the dregs of my life I loathed him, though I had to play him.

Yet more. The pawn was not a spindle based upon a circle. No! *It was John Seacroft!* Like him in every lineament as he broke through my study-door that fatal Tuesday, saying, “I am in hell!”

If I took that pawn—and perhaps I might—he was lost. If I sacrificed my bishop I lost my soul. A long struggle followed this perception. As I went through it I am sure I heard a voice like my mother’s say at my ear, “Ten minutes’ more such spasm will kill him!” Another woman’s, too—a younger—answering, “Yes!” and joining with the first in bitter weeping. That last seemed a later voice, one less known, yet known still.

At length self-love, self-preservation, conquered. I was about to move the bishop—it might be for the decisive time—when a little white hand flitted before me, and the whole board, pieces and all, was swept away. The spectre cast on me a look of baffled malignity, and was gone from my feet. The great space around me suddenly grew dark.

When I saw again I was weaker, if possible, than before. The quilt of a bed—a white, snowy quilt—came too far over my chin, and I could not motion to have it tucked down. I probably looked the desire, for the same white hand I had seen before answered it by the necessary act. A sweet blue-eyed face beamed over me with an anxiety which, in my utter weakness, struck me like a great pain. I tried to speak, but my tongue would not move. Was I lying on my death-bed, carried to heaven by the angels? Ah, no! not *I*.

A voice called, “Come quick! He is better!” It was Bessie’s voice. And again I felt the pain of a too strong emotion, as in an instant Judge Calthorpe bent over my bedside, eying me with even womanly tenderness. Then my mother kissed me; then my sister; and at last my brothers clasped me silently by the one poor

gaunt hand which lay motionless upon the quilt.

A week passed before I could bear all which they had to tell me. That week is now such a memory as he must have who in heaven looks back upon his first few days among the blessed, when he was hardly able to bear the great joy—the bland, eternal, satisfying light—and so was surrounded by sweet woman-angels, who reassured him, smoothed his brow, hot in its first astonishment, and, little by little, led him up to the possibilities of his new life.

At length they told me every thing. I had been found in the study, quite senseless, in a fainting-fit from which no stimulus could arouse me. I was still breathing. That and my feeble, irregular pulse were all the signs left in me of existence.

Mrs. Seacroft and Bessie, aided by their stalwart Yankee woman, these three alone had carried me to my chamber. Then, calling in the doctor, they had got me to bed, had me prescribed for, and written to my family to come on immediately.

Father, mother, sister, brothers, were at the house in three days after. For two weeks I was quite delirious. My whole raving ran upon the subjects of chess, Laplace, mathematics in general, John Seacroft and my ruin of him, my ministry and its wickedness. At noon of the fourteenth day the doctor said that if I did not rally in three hours they must all prepare for the worst. Hearing this announcement my family had gone into an adjoining room, to pray together—with what broken speech was left them—for mercy on their youngest born. Bessie alone, her face pale as death, staid with the doctor by my bedside.

My fever mounted higher. My eyes assumed a fearful fixedness toward the foot of the bed. The doctor shook his head and sighed. Bessie Seacroft bent closer over me, and heard me whisper,

“Bishop—pawn—bishop—pawn!”

Of a sudden she put her hand to her forehead. After thinking a moment, she cried out, “It is that quilt that is killing him! Look, doctor, look!”

“How?” said the doctor, as his eye followed her finger.

“Don’t you see? It is patch-work! His mind takes those white and red squares for a chess-board. He is playing a game on it; it is that which is wearing out his soul!”

“Perhaps,” said the doctor again, somewhat doubtfully.

There was no “*perhaps*” with Bessie. She snatched the corner of the quilt and tore it from my bed. In three minutes more a smooth white counterpane had replaced it; and, with a gentle dew on my forehead, I slept like a child. *Here* was the hand I saw in the agony of that last move.

I was saved—the doctor owned it—and Bessie Seacroft had saved me!

For two days more I slumbered quietly. My breathing and my pulse became evener and

evener; my fever fell as the mercury falls before the crisp, fresh days of middle September. At last I woke, and looked for the first time intelligently into the nearest face. That face was Bessie’s still. And then she called, and I heard her—knew her:

“Come quick! he is better!”

## V.

I was able to rise. The softest arm-chair had been brought up from the study, and I sat in it with my feet on a cushion of crimson wool, which Bessie and sister Kate had been knitting for me together since the day I first looked up into their eyes and knew them.

I am twenty-four years old this day. It is just eight years since I sat in Judge Calthorpe’s office, and heard him say,

“I, with my white head, may sit below you in the slip, and hear you preach.”

His head is whiter still, and he sits beside me now. In the past eight years how many children have been made fatherless! In the flowing gratefulness of my fresh entrance into life I think of that, and am so glad to see him here still!

He is not so stern as he was eight years ago. So, after thinking over the matter for a while in my poor, weak head, I feel willing to tell him my heart, and begin :

“Father, there is something I want very much to say to you.”

“John, there is something *I* want very much to say to *you*, and I wonder if it is not the same thing?”

“You speak first, then. Just now I feel better able to listen than talk—unless my voice is quite necessary.”

“*You are not in your place in the ministry.*”

“My very thought!”

“Then perhaps I can say all that you would. I have sinned against you, my son! In that I did it ignorantly, God pardon me! I knew you were not a bad man—indeed, that you were a religious one. But I did not know that something far else was necessary to the making of a minister. Intellectual constitution—indomitable desire—spontaneousness. I thought the only obstacle that lay between you and the pulpit was an unmanly diffidence—a fear, perhaps, of the self-abnegation required by the office. I believed it my duty to overcome this for you—that some day you would be the happier, better man for my firmness. That firmness of mine was ignorance—obstinacy!”

“Father! Don’t speak so!”

“Don’t you interrupt me, Sir! Oh, my dear, let me shake up your pillow for you! Is your head all right? Well, now hear me while I go on. I have seen my error. I ask—you—to forgive me—yes, to forgive me for it! I have a proposal to make you. I will offer you amends for my mistake as far as in me lies. I will support you—my means, thank God! are now ample for it—till you have completed your education for an engineership—a mathematical professorship—any thing you may feel fit for, and desire.

On the ground of ill-health—and you certainly need a year's relaxation—you may honorably leave your charge. And as honorably you may never come back to it. Does that meet your views?"

"Yes, Sir. God bless you—" My voice choked, and for five minutes I could not utter a syllable. This was too much to believe!

My father broke the pause.

"Is that all you wished to tell me?"

"Yes—no—well, not quite all. Do you know who saved me from dying?"

"I do. It was that noble girl—the daughter of your landlady."

"Yes, Sir—Bessie Seacroft. But for her I should never have talked with you again. There was something which I wished to speak of, connected with her. Perhaps, though, since you have been so kind as to hear a great deal from me already, I had better tell you that another time."

"No time so good as now. Go on, Sir."

"Well, Sir. While I was trying to be a minister I sometimes suffered miserably. Bessie Seacroft's face and voice, Bessie Seacroft's *soul*—for I think I saw that under her mere outside—came in to me every now and then, as odors of the yellow jasmine float in to the senses of monks, with their hair-cloth on, through the grates of tropical convents. I was miserable; yet I was happier for Bessie Seacroft. At that time I felt that *I had no right* to be happy, and decadened that sense of her within me from principle. Now I have an idea, through what you have told me, that it will not be wrong for me to be *entirely happy*; and that sense reawakes within me again. She saved me, and *I am sure that I love her!* Yet, if I leave the ministry, I shall be without a support for *her*; and I tell you there is a dreadful temptation to stay in the office for which I am not fitted that I may marry her. And now I have told you all."

"I will provide for both you and *your wife*," answered the Judge, with a solemn quietness which most people would probably have called impassive.

I was silent again for a long time. Before I could speak the door trembled under a light knock.

"Come in!" I spoke faintly.

Bessie Seacroft entered. And simultaneously the Judge rose.

"I must go and see your mother," said he. He gave me a peculiar look as he went out. I knew he was a man who could not bear to see a single moment unimproved.

"Sit down there, Bessie; Judge Calthorpe has left a nice chair for you."

"I had rather sit on the cushion," answered Bessie, "if I do not crowd your feet. It seems more natural for a girl to sit at her minister's foot-stool. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, you know."

. She laughed as she spoke, yet there was that in her face which told me Gamaliel never knew such a tribute from the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Not that she might be taught, but because she was happiest there, did she bend and sit down on that tuft of crimson.

"But suppose, Bessie, that I were not *your minister*, would you take that seat *then*?"

"It would hardly be proper," replied the girl, blushing clear to the ripples of her waving brown hair.

"I am not going to be your minister—not any minister at all—as soon as I get strong enough to be moved from here."

Bessie stood up and looked me blankly in the face.

"Yes, it is true. I have decided that it is not right for me to be a clergyman any more. I am not fitted for it—not called to it. Half the reason of my sickness was because I felt this. The other half, because John went away; and I remembered that I had not set him the example his minister ought to be able to. My father has promised to take care of me till I can do for myself in some other profession—something for which I am fitted by my love for mathematics. I shall be a mathematical professor, or an engineer. Bessie, I know that story of the quilt. I was playing a terrible chess-game. I will tell you of it by-and-by when I am stronger. You saved my life, Bessie Seacroft! Was it just as you would save the life of any man? Because I was your minister? Or *do you love me?* Could you love me even as an engineer, if I took you away into some Western wilderness where they were going to run a railroad?"

Bessie again grew pale as when she watched me; I feared she would faint, and felt how terrible it would be for me not to help her. I could not rise from my chair.

But no. Her true woman's soul rose within her, over her weakness, like a sun over the first mountain mist.

"*I would love you,*" said she, gently, "*wherever you might go.*"

## VI.

I had been married three years. I was assistant to the chief engineer on a road which before long will bring to the great metropolis, the centre of wealth and need, the whole riches of the Western earth. Ever since our marriage Mrs. Seacroft had been living with Bessie and me.

Just at this particular moment, and it was now after midnight, we had neither of us seen her since eight o'clock, when she left the parlor of the hotel to put to bed our boy, John Calthorpe, Jun. Bessie had staid with me to read and knit while I finished the important business letters which I must write before retiring. For although I was on furlough from the road, there was no vacation in my correspondence. We were in Seabrink again—visiting, for the first time since our marriage, the port our poor brother had sailed from on his desperate voyage. At Rio he had written a letter to us. Evidently he was trying to be happy, and in spite of the dreary absence of home comforts, preserved the

strongest hope that his voyage would be a successful one. It was now quite time for his return. Messrs. Forward and Sons were expecting the *Cumberland* every day. To meet her and him we had returned to Seabrink. On the thought of her sailor-boy Mrs. Seacroft was now slumbering as on a rose-pillow.

The place recalled old associations. As I put the last flourish to my fifth letter I stopped, and after folding it, stuck my pen behind my ear.

"Do you know, wife dear," said I, "what my whole life makes me think of?"

"What, John?"

"The game of chess I was playing in the old house when you swept the patchwork board away."

"How so?"

"The great move I have made thus far has been to ruin brother John by my example. Then *you* played. You took me with yourself—with you, the queen—and, instead of ruining me as I deserved, made me winner for life. As yet, in the sight of God and Fate, I merit a defeat. *The game is still drawn.* Do you believe in compensation?"

"No, John, I do not."

"Don't you believe in the sinner getting his punishment, and the righteous his reward?"

"I believe the righteous will get his reward because he *loves* righteousness. The sinner, if he repents, and loves the right, too, will be forgiven the wrong he once did, and get the reward of his love. I believe in no blind, unreasoning compensation."

"Ah, dear! I have a fear sometimes. If the doctrine of compensation be true, what have I ever done to repay your magnanimity in loving me after all my sin? Hark! What an awful sound that bell has!"

"It is nothing but St. Matthias's clock striking one, and telling us to go to bed."

"It is the church where I used to preach, and its bell is a terrible remembrancer to me."

"You are nervous; you have written too long."

"Perhaps that is it. I feel a dreadful restlessness. There is something about the sound of a clock striking one after midnight that to me seems appalling beyond all description. Up there alone in the darkness with God and those spirits who are fabled to haunt belfries—all the men, women, and children who are its hearers in the daytime fast asleep fathoms below toward the pavement. Who hears it? An outcast lying on the stones—a thief—a suicide—the broken-hearted watcher at a dying bed—two or three belated workers in warm homes like us. Still it has something to say—'Klang!—ang—ang—ang!' The weird diminuendo dies away in ripples on the far-off shores of the pool of darkness, and who is the wiser for it? What does it mean? And why does it not say more? The suggestive reticency of that one stroke is what makes it terrible! Like a man turning over in the depth of his middle sleep and uttering one

deep groan. If his wife is awake to hear him, what a world of indistinct horror—foreshadowed, untold, perhaps *never to be told*—does that groan imply to her! That is the best description I can give you of the one stroke's power over me, uttering so little, yet necessarily knowing, meaning so much. Had I the making over of the world of tragedy, one o'clock, not midnight, should be the hour of bane and blessing!"

"You frighten me, husband. I have not heard you talk so since we feared for your life! Your eyes have such a strange, haggard, far-off look. You must not work so much—at least not at night."

At this moment the only other clock-tower in Seabrink—the tower of the old Puritan church—which, because it was the oldest in Seabrink, felt its right secure to regulate the time of day and night, keeping conservatively ten minutes behind the newer bell—solemnly gave forth its voice—One.

I shuddered. My wife caught my hand and looked at me with her blue eyes brimful of anxiety.

"Bessie," said I, "I seemed to understand that stroke. It said—'Go!'"

"Go whither, darling?"

"I do not know. The command was as clear as in my boyhood Judge Calthorpe's voice used to be to me. It was—I am sure it was—a premonition. Are you willing to go out and walk with me a little while? If this feeling of mine is a mere vagary, why, then, the fresh night air will cool my head and make me more disposed to sleep. But if it be something more—if it should prove to be an intimation with a purpose, perhaps we shall never forgive ourselves for not minding it."

Without a word of complaint Bessie laid down her knitting, put on her hat and cloak, and in five minutes more we were wandering through the streets of Seabrink. Aimlessly it must have seemed to her, almost so to me, indeed, yet we kept on.

Gradually the strong desire shaped itself in me to revisit the old scenes of my unworthy ministry. I would afflict myself with the penance of bitter memories, and sought, as the wont was of the stern old Romans with certain criminals of theirs, to crucify myself on the very scene of my guilt.

So, in the first place, I drew Bessie through the side street where we once had lived together to the house itself. Even in the darkness it seemed very much changed. The climbing vines that once wreathed the porch-pillars were gone. Weeds, too coarse and ragged for even the charitable starlight to soften them, grew up untroubled in the front-yard. There was a general air of desolation around the whole establishment which told us that the present inmates were not *women*—certainly not such women as used to live there.

I fixed my eyes on the window at the right of the front door. "There I played chess!" said I, bitterly. "It was my study."

"And there, darling," said Bessie, pressing closer to my side, "I sat on the little crimson cushion and knew that you loved me!"

As we spoke these words we both came closer to the fence and gazed more earnestly.

"Was that a man?"

"I thought so, too," answered Bessie, trembling all over.

I drew as near to the window as I could without opening the gate—and—it was a man!

He stood on the porch, with my study-window flung wide open before him, and was looking in, while his palms, broadened under his weight, rested on the stone sill.

"Halloo!" cried I; "what are you doing there, Sir?"

He never answered a word, but running to the side of the porch jumped off among the neglected lilac bushes, and was out through a side gate before I could give the alarm. We saw him shoot like a deer down the silent, sombre street, and on Bessie's account, being unable to follow him, I ventured through the gate, shut the blinds of my old study, and having done this kindness to the stranger, again we wandered away.

"Was it a burglar do you think, John?"

"Very likely, dear. There is one good result of obeying the intimation."

The street was called "Wharf." Wharf Street led down to the harbor. We pursued it almost without a word till the sea was right before us, and we saw the stars go flickering, in long distorted silver lines, on the curve of its ripples. At the pier in front of us a great ship was moored. Its sails all furled, like dead men in white, lay motionless along the yards, and no sign of life, not even a sleepy watchman was visible on the deck from stern to stem.

But as we gazed, trying to deserv the vessel's name and nature, a dark figure slunk out from behind the shadow of the mainmast. For a moment he wandered irresolutely about the waist, and then, as with a sudden impulse, walked straight to the side. The next instant with a leap he went over. I turned to Bessie and kissed her.

"That was what 'One o'clock' meant! darling," said I. "Don't be afraid for me. Stay here quietly. I am a good swimmer, you know. *I shall save that man.*"

I kicked off my boots, tore my coat and vest from me as if they had been paper. From the time I threw the vest into Bessie's arms there seemed hardly a second's interim before I was breasting the salt wash of the dock toward that one black bobbing, bubbling spot against the ship's water-line.

With a superhuman strength and fearlessness (God gave it me!) I had the man by the shoulders. I threw myself on my back, struck out with the sinews of my legs tense as iron, and crying into his ear, "*I'll kill you* if you try to get away from me!" drew him little by little up

to the steps which ascended the pier. As I lifted him on to the first oozy plank the stem of the vessel was straight above me. "*The Cumberland, of Seabrink!*"

We stood on the wharf. We three, I still gripping the saved man and Bessie.

She was the first to look close upon his face. And with a scream, "*My brother! my brother!*" she fell at our feet.

"You have killed her, John!" said I, fiercely.

"I have killed every body!" he answered, hoarsely. "I have broken my mother's heart. I have ruined myself. I am a dead man walking! I tried to put an end to that farce, and you wouldn't let me!"

"Your mother is *not* dead, John," I replied, still grasping him.

"*Not dead?*" he murmured, dreamily.

"No! at this moment she is sleeping in visions of your return. She is at the Seabrink Hotel, with Bessie and me."

John Seacroft sat down beside his unconscious sister and began crying, with great heavings of the breast, like a passionate child.

"I asked where she was gone. Nobody told me," said John, the moment he could command his voice. "I went to the house to-night, as soon as we were fastened in the pier. Every thing was changed. I knew instantly she was not there. *I could not bear it. I was in the same hell I went away in!* As a common sailor I left the port; as a common sailor I have returned. Promotion takes *years and years*. I bring you all nothing. What am I to you?"

"*You are our brother!*" said I, tremulously, and clasped him to my bosom.

Just then, while I dared for the first time to let go of John and was about to run for water, Bessie revived, thrust out her little hand to touch his neck, and murmured,

"Our brother! brother!"

#### SEQUEL.

Turn to the fifteenth chapter of Luke, if you do not know, if you have never seen in your own family, how a prodigal returns. So John Seacroft came back to his mother. So I, after my long punishment for his ruin, came back to her—to Bessie—to Heaven.

This day John Seacroft is my next in command on that famous Western Road. Both of us mathematicians have found our place at last. Both of us *run* also—for each of us sees a dear wife smiling at him, as in the sight of the white-haired old Judge, the gentle mothers, the brothers, the sister, he kisses a John, Jun., crowing on his knee.

And although the blind fate of compensation looks at me approvingly, and whispers to pride that I have saved John Seacroft as Bessie saved me, I know that in God's sight the work that beloved woman has wrought for my soul makes the relation between Bessie and me—as it is in all true marriage—still a *Drawn Game!*

## A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

January 20, 1862.

**W**ITH the head of a drum for my desk, I sit on a Southern slope,  
While the sunlight streaks the apples that hang in the orchard hard by,  
And puzzle my brains over verses and many a marvelous trope,  
And vainly seek inspiration from out the sky.

What can I tell you now that you have not known before?

How dearly I love you, Mary, and how hard the parting was;  
And how bravely you kissed my lips when we stood at the open door,  
And blessed me for going with heart and hand in the Cause.  
Oh! sweet as a lily flushed with the red of the roses near  
When beat by the hot, implacable sun above,  
Was the hue of your angel face as tear after tear  
Rose to your ivory eyelids and welled with love!

War is not quite so hard as you poor townspeople think;  
We have plenty of food to eat, and a good warm blanket at night,  
And now and then, you know, a quiet, moderate drink:

Which doesn't hurt us, dearest, and makes things right.  
But the greatest blessing of all is the total want of care;  
The happy, complete reliance of the carefully-guardianed child  
Who has no thought for his dinner, and is given good clothes to wear,  
And whose leisure moments are with innocent sports beguiled.  
The drill of the soldier is pleasant if one works with a willing heart,  
It is only the worthless fellow that grumbles at double-quick;  
I like the ingenious manœuvres that constitute war an art,  
And not even the cleaning of arms can make me sick.

One of the comrades five that sleep in the tent with me  
Is a handsome, fair-faced boy, with curling sun-burned hair;  
Like me, he has left a sweet-heart on the shore of the Northern sea,  
And, like her I love, he says she also is good and fair.  
So we talk of our girls at night when the other chaps are asleep—  
Talk in the sacred whispers that are low with the choke of love—  
And often when we are silent I think I can hear him weep,  
And murmur her name in accents that croon like the nesting dove.  
Then when we are out on picket, and the nights are calm and still,  
When our beats lie close together, we pause and chatter the same;  
And the weary hours pass swiftly, till over the distant hill  
The sun comes up unclouded and fierce with flame.

The scene that I look on is lovely! The cotton-fields smooth and white,  
With the bending negroes shelling the flocculent bursting pods,  
And the quiet sentinels slowly pacing the neighboring height,  
And now and then hidden by groups of the golden-rods.  
Beautiful are the isles that mottle the slumberous bay;  
Beautiful are the azure veins of the creeks;  
Beautiful is the crimson that, far away,  
Burns on the woods like the paint on an Indian's cheeks!  
Beautiful are the thoughts of the time when— Hist!  
What sound is that I hear? 'Tis the rifle's continuous crack!  
The long roll beats to arms! I must not—can not be missed—  
Dear love, I'll finish this letter when I come back.

January 30.

Don't be startled, my darling, at this handwriting not being mine:  
I have been a little ill, and the comrade I spoke of before  
Has kindly offered to take from my loving lips this line;  
So he holds, as you see, the pen I can hold no more.  
That was a skirmish that came as I wrote to you out on the hill;  
We had sharp fighting a while, and I lost my arm—  
There! don't cry, my darling!—it will not kill,  
And other poor fellows there met greater harm.  
I have my left arm still to fold you close to my heart,  
All the strength of my lost one will pass into that, I know;  
We will be soon together, never, never to part,  
And to suffer thus for your country is bliss, not woe!

## WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FORTY-SIX years ago, Bryant published, in the *North American Review*, "Thanatopsis," which Christopher North says is alone sufficient "to establish the author's claim to the honors of genius." It was composed four years prior to its publication, when its author was scarcely nineteen years of age. From the date of its appearance Bryant has been before the public as a poet. "Wherever English poetry is read and loved," says Hillard, "his poems are known by heart. Among American poets his name stands, if not the very first, at least among two or three foremost. Some of his pieces are perhaps greater favorites with the reading public than any others written in the United States. His 'Thanatopsis,' for example, is universally regarded as admirable in conception and exquisite in execution. Its rich and solemn melody, its almost Miltonic rhythm, its majestic imagery, its grave and impressive moral, fill the mind, move the heart, and stamp themselves forever on the memory."

Nor were the poems that followed at all discreditable to the early genius of its author. The "Inscription for an Entrant into a Wood," written in 1813, and published in the *North American Review* in 1817; "The Waterfowl," published in 1818; and "The Ages," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College—all exhibit high poetic excellence. The last, composed in the grand and flexible Spenserian stanza, is his longest and best sustained effort. This poem, with several others, most of which had already appeared in the *North American Review*, was published in 1821, forming a small volume of forty-four pages.

When Bryant contributed his early poems to the *North American*, that periodical had not attained to the grave dignity of a Review, which it has since assumed. It was rather a magazine—a large part of its contents being original articles. Its management was in the hands of a committee, for whom Richard H. Dana and Edward Tyrell Channing acted as editors. Dana was among the earliest to oppose the arbitrary dicta of Jeffrey, and to give to Wordsworth and Coleridge the position, since generally awarded, as men of genius and great poets. The views advanced by him found but little favor with the majority of the members of the committee, who relieved him from the position of chief-editor in order to bestow it upon one more conformable in criticism to the times. The selection fell upon Edward Everett.

Whether this change was attended with any personal animosity I am unable to say; but certain it is that a review of Dana's "Idle Man," prepared by Bryant, was rejected by the committee, although Willard Phillips, the able author on the Law of Insurance, and the writer of a clever review of Bryant's poems, did what he could to procure its admission.

In 1827, Dana's "Buccaneer" appeared; and in the mean time the chief editorship of the

*Review* had passed into the hands of Mr. Sparks, who wrote to Bryant that the time for his revenge had arrived; and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to do justice to his early literary friend. The sixteenth volume of the *Review* contains an able criticism on the "Idle Man" and the "Buccaneer," which, while it gives due credit to Dana, is at the same time one of the best specimens of Bryant's prose compositions.

Up to 1825 Bryant resided in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, chiefly engaged in the pursuit of law. At the invitation of Henry D. Sedgwick, who procured for him a position as editor of the *New York Review*, in conjunction with Henry J. Anderson, afterward Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College, he removed to New York and entered upon the occupation of an editor, which he has since, without intermission, continued to follow. At the house of Mr. Sedgwick Bryant was always a welcome visitor, and there became acquainted with many of the pleasantest people in the city. He here made the acquaintance of Halleck, at that time a very popular poet, and a great favorite in society. Halleck's welcome of Bryant to New York was very cordial, and the two have ever since continued warm friends.

"From what State are you?" said Mr. Sedgwick to Halleck, one day, when they were dining together in company with Bryant.

"From Connecticut," blithely replied Halleck.

"I should never have dreamed it," responded Sedgwick (he was from New England himself). "I never met with a New Englander who had not the stamp of his nativity written upon him as plainly as the curse was impressed upon the brow of Cain."

When Bryant told this anecdote, I remarked that neither in appearance nor speech did he betray his New England origin. He replied that, in regard to the latter, he had taken great pains not only to avoid all provincialisms in conversation, but likewise to school his pronunciation so as to avoid all intonations peculiar to particular sections; as to the former, he could of course exercise no control.

I remarked, what is probably true, that the whole physiognomy is often changed in a thoughtful and studious man by his particular trains of thought, so that the portraits of such an one in early life bear scarce a trace of resemblance to those made in later years. This is especially the case in regard to those of Bryant; and on reflection he was disposed to admit the truthfulness of the remark.

At this time Cooper, who was just rising into popularity, lived in New York.

"Come to dine with me," said he, soon after Bryant became a resident in New York. "I live at No. 345 Greenwich Street."

"Put that down for me," said Bryant, "or I shall forget the place."

"Can't you remember three—four—five," replied Cooper, bluntly.

Bryant did remember "three—four—five,"

not only for the moment, but ever afterward. He dined with him according to appointment, and again met Halleck, who was the only additional guest at the table besides Cooper's immediate family.

New York was then not a large place, and its literary society was small, yet it numbered several who had already, or have since, achieved a world-wide fame. Among this little circle Julian C. Verplanck was, by common consent, acknowledged as the leading spirit. He had shown himself to be a clever writer by two or three excellent addresses before the Historical Society, and something of a wit by a poetical satire called the "Bucktail Bards." He was, besides, a very excellent classical scholar, whose judgment was generally deferred to in case of any dispute, and withal a most genial companion. Upon the appearance of Bryant's "Ages," in 1821, Mr. Verplanck had contributed to the *New York American*, edited by Charles King, now President of Columbia College, a very complimentary review of it. His welcome of the author was not less cordial than his reception of the poem, and the two not only became warm friends but were associated in several literary enterprises. One of these was the "Literary Annual," in which they were joined by Robert C. Sands, who died in 1832. Among the productions of Sands was a poem entitled "Yamoyden," which contains a great number of excellent things, but by far its best portion is the proem, or introduction. Verplanck and Bryant conjointly edited the works of Sands after his death, as a fitting tribute to his memory.

In addition to the literary men above-named were Hillhouse, the poet, who at that time resided in New York, and Dunlap, who was both a painter and an author, although it must be confessed that his literary productions are rather heavy. Percival also, who then resided in New Haven, was in the habit of visiting New York, and, although eccentric, was far from being the solitary recluse he afterward became.

While Bryant edited the *New York Review* there appeared in its columns poems by Willis, who then lived at New Haven; metrical translations by Bancroft, who had at this period not turned his attention to historical composition; and the "Dying Raven," the first of Richard H. Dana's poetical contributions.

In 1825 was founded the Sketch Club, a social réunion of artists, and those having a taste for the Fine Arts, which has continued its existence to the present time. Among its original members Morse, Verplanck, Wier, Huntington, Ingraham, Wall, Durand, and Cummings are now living. Among those who have died are Inman, Verbruyck, Agate, and Cole. Bryant was a member of the club, and has, when in town, continued to meet with it since. He here formed the acquaintance of Cole, then in the first flush of his artistic power. Cole was at that time a bachelor, and lived with his father on Canal Street, then a fashionable part of the city and high up town. Morse had likewise his residence

in this street, and once told me how he very nearly became the cause of the death of De Witt Clinton at his own house. Morse had invited Clinton and two or three others to breakfast, and knowing his partiality for coffee, had prepared a very strong decoction, with his own hands, by the French process of infiltration, now quite common here, but at that time almost unknown. Clinton partook of it with great relish, and after complimenting Morse on the excellence of the coffee, requested a second cup, which he had scarcely swallowed before he was seized with a sense of oppression, near to fainting, and was removed from the breakfast-table to a sofa, where he slowly recovered. Not many years after he died suddenly from what was discovered to be a disease of the heart. There is no doubt but the acceleration of the heart's action, under the unusual stimulus, caused the sense of oppression, which, if carried slightly further, might have terminated in death.

One of the earliest meetings of the Sketch Club which Bryant attended was at Cole's house. The number of members at that time was some fifteen or twenty. It was the custom of the entertainer to give the artists at the moment a subject, upon which each tried his skill, while the mere amateurs watched the progress of the respective competitors. The intimacy between Bryant and Cole continued unabated until the death of the latter, when his early friend, in a handsomely written eulogy, paid a parting tribute to his memory.

Cole was of English birth, but came to this country while quite young. His youth was spent in Ohio, and he became a resident of New York about the period of his early manhood.

Trumbull, the painter of the four national pieces in the Rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington—one of which possessing, however, no mean merit, was facetiously styled by John Randolph the "shin piece"—was at the time a resident of New York, and the President of the Academy of Fine Arts. When he was shown some of the earliest of the sketches by Cole, he remarked, "This youth has accomplished without difficulty what I have all my life been trying to do."

"In the composition of his greatest pieces," said I, on one occasion when conversing with Bryant about him, "was Cole secluded or open to his friends?"

"When engaged in the conception of any important subject," replied Bryant, "he liked to be alone; but when the idea was fully developed in his own mind, he rather sought than avoided companionship. The conversation of his friends interposed no obstacle to his labors of the brush; and when he had no one to converse with, he frequently alternated his time with some book which he kept by him for the purpose, and which, by amusing him, he thought gave a more vigorous tone to his mind."

This somewhat surprised me, inasmuch as his favorite pupil, Church, frequently excluded him-

self for weeks together while engaged on some master-work.

I asked Bryant if Cole was rapid in his execution. "Very much so," replied Bryant; "but he had a motto, which he invariably put into execution, and by means of which he was enabled to get through a great deal of work—that was, 'Never allow a day to pass without painting.' This," continued Bryant, "was his inflexible rule, from which he never deviated when in health except on Sunday, for he was a religious man, and a strict member of the Episcopal Church."

Bryant sat to a number of the members of the Academy of Design and Sketch Club for his portrait. The one in the collection of the Academy is by Morse; that in the Historical Society's collection is by Gray; the one from which an engraving was made for the *Democratic Review* is by Inman.

"Do you imagine," said I, one day, "that you ever had any resemblance to Inman's portrait?"

"I never thought I had," replied Bryant; "and yet Inman was a clever artist."

I remarked that, in looking at that portrait, I could readily see the justice of Irving's criticism in his letter to Leslie, in which he wished him in his portrait to avoid the angles and turns with which a modern coat was shaped, which in a few years must give its wearer a singular if not a grotesque appearance; an opinion in which Bryant fully coincided.

A part of the duties of the Academy of Design is to foster a series of lectures on various subjects pertaining to Art, partly for the benefit of its members, and more particularly for the advantage of those who are studying Art as an occupation for life. Bryant, in the capacity of a lecturer, delivered before the Academy, in its early history, a course of lectures on Greek and Roman Mythology. His associations, it will be seen, more especially in the most impressionable part of his life, were largely with artists, which, independent of his poetic temperament, must have developed a taste for the beautiful, as well as a critical judgment in regard to works of art.

"I suppose," said I once, before I had visited him at Cedarmere, "that you are surrounded by the choicest gems of art."

"On the contrary," replied he, "I have next to nothing either in books, paintings, or engravings." And yet he is an enthusiastic admirer of all. I never knew him to pass the enticing windows of Schaus or Goupil without stopping to look at the art treasures exhibited to the gaze of the passers-by. It thus, in the distribution of the gifts of Providence, not unfrequently happens that the student who has most need of books, or the lover of the Fine Arts most capable of appreciating them, either from necessity or choice is not the possessor of them. How wise the provision that established extensive libraries and galleries of art are, the writer, who is not in the condition to possess either the one or the other, can abundantly testify. I found, however, on

visiting Bryant, that he had greatly under-estimated his collection of pictures, which contains an original painting of Chapman's entitled "Temple of Peace." A landscape view of the Catskill by Durand, in which Bryant and Cole are introduced. A scene on the Passaic by Whitney, and an excellent copy of the "Madonna di Staffa," made by C. G. Thompson.

Cooper, soon after Bryant came to reside in New York, went abroad and spent several years—for the most part in France—before returning to his native land. He then selected Cooperstown as his residence, and was but an occasional visitor to the city; so that Bryant afterward saw but little of him: but their friendship always remained unaltered, and while the Press in general returned with scorn the anathemas which Cooper in a fit of spleen launched against it, the *Evening Post* remained as a simple spectator of the quarrel, and took part with neither of the combatants.

Bryant's association with the *Evening Post*, as its editor, began in 1827; since which time, with the exception of occasional periods of absence from the city, he has, either as its chief editor or as a contributor to its editorial columns, been in direct communication with its readers. "When he first undertook its management," says Mr. O'Sullivan, "it had taken no decided stand in the politics of the day. Its leanings, however, were toward the aristocratic party. Mr. Bryant soon infused into its columns some portion of his native originality and spirit. Its politics assumed a higher tone, its disquisitions on public measures became daily more pointed and stirring, and, finally, it declared with great boldness on what was considered the more liberal side. From that day to this (1842) it has taken a leading part in political controversies, and exerted a controlling influence over public opinion. In the fierce excitement kindled by General Jackson's attack on the United States Bank, in the hot debates on the tariff, the *Evening Post* never faltered in the assertion of the severest tenets of the Democratic creed."

In 1848 he associated Mr. John Bigelow, now United States Consul at Paris, with him in the editorial management of the paper, and soon after committed the management of its details to his charge, contenting himself with the contribution of a leader as inclination dictated or the necessities of the case demanded. In times, however, of high political excitement, or during the campaigns preceding presidential elections, he is never absent from his post, and those articles marked by the keenest satire and graceful irony are usually from his pen. In the mutations of parties of the last few years Bryant now finds himself opposed to his former companions in arms, and a supporter of an administration which rose into power upon the ruins of that party which he has spent his best years in sustaining.

That he is sincere in his convictions no one pretends to deny, and however much his former associates may lament the loss of so gifted an

advocate, none can attribute to him a change of political sentiment from motives of personal benefit or political power.

"You will permit me," remarked I to him, shortly after I formed his acquaintance, "to express my surprise that one whose thoughts are ever amidst green fields and budding flowers, and who has so keen and joyous an appreciation of the beauties of nature, should be content to immure himself in the dusky apartments of an editor, or mingle in the contemptible wrangles of party strife."

To this he made no direct reply, and the conversation turned upon party measures, in which I remarked that almost every line of separation between the old Whig and Democratic parties had been broken down, by the general adoption of those most stoutly contended for by the Democrats.

"You asked me," he said, "a short time since, what could induce me to remain in the midst of party struggles when a more tempting field awaited me, and you have already given my reply. Think you that the final triumph of political principles which long years have been spent in endeavoring to establish, frequently under the most disheartening circumstances, is not a sufficient reward for all my editorial toil?"

It may not be improper here to state that, independent of the political theories it endeavored to inculcate, as the necessity for free trade in contradistinction to a high tariff, the unconstitutionality of the Bank of the United States, the impropriety of the exorbitant issues of the State banks without power of limitation, and the advocacy of an independent Government Treasury, the *Post* was far in advance of its contemporaries in the advocacy of measures of public utility and advantage to the people at large. The sanitary affairs of the city were freely discussed, and all measures tending to promote public health earnestly advocated.

Upon Bryant's return from Europe, after his first visit, he was struck with the want of a large public park, and continued the advocacy of such a measure until its final adoption in the Central Park, which is at present so great an ornament, and is destined to become of such value to the city. Jones's Wood, which at that time seemed the most eligible site for such a park, first attracted Bryant's attention, and its claims were for a long time before the public until superseded by the grander and certainly more eligible plan developed in the Central Park.

While in Germany he had been struck with the advantages of the *kreutzer*, and on his return advocated the adoption of a mixed coin in place of the cumbersome copper cent still occasionally to be seen. The idea was ridiculed at the time as an attempt to introduce a debased coin, but Mr. Benton soon after introduced a bill in the Senate for a coin somewhat of the character suggested. It is not contended that these measures were the absolute offspring of the seeds thus sown, but that they directed public attention to them can not be doubted.

At "Cedarmere"—so named from the hedge of cedars that surrounds the little sheet of water in front of his residence—Bryant is seen to the best advantage, and to those who have had an opportunity of meeting him under his own roof he appears one of the pleasantest of companions. In person he is slight, and from long habit in leaning over the desk, and perhaps in part from an originally delicate constitution, is inclined to stoop, like one laboring from debility. His habits are regular, and he carries abstemiousness almost to a fault. While his breakfast-table is amply supplied with suitable provisions for his guests, he contents himself with a frugal dish of boiled Southern hominy and milk. He uses neither tea nor coffee, although he tacitly recommends them by presenting them to his guests.

"At what hour will you rise?" said he, on parting for the night.

I named seven o'clock.

"Very well," replied he, "I will awaken you myself."

"But are you up at that time?" inquired I.

"My practice is invariably to rise at or before six," responded he.

"Pray what do you do with yourself at such an unseasonable hour?" I asked, for the season was now approaching the New Year, and it was not daylight until some time after six.

"Oh," replied he, "I take my exercise with the dumb-bells."

"The dumb-bells!" interrogated I, with some astonishment, glancing inquiringly at his slight figure; "do you not think the exercise too violent for one of your temperament?"

"On the contrary," said he, "I derive the greatest benefit from their use. Whenever I intermit this exercise—which I seldom do—I am stupid and heavy; but when my lungs are freely expanded by an hour's exercise, my frame seems nerved for any task I may be called upon to perform."

"After all," I remarked, "my observation leads me to believe that persons of slender make are quite as free from disease, and are as likely to attain a good old age, as those apparently more robust; and as to a superfluity of flesh, I do not envy the possessor of it."

"Neither do I," replied Bryant. "I would infinitely prefer to carry a carpet-bag for half an hour, and then be relieved of the burden, than to be obliged to support its weight with every step I took."

Of late years Bryant has allowed his beard and hair, which are of almost silvery whiteness, to attain a considerable length. His flowing locks falling loosely on his shoulders, his bald forehead, and the indentations which a life of nearly seventy years have impressed upon his countenance, bestow upon him quite a patriarchal aspect. The pictures taken of him as he now appears are among the best, and of these the one from the pencil of Durand, in his parlor at "Cedarmere," is that which I prefer.

The residence at Cedarmere is a spacious

building, nearly surrounded by a wide veranda, constructed of lattice-work, which, in the season, is nearly concealed by clambering vines. The front of the house looks out upon the little sheet of water that lies clear and glassy at its feet, and commands a fine view of the head of the inlet and amphitheatre of hills that surrounds it, in the midst of which the village of "Roslyn," romantically situated around a cluster of small fresh-water lakes, and about one mile distant, is distinctly visible.

The dwelling at Cedarmere was erected by Richard Kirk, a thrifty Quaker, in 1787, and at that time was simply a large square structure, with capacious apartments and much to add to the comfort of its inmates, but little for display. Mr. Kirk at the same time built a substantial dyke between what is now the little lake at the feet of the mansion and the inlet, for the purpose of securing a water-power for a paper-mill which he built at its outlet. The paper-mill has long since disappeared, but the dyke, mossy and time-worn, and covered with a hedge of cedars of venerable age, together with the placid sheet of water it incloses, still remain fit ornaments to the hill-embowered residence of one whose sweetest poetry is that whose inspiration is gathered from the murmur of the gentle waterfall, the rustling of the forest leaves, and the music of the woodland songsters, that twitter amidst the dense foliage that nearly conceals it from the gaze of the passer-by.

Prior to its occupation by its present possessor it was owned by Mr. Moulton, author of a history of New York, who changed its Quaker simplicity by the erection of a portico with a heavy cornice and large square columns. The house, as thus altered, is tolerably well represented in the "Homes of American Authors," published in 1853. It has recently, however, undergone several changes at the hands of Bryant, so as to render it more conformable with his own taste. The heavy cornice and pillars have been removed, and their place is now occupied by a light lattice-work, which at the same time gives an increased amount of light to the dwelling and furnishes a nucleus around which the clambering vines are permitted to coil their graceful festoons. Deep bay windows likewise project from either front, breaking in upon the straight line formerly presented; and irregular outbuildings serve still more to take from it its former Quaker-like precision. The road too, which formerly ran along the side of the inlet, is carried in a sweeping curve over the hill-top, furnishing an uninterrupted slope from the house to the water-side, and affords an ample parterre for flowers and winding walks, and brings the grapery into full view from the porch.

A small cottage near the house, recently embellished, and converted into a very pretty rural residence, is occupied by Mr. Cline, a very well educated and gentlemanly person, who has for some time exercised a supervisory care over the affairs at Cedarmere; and while relieving its possessor of the burden of its management, has be-

come a sort of necessity in the household. The relations between the major-domo and the poet are of the most agreeable and confidential kind. Each little detail about the farm management is discussed with the gravity and interest that those who reside in the country think due to such matters; but I opine that they usually terminate, as such discussions generally do, by the adoption of the ideas of the person having the management.

I visited Cedarmere with Bryant after he had been absent for some weeks, and was much impressed with the kindly manner in which each of the household was greeted by him, showing the pleasant relations subsisting between a kind employer and attached employés. The little incidents of country gossip told by Mr. Cline were listened to with an interest by Bryant that showed how deeply he was interested in the concerns of the neighborhood, and how keenly he participated in all their joys and sorrows; and yet he has the reputation of being a reserved if not an austere man.

Bryant's attachment to Cedarmere is real. When on his last European tour, in 1857, he caught a glimpse of the Atlantic, on the road between Bayonne and San Sebastian, he writes: "I can not describe the feeling awakened within me as I gazed on that great waste of waters, which in one of its inlets steeped the walls of my own garden, and to the murmur of which, on a distant shore, those I loved were doubtless at that moment slumbering."

He is fond of botany, and is especially attached to the study of trees. "There are," said he, pointing to the wood-covered summits that rose above the mansion, "some thirty different species of trees in that forest that I have already identified, and there are still others I have not yet classified."

Parke Godwin, his son-in-law and associate in the *Evening Post*, occupies a residence on a bald eminence overlooking the inlet, immediately adjoining that of Bryant. As we strolled through Mr. Godwin's grounds toward the beach by a straight pathway, I asked Bryant if this was the taste of Godwin. "No," he emphatically replied, "we both abhor straight lines. See how beautiful this pathway might be made by winding around yonder slope!"

Bryant is possessed of a very restive temperament, which frequently renders a change of scene almost a matter of necessity. He has gratified this penchant on five different occasions by visiting Europe. Once he traveled in the Holy Land, in Egypt, and Turkey. He has also visited Cuba, and likewise made long journeys through the United States. On his second visit to Europe and first to England, Edward Everett was the American Minister at the Court of St. James. Upon the arrival of Bryant in London he gave him a breakfast, at which Tom Moore, Kenyon, and Rogers were present. The only American guest besides Bryant at the table was Charles Augustus Davis, the author of the "Jack Downing Letters."

Upon leaving the house Rogers accompanied Bryant, and asked him to what part of the town he intended to go. Bryant replied, to St. James's Street.

"Come with me, then," said Rogers, "and I will show you the nearest way to St. James's Street."

On their way they passed through St. James's Park. Rogers approached a small gateway leading from the park, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked it, and they reached a small inclosure, exquisitely arranged, directly in the rear of Rogers's house, which he invited Bryant to enter, and showed him a large number of the curiosities it contained, and, among others, the original draft of the bill of sale from Milton to his publisher, by which he parted with the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £5.

Bryant informed Rogers that he had brought a letter of introduction to him from Cole. Rogers replied that it was altogether unnecessary, as he had long known him by his writings; he would, however, be pleased to receive the letter from Cole as an autograph.

Nor did Rogers speak in this case without reason; for thirteen years prior to this interview Washington Irving, then a resident of London, in editing an English edition of Bryant's poems, dedicated the work to Rogers in an admirable letter, in which he says that during an intimacy of some years standing, he had remarked the interest which Rogers had taken in the rising fortunes and character of America, and the disposition he had to foster American talent whether in literature or art, which induced him, as a tribute of gratitude, to dedicate to him the works of one whose writings were essentially American, and who transports us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, and the banks of the wild, nameless stream.

An alteration of two lines in these poems to suit the publisher involved Irving in the only newspaper controversy in which he was ever engaged. Bryant has recently given his own version of this subject. "I should here mention," remarks he, "and I hope I may do it without much egotism, that when a volume of my poems was published here, in 1832, Mr. Verplanck had the kindness to send a copy of it to Irving, desiring him to find a publisher for it in England. This he readily engaged to do, though wholly unacquainted with me, and offered the volume to Murray. 'Poetry does not sell at present,' said Murray, and declined it. A bookseller in Bond Street named Andrews undertook its publication, but required that Irving should introduce it with a preface of his own. He did so, speaking of my verses in such terms as would naturally command for them the attention of the public, and allowing his name to be placed on the title-page as editor. The edition in consequence found a sale. It happened, however, that the publisher objected to two lines in a poem called the 'Song of Marion's Men.' One of them was,

'The British soldier trembles,'  
and Irving good-naturedly consented that it should be altered to

'The foeman trembles in his camp.'  
The other was of a similar character."

In his answer to the *Plaindealer*, which made the attack, some allusion was made that seemed to imply that Bryant had something to do with the attack. To remove this impression he sent to that paper a note, saying that he never complained of the alterations, and though they were not such as he would have made, he was certain they were done with the kindest feelings, and that he had no sentiments but those of gratitude to Irving for the kindness he had done him. The explanation was accepted, and the two remained friends.

On parting with Bryant at the door of the house Rogers gave him a general invitation to breakfast whenever it suited his convenience, and likewise to bring with him any friend who chanced to be in London. He availed himself of this invitation to take Charles Leupp, who was traveling with him, to Rogers. He met at the table of Rogers Poole, the author of "Panl Pry," who he remembers as something of a *bon-vivant*, who partook very freely of snuff; Sir Charles Eastlake, a clever anthon as well as an artist; and Richard Monkton Milnes, who was not only a poet but a politician and a member of Parliament. Among the guests at Rogers's was the gentleman of whom George M. Dallas relates the anecdote that he had traveled all the way from Mount Vernon to St. Petersburg to present to the Emperor an acorn that he had gathered from the tomb of Washington. At first this gentleman found great difficulty in gaining admission, but the Emperor hearing of his persistent efforts, gave orders that he should have an audience. When in the presence of the Emperor, Nicholas demanded of him his business or wishes.

"I have come, Sire," said he, "to present to your Imperial Majesty an acorn which I plucked from the tomb of Washington."

The Emperor was pleased with the gift and amused with the bearer, and he was afterward admitted to the Imperial palace on friendly terms.

When Bryant parted with Rogers the latter, who was then quite advanced in years, told him they should never meet again. Upon the return of Bryant to Europe four years after, he again met Rogers, and at once pleasantly reminded him of his prediction that they should not meet again.

"I remember it," replied Rogers: "I have no business here; but I shall not long remain."

He was, however, alive in 1852, upon Bryant's third visit to Europe; but was at Brighton, and quite an invalid. Their last interview was in 1849, although Rogers lived some time after, and died near the age of ninety.

Bryant is nervously averse to filling public positions, and, so far as I know, occupies none. A few years since, when a vacancy occurred in

the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, he was elected to fill the vacant place. As the office was purely an honorary one, and connected with the educational interests of the State, I was confident that he would accept the trust; but to my great surprise he declined. On the accession of the party that elected Lincoln to power he was generally spoken of as the most proper representative of the Government in Italy, where he had recently spent some time, and was quite popular. I spoke to him of this rumor, and asked if he would accept the appointment. He replied that under no circumstances could he be induced to do so. "What," said he, "would I do in the formal atmosphere of a court society which derives its tone from the sunshine of royalty?"

I replied that nothing would please me better than to represent such a country as the United States, and that if the post were offered to me I should certainly accept it.

"It would suit you," replied he; "your tastes and associations fit you for such a post, but to me it would be an intolerable burden. No, no," he continued, "give me the pure air, the bright skies, and the green fields, and I will not envy others the possession of place or position."

Upon the occasion of the visit above alluded to "Cedarmere," the library-room, in which Bryant is accustomed to receive his friends, was dismantled and in the process of repairs to fit it for the accommodation of the accessions which, from time to time, are being made to the stock of books. The books themselves were scattered in piles around the house; and I had, consequently, no opportunity of examining them. It appeared to me, however, from a casual glance, that—with the exception of some excellent collections of German, French, Spanish, and Italian classics—it possessed none of those rarities which I had been accustomed to see in the costly collections of the "bibliophiles" whose lives are devoted apparently to the purpose of bringing rare books together. I laid my hand upon a handsomely bound copy of Godwin's first volume of the "History of France," and remarked that it was highly creditable to him, but, inquired I, since he has become associated with you in the *Post*, I take it the further continuance of this work will be abandoned?

"I suppose," said he, "he is now engaged in contemporaneous history, and must leave that which is past."

I expressed my regret, and remarked that I could almost hope that some event might occur to compel him to return to the task for whose proper accomplishment he had given so excellent an earnest.

Bryant's custom is to write with great care, and more particularly in his poetical productions. He is a rigid censor upon his own works.

"No one has an idea," said he, on one occasion, in speaking of his habit of writing poetry, "how much I reject."

He seldom writes in the after part of the day,

but devotes the afternoon to out-door exercise or rural employments, and the evening to social intercourse. He is fortunately freed from the necessity for excessive toil, and in the possession of a competency sufficiently large to supply every reasonable want. Relieved from the pressure of care, in the enjoyment of a well-earned fame, and possessing the esteem and affection of a large circle of friends, the evening of life is approaching with a gentleness that betokens a happy and dreamless repose.

### EARLY SECESSIONISTS.

THE "secession movements" in the Southern States in the year 1861 have prototypes in miniature in the early days of the republic. Then, as now, a few bold men controlled the many, but not for base or selfish purposes. Let us hear what history says on the subject.

On a pleasant afternoon in June, 1776, a pioneer, six-and-thirty years of age, bearing a captain's commission, and commanding a little garrison in a small stockade fort on the Watauga River, in Western North Carolina, between the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains, was introduced to a young woman in a most marvelous manner. The records of gallantry afford no parallel. All around him was a wilderness. His little fort was in the midst of a clearing, the trees from which formed his barracks and his palisades. For days he had been expecting an attack from a band of Cherokees, with old Abraham, a noted chief, at their head, for he knew they were out upon the war-path. The sharp report of a rifle fell upon his ears, and looking in the direction of the sound he saw, emerging from the dark forest and flying in the bright sunlight of the clearing toward the fort with the speed of a roe, a tall, slender girl, closely pursued by old Abraham and his savage warriors. They cut off her approach to the gate, when she turned suddenly, leaped the palisades, and fell, almost exhausted, into the arms of the gallant Captain, who had watched the chase with the most intense interest. She was the lovely Catharine Sherrill, the acknowledged beauty among the settlers of the Holston region, who had come down from the mountain districts of Virginia and North Carolina. Long years afterward she was heard to say that she would be willing to have another such race, if necessary, for the joy of another introduction like that and its happy results. She became the loving and much-loved wife of the Captain, and the mother of ten children.

That captain was John Sevier, born on the banks of the Shenandoah, in Virginia, an honored soldier and patriot of the Revolution, and one of the founders of the State of Tennessee. He was the most conspicuous actor in the scenes of early secession, which we are about to consider.

It was during the colonial period that settlements were made on the Holston, Watauga, and Nolachucky rivers, in the beautiful valleys among

the middle Appalachian Mountains. The settlers were beyond the care and the power of the laws of the parent colonies, yet they revered statutes and venerated order. To cherish and preserve these more efficiently, they established a little dependent commonwealth called "The Watauga Government," in 1772, and elected John Sevier one of four delegates to a Convention held at Halifax, in North Carolina, that year. In 1777 he was a member of the House of Commons of that State, and procured full recognition of "The Watauga Government." The State laws were extended over it; courts were established; and in honor of the great leader of the armies then in the field, it was called "Washington District."

From that time we find Sevier as lieutenant-colonel in the active service of his country, in beating back the marauding Indians, and smiting the malignant Tories on the western borders of the Carolinas. He won imperishable honors at King's Mountain in 1780, and was commissioned Colonel of his district, then erected into a county of the same name. He became a sort of civil and military chief—an oracle and guide—by common consent; and he was even addressed by those who honored and admired him, and who, perhaps, had dreams of an independent commonwealth beyond the mountains, as "His Excellency"—the common title of a governor.

The war for Independence being ended, and the public danger being overpast, the people of the new republic turned anxiously to the contemplation of their condition, public and private. They found themselves burdened with a foreign and domestic debt, Federal and State, of more than seventy millions of dollars. The limited commerce of the Confederacy had been nearly destroyed during the war, and a revenue from duties on imports could not be relied on. Taxation seemed to be the only sure method by which the public credit might be sustained.

The Congress was powerless to *command*. It was the representative of a league of sovereign States, jealous of each other, and who had now assumed their respective positions of independent sovereignties. The central government was one only in name, for it possessed no national power, and could only *recommend* measures, and *entreat* the States to adopt them. It did so, but in vain. The inherent elements of dissolution, incident to the condition of a mere confederacy, had begun its disintegrating work. The impoverished people regarded increased taxation as tyranny, and the Federal Congress was contemned and defied. The States were rapidly drifting toward the abyss of British colonial dependency out of which they had just emerged, and were saved only by the Constitution of 1787, in which *the people* declared themselves to be one indissoluble NATION.

To replenish its exhausted treasury and revive its waning credit, the Congress asked such of the States as possessed vacant and unappropriated lands to cede them to the United States, to be employed in providing funds to liquidate

the public debt. North Carolina was the owner of vast tracts of such lands beyond her mountains, and patriotically responded to the appeal by ceding to the United States in June, 1784, the territory now comprising the State of Tennessee. In the act of cession North Carolina reserved the right of jurisdiction over that domain until the Congress should accept the gift, it having been provided by that body, that, if such acceptance should not be formally made within two years, the transaction should be void.

The people in the ceded region (then comprising three counties), incited by a few leading spirits, among whom was Colonel Sevier, denounced this summary disposition of their territory as a usurpation. They had already complained of many grievances; among them, of being neglected by the parent State, and of having been insulted with ungenerous suspicions of their integrity, when they presented claims for services against, and losses by, the savages who brooded on all their borders. They felt that this act on the part of their brethren east of the mountains, notwithstanding their own representatives voted for it, was simply a method to accomplish a "good riddance" of poor relations; and that they were now left wholly to their own resources, the State having practically abdicated its power. They believed the Congress would not formally accept the cession, and that they were left in a state of political orphanage, with no prop for support but their own inherent resources. Upon these resources they immediately leaned. A convention of representatives of the three counties was held at Jonesborough on the 23d of August. The doctrine of independent State sovereignty gave them a warrant for seceding from North Carolina, and they accordingly, by a unanimous vote, declared the three Counties of Washington, Sullivan, and Greene, independent of the parent State. This decision was immediately made known to a crowd of anxious citizens outside of the convention, and was hailed with unanimous approbation.

On the following day a plan of government was presented, in the form of a report, in which was drawn a glowing picture of the swift-coming splendors of the new confederacy, when populations should flow in to partake of the common blessings; when travelers innumerable should spend little fortunes among them; and when gold and silver in abundance would be the only circulating medium in their paradise. The idea of returning to the old Union was scouted as preposterous, and as dangerous to their wonderful prospective greatness. "All these advantages," they said, "acquired and accidental, together with many more that might be mentioned, while we are connected with the old counties, may not only be nearly useless to us, but many of them prove injurious; and this will always be the case during a connection with them, because they are the most numerous, and consequently will always be able to make us subservient to them."

The seceding counties, willing to have acces-

sions to their confederacy, agreed to allow others to come in, especially "any contiguous parts of Virginia" that should "make application;" kindly declaring that they should "be received and enjoy the same privileges that we do, may, or shall enjoy." A provisional government, formed on the basis of the constitution of the parent State, was agreed to, to be referred to a new convention to meet the next year. After directing all public officers having public funds in their hands to retain such moneys until a fair settlement between the new confederacy and the old State should be made, and providing for a convention to "form a constitution and give a name to the independent State," they adjourned.

The second convention met in November, and broke up in confusion. Clashing interests and opinions produced great discord. Some, who discovered the evils which secession would produce, were favorable to "a longer adherence to the mother State," hoping she would redress all grievances; while others, resolved on independence at all hazards, that they might participate in the glories of the promised splendid transmontane empire, would listen to no propositions for reconstruction. They regarded the separation from the old and hated Union as complete.

The Legislature of North Carolina, informed of these secession movements, entertained and acted upon propositions for compromise. They repealed the Cession Act, formed a judicial district of the western counties, appointed an assistant judge and attorney-general for the Superior Court, and commissioned the great secession leader, Colonel Sevier, a Brigadier-General.

That gentleman was satisfied. In a public address at Jonesborough he declared his belief that the mother State would redress all grievances, and advised the people to proceed no further in their disunion plans. But the people would not listen. The politicians could no longer control them. They wanted their glorious visions of promised greatness to be realized; and Sevier was regarded by the more violent as a submissionist. The Provisional Government was put into operation. Members of a General Assembly, according to the laws of North Carolina, were elected, and met in Jonesborough early in 1785. Landon Carter was chosen President of the Senate, and William Cage Speaker of the House of Commons. They appointed General Sevier Governor, established an independent judiciary system, and called the new confederacy of counties the STATE OF FRANKLIN, in honor of the great American patriot, statesman, and sage, from whom the little bantling of a republic never received a word of thanks, or of approbation of its birth or existence, or of recognition even.

Governor Sevier sent to the Governor of North Carolina official notice of the secession of the western counties, the inhabitants of which, he represented, "no longer considered themselves under the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the parent State." Governor Martin immediately called a meeting of his Council, to be held on

the 22d of April. The result was, after three days' deliberation, the issuing of a proclamation announcing the fact of a revolt in the west, and summoning the Legislature to meet at Newbern on the 1st of June, and the putting forth of a manifesto in which the alleged grounds of separation were considered at length, and all concerned in the revolt were exhorted to return to their allegiance. "By such rash and irregular conduct," he said, "a precedent is formed for every district, and even every county in the State, to claim the right of separation and independence for any supposed grievance of the inhabitants, as caprice, pride, and ambition shall dictate, at pleasure, thereby exhibiting to the world a melancholy instance of *a feeble or pusillanimous Government, that is either unable or dares not restrain the lawless designs of its citizens.*"..... "I know with reluctance," he said, "the State will be *driven to arms*; it will be the last alternative to *imbrue her hands in the blood of her citizens*; but if no other ways or means are found to *save her honor* and reclaim her headstrong, refractory citizens but this last sad expedient, her resources are not yet so exhausted or her spirits damped but she may take satisfaction for this great injury received, and regain her government over the revolted territory, or render it not worth possessing."

This manifesto was circulated in manuscript, and read among the citizens of the insurgent district. It caused many to reflect more seriously, and to scrutinize more closely the alleged causes which justified secession. The more thoughtful citizens wished to return to their allegiance, and a large Union party was discovered; but a great majority of the inhabitants, influenced by ambitious men, resolved to maintain their independence. New settlers were rapidly augmenting the population, and a part of adjacent Virginia promised soon to secede from the Old Dominion and be annexed to the confederate "STATE OF FRANKLIN."

Governor Sevier issued a counter manifesto; and Governor Caswell, who had succeeded Martin, replied to it. But these documents failed to awaken much public interest cast of the mountains. Even the members of the Legislature disregarded the Governor's call for a session; and the people of FRANKLIN were left to do as they pleased. The pleasure of the majority was to build up a State, and on the 14th of November, 1785, a convention was held at Greenville to form a permanent Constitution. Harmony was absent. A draft, submitted by a committee, in form to "secure," as they said, "the poor and the ruled from being trampled on by the rich and rulers," was rejected. There was love for the old Union in the hearts of most of the members, and, by a small majority, the Constitution of North Carolina, a little remodeled, was adopted as the organic law of FRANKLIN.

Meanwhile the little cloud of secession in the adjacent county in Virginia had assumed vast proportions in the minds of a few leaders. They were indisposed to hold a secondary position in

the grand scheme of empire in the West, and their ambition was not content to move in the circumscribed field of actual settlements. Their pride revolted at the idea of annexation to FRANKLIN, or even co-operation with that little State. They resolved to erect a vast independent empire that should extend over all the wilderness east of the Mississippi, from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, embracing Western Virginia, Kentucky, all FRANKLIN (Tennessee), Alabama, Mississippi, and a part of Georgia. This project—the conception of a few Virginia theorists, having no practical idea as a basis—was soon abandoned, for no sensible man gave it his sanction; while the Commonwealth of Virginia, with Patrick Henry at its head, menaced it with its most vengeful but inconsistent frowns. It was only a legitimate production of the doctrine of independent State sovereignty.

The people of FRANKLIN proceeded to assume all the functions of sovereignty. They organized new counties, until the confederacy numbered seven; levied taxes, appropriated money, formed treaties with the neighboring Indian tribes, and established a currency. The promised abundance of gold and silver, and the presence of spendthrift travelers with pockets full of the precious metals, were only seen in dreams. Their currency was as primitive as that of the antediluvians, and as multiform as the natural productions of their country. The metallic currency of North Carolina was made the standard of value and the gauge of fiscal operations. Good flax linen, of certain fineness, was valued at three shillings and six-pence a yard; good clean beaver skins, six shillings each; raccoon and fox skins, one shilling and three-pence; deer skins, six shillings; cased otter skins, six shillings; beaver, well cured, six-pence a pound; good distilled rye whisky, two shillings and six-pence a gallon; good country-made sugar, one shilling a pound; tallow at six-pence, etc. It was enacted that "All salaries and allowances hereby made shall be paid by any treasurer, sheriff, or collector of public taxes, to any person entitled to the same, to be paid in specific articles [some of them above-enumerated], as collected, and at the rates allowed by the State for the same; or in current money [a pleasant fiction!] of the State of FRANKLIN." It has been judicially declared that the salaries of the Governor, Officers of State, and Judges were paid in fox skins, and those of sheriffs, constables, and inferior officers in mink skins. This currency was accepted as good, and no one thought of fluctuation or depreciation until confidence in it was shaken by daring counterfeiters. Opossum skins were almost worthless, while raccoon skins were valued at one shilling and six-pence. The counterfeiters sewed raccoons' tails upon opossum skins, passed the mongrel as genuine "coons," and thus brought discredit upon the whole currency of FRANKLIN.

But the political current of the new Government did not long run smoothly. Serious obstructions appeared. There were Union men in

abundance in every precinct sighing for restoration to the arms of the indulgent Mother State. These desires were heightened and strengthened by the mild and conciliatory measures adopted by the Legislature at Newbern, in the autumn of 1785. They passed an Act, offering to bury in oblivion the memory of all past disloyal conduct of the people of FRANKLIN, if they would return to their allegiance, and appoint officers, civil and military, in place of the incumbents under the Sevier dynasty. The voters of the three original insurgent counties were empowered to choose representatives in the North Carolina Legislature, according to the laws of the parent State; and judges were appointed to hold courts in those counties.

This action of North Carolina was the wedge that split and finally destroyed the State of FRANKLIN. It emboldened loyal citizens, who spoke out bravely. Disaffection to the rebel Government appeared in the broad daylight, especially in Washington County; and Colonel John Tipton, one of the most ardent of the secessionists at the beginning, became the valiant head of the Union men. He and Sevier were the leaders and the representatives of the opposing parties; and their feuds and exploits, as such, afford both a melancholy and amusing chapter in the early history of Tennessee.

Early in 1786 FRANKLIN was a divided State, and fearfully agitated by menaces of civil war. Sevier stood firmly and bravely at the head of the seceders; Tipton stood as firmly and as bravely at the head of the Unionists. They were both residents of Washington County, where the rebellion first took root, and where the first symptoms of its decay appeared. The former denounced the latter as a traitor and submissionist; the latter denounced the former as a rebel and a disturber of the public peace. The quarrel between them became bitter and uncompromising, and their respective followers participated in their animosity.

Tipton was elected to a seat in the Senate of North Carolina, with legislative colleagues for the Lower House. North Carolina Judges were appointed for FRANKLIN, and courts were held in the same counties under both Governments. Laws for FRANKLIN were enacted by both Assemblies, and taxes were levied by the authorities of both States. The bewildered people were relieved of a burden, for in their innocence and perplexity they could not decide to whom their allegiance was due, and they prudently resolved to pay taxes to neither. They rather liked this uncertain condition of affairs.

Matters were soon brought to a crisis. Tipton openly refused obedience to the FRANKLIN Government, and was diligent in the establishment of courts under the authority of North Carolina. One was established at Buffalo, in Washington County, within ten miles of Jonesborough, where that of FRANKLIN was held. Provocations became plentiful, and collisions ensued. The sheriffs of each jurisdiction were compelled at times to pass within that of the

other, when rencounters were sure to take place. The qualification of a candidate for that office was tested by the questions—Can he fight? Will he fight? Interference with each other became daily more frequent and irritating; and finally Colonel Tipton, at the head of a considerable party, entered Jonesborough, where a FRANKLIN county-court was in session, repaired to the court-house, seized all the papers, and turned the justices and jurors into the street. Sevier retaliated by a similar raid upon the North Carolina court at Buffalo, and with a similar result. These hostile transactions occurred frequently during the year 1786. On one occasion the two leaders met. A quarrel was the immediate consequence, and a personal combat soon followed, in which the friends of each freely participated, to the disgrace of all.

Sevier perceived the sinking fortunes of FRANKLIN, and sought foreign aid. He applied to Dr. Franklin for sympathy and advice. He appealed for support to the Governor of Georgia, and offered the alliance of FRANKLIN in the prosecution of war against the Creek and Cherokee Indians as a bribe for his recognition. He addressed friendly importunities to the malcontents of Western Virginia; and appointed commissioners to negotiate for separation with the Government of North Carolina. "I am authorized," he said in a letter to the Governor, which he sent by the commissioners, "to say there is no set of people can think more highly of your Government than those who want a separation, and they only wish it to answer their better convenience; and, though wanting to be separated in Government, wish to be united in friendship, and hope that mutual good offices may pass between the parent and infant State." But the Governor's importunities were in vain. He could not find any one out of his confederacy willing to recognize the independence of FRANKLIN, or even to acknowledge the validity of its Government. There was a tacit proclamation of neutrality from every body. They could see neither political wisdom nor promises of success and prosperity in the secession movement, and wisely declined to interfere. Even the Continental Congress, whose authority the State of FRANKLIN had never denied, refused to notice a delegate from it, who claimed a seat in the Federal council.

Sevier, with a perseverance and courage which commands our admiration, was not dismayed by discouragements. He was resolved to contend for the existence of a Government which he had been chiefly instrumental in creating; and when he found his hopes of foreign aid to be futile, he summoned to action the internal strength of the confederate counties. Early in 1787 the FRANKLIN Legislature, in session at Greenville, acting under the inspiration of the Governor, passed an act to fine and imprison any person who should dare to act under the authority of North Carolina within the domains of the insurgent State. They also empowered the Governor to raise the militia to oppose the execution of the laws of

North Carolina within the precincts of FRANKLIN. Having failed in his negotiations to have the Mother State agree to a separation, he followed up these legislative acts by hurling defiance in the face of the mother, and scorning all her words of kindness, addressed as to a wayward child. "I had the fullest hopes and confidence," he said in a letter to Governor Caswell, "that that body would have either agreed to the separation on honorable principles and stipulations, or otherwise endeavored to have reunited us upon such terms as might have been lasting and friendly; but I find myself and country entirely deceived; and if your Assembly have thought their measures would answer such an end, they are greatly mistaken.....We shall continue to act as independent, and would rather suffer death in all its various and frightful shapes than conform to any thing that is disgraceful."

Caswell, unwilling to use coercive measures, wrote a kind and soothing letter to Sevier, and another to the people of FRANKLIN, in which he assured them that in due time a new State would be regularly formed west of the mountains. These epistles were wise and most salutary; and the latter inflicted such a mortal wound upon the insurgent government that it survived only a few months. The adherents of Sevier and his government daily diminished in numbers and swelled the ranks of the loyal Union men. Allegiance to North Carolina and a desire to abandon the secession scheme were every where visible. In some places elections were not held for members of the FRANKLIN Assembly, while delegates to the Legislature of North Carolina were chosen in several districts. Only two of the seven counties of the little confederacy adhered to Sevier and his fortunes; and even in these there was a strong undercurrent of Union feeling. Harassed and perplexed, the Governor invited Georgia to mediate between North Carolina and FRANKLIN. He also sent another embassy to the Mother State, to negotiate for a separation. These efforts failed, and Governor Sevier turned his attention to the raising of an army ostensibly to co-operate with Georgia in the invasion and subjugation of the Creek Indians.

At this time there was much irritation felt toward the Spanish authorities in the Southwest, who, it was believed, instigated the Indians to make war on the frontier settlements. Many restless spirits in Kentucky, Western Virginia, FRANKLIN, and Georgia conceived a scheme for seizing the Spanish ports of Natchez, Mobile, and New Orleans. At about this time the FRANKLIN government authorized the erection of a fort at the Great Bend of the Tennessee River, in the present Upper Alabama; and the people of that insurgent State were charged with being the chief instigators of and actors in the proposed movement against the Spanish ports. The Federal Government then being friendly with Spain, took measures to prevent mischief, and FRANKLIN was regarded with much suspicion as an aspirant for independence even of the Federal Union.

But FRANKLIN, as a State, was too feeble for mischief had it designed any. The last meeting of its Legislature was held in September, 1787, and at the close of that year the short-lived commonwealth died of political marasmus. The Legislature failed to elect a State council, and the Governor was left alone. The head of the State was vigorous, but the rest of it was reduced to a skeleton. Anarchy ensued; and yet as late as January, 1788, the irrepressible Sevier endeavored to animate his few political adherents with hopes of final success.

At about this time the sheriff of Washington County, acting under the authority of North Carolina, seized the greater portion of Governor Sevier's negroes on his farm on the Nolachucky River. They were taken for safe keeping to the house of Colonel Tipton, his enemy, who had lately failed in a scheme to make Sevier prisoner. The Governor's ire was fearfully excited. He regarded the act as an invasion of the sovereign State of FRANKLIN. He immediately raised one hundred and fifty men, principally in Greene County, and with a small cannon proceeded to Tipton's house on the Watauga. It was partly a surprise. Tipton had only fifteen of his friends with him when Sevier appeared and demanded the instant and unconditional surrender of all in the house. Tipton, who was as resolute as the Governor, defied him. He sent word to him to "fire and be damned." Sevier then sent a written summons to surrender. Tipton sent it to the Colonel of the adjoining county, and asked for aid, at the same time refusing all intercourse with his besieger. A reinforcement for Tipton came, under Colonel Maxwell, when the whole party sallied out with shouts, and the troops of Sevier, panic-stricken, fled in all directions, leaving their little cannon behind. Two persons were mortally wounded, and several of Sevier's men were made prisoners. Among the latter were the Governor's two sons, whom the exasperated Tipton was disposed to hang upon the spot. Friends of both parties interposed, and they were saved. Sevier escaped. This was the death-blow to FRANKLIN.

These transactions produced the wildest excitement and most intense animosity in that region. Civil discord was almost on the point of breaking out into a flame of civil war. At that moment a messenger of peace and good-will appeared and calmed the storm. He was the venerated Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Church, who went there to hold the *first conference* west of the mountain. In his Diary, under date of April 28, 1788, he recorded:

"We reached the head of Watauga; came to Greer's. The people are in disorder about the Old and New state; two or three men have been killed. At Nelson's I had a less audience than was expected; the people having been called away on an expedition against the New-state men." A few days afterward, he recorded: "Came to Hussia're's and Keywood's, where we held Conference three days; and I preached each day. The weather was cold, the room

without fire, and otherwise uncomfortable. We, nevertheless, made out to keep our seats until we had finished the essential part of our business."

That Conference is represented as having been like "oil poured upon troubled waters." It was a great novelty in the wilds of the Watauga; and the presence and precepts of the sainted Asbury converted many bitter partisans into brethren and friends.

Although the State of FRANKLIN had expired, its governor was alive and active. He kept the people in a turmoil—so much so that the Governor of North Carolina who succeeded Caswell was inclined to send a military force there to quell insubordination. He received such representations of Sevier's conduct that, at the close of July, he issued an order for his arrest, in which it was recited that he styled "himself Captain-General of the State of FRANKLIN," and was "guilty of high treason in levying troops to oppose the laws and government of this State, and has, with an armed force, put to death several good citizens."

Sevier was then on the frontier, at the head of troops, ostensibly for the purpose of fighting the Indians. He performed excellent service there that season in giving security to the scattered frontier settlements. In October following he was arrested by Tipton and others, and taken in irons to the jail at Jonesborough. From thence he was carried, under a strong guard, to Morgantown, in Burke County, North Carolina, and placed in the custody of the sheriff. This act aroused all the mountaineers and the dwellers in the valleys. Sevier was beloved for his manly virtues by all but a few personal rivals, even by those who condemned his political course. The manner of his arrest was regarded as a great outrage; and, armed *cap-à-pie*, they flew to the rescue. Many of his old followers were immediately seen in the rough pathways over the mountains nerved with a determination of releasing him at all hazards, even if the burning of Morgantown should be necessary to effect it.

On his way, as a captive, Sevier passed by the window of Colonel M'Dowell, one of his brave companions-in-arms at King's Mountain. M'Dowell and his brother accompanied the prisoner to Morgantown, and became his sureties for a few days while he should visit his brother-in-law. This accomplished, Sevier returned promptly, released his sureties, and prepared for trial. He was summoned before the court. A very large crowd was assembled. His friends (among them his two sons) were hovering about the borders of the town. One by one they came in, hid their rifles, tied their horses to trees, and mingled with the crowd as curious spectators. One animal was left loose. It was Governor Sevier's race-mare, which Major Evans, a faithful friend, had brought with him. She was left at the court-house door, the bridle thrown carelessly over her neck, while the Major, unknown, walked as carelessly about among the people. Another friend, named Cozby, entered the court-room. There sat Sevier arraigned at the bar,

and on trial for high treason. He had seen his mare at the door, and knew that his friends were near. Cozby's appearance gave further assurance, but both were careful not to reveal their acquaintanceship. At length there was a pause in the trial, when Cozby, a tall, athletic man, with quick, loud voice, stepped in front of the judge, and, pointing toward the prisoner, asked, "Are you done with that man?" The court and spectators were startled, and in the confusion that ensued Sevier sprang to the door, leaped upon his mare, and, with a speed that outstripped every thing that pursued, he escaped toward the Chattanooga mountains, followed by his friends, who made the forest ring with shouts of triumph.

A general oblivion and pardon for all offenders in FRANKLIN, which the Legislature of North Carolina had proclaimed in 1788, were withheld from Sevier, because he was an arch-traitor; and he was now on the frontier, between his loving followers and the dusky savages, a proscribed outlaw, deprived of all the franchises of a freeman, debarred from holding any offices of trust or profit. Yet he did not hide like a fugitive from justice. He was active, and bold, and ready to serve his friends as counselor or representative. The State of FRANKLIN was no more, and he candidly acknowledged the fact. Its inhabitants were now loyal children of the parent State; and they, trusting with filial faith to the leniency of the injured mother, whose strength and dignity had been vindicated, and whose magnanimity had been made free to act, they elected that proscribed outlaw to represent them in the Legislature of North Carolina. With a halter about his neck, as it were, Sevier went boldly to Fayetteville on the second of November, 1789, where the Assembly was in session. He expressed his penitence; took the oath of allegiance; was purified of the attainder of treason; was restored to citizenship by an act of the Legislature, and took his seat as a representative in that body. During the session he was reinstated in his office of Brigadier-General for all the western counties; and administrations granted by the courts of FRANKLIN were confirmed, and marriages contracted under the laws of the insurgent State were legalized.

Sevier was further honored by his constituents by an election to a seat in the Congress of the United States in the spring of 1790. He had no competitor for the office, for every voter on the Cumberland and Holston gave him his suffrage. On the 16th of June following he took his seat in Congress, then sitting in New York for the last time. He was the first representative in the National Legislature from the vast regions west of the great mountains, where so many hundreds of thousands of people now dwell. He was the sole representative of the inhabitants of the broad and beautiful domain comprised within the present State of Tennessee. The Congress had lately accepted that domain offered by a new act of cession by the Legislature of North Carolina, and it was erected into a territory, with Knoxville as its seat of government. In 1796, a convention formed a State constitution, which Mr. Jefferson alleged was "the least imperfect and most republican" of all that had been adopted. On the suggestion of General Andrew Jackson, the largest river of the domain, bearing a sweet Indian name, furnished that of the new State, and it was called TENNESSEE. General Sevier was elected Governor; and in June, 1796, the National Congress admitted it into the Union.

John Sevier, the early secessionist, was always an honored citizen of the State of which he was the principal founder. His record of patriotism, notwithstanding the stain that fell upon it in his middle life, is bright. He was twelve years Governor of the State; and in 1811 he was again elected to a seat in Congress from the Knoxville district. He was an efficient member of the Committee on Military Affairs during the war of 1812-'15. In the latter year, President Madison appointed him a commissioner to run the boundary lines of territory which had been ceded to the United States by the Creek Indians. In September, while in the performance of the duties of his mission, he died in his tent of malarious fever, and was buried with military honors at the Indian village of Tuckabatchee, on the eastern bank of the Tallapoosa River, in Alabama. A monument to his memory has been erected in a cemetery at Nashville.

### THE BRONZE STATUE.

UPLIFTED when the April sun was down,  
Gold-lighted, by the tremulous, fluttering beam,  
Touching his glimmering steed with spurs in gleam,  
The Great Virginia Colonel into town  
Rode, with the scabbard, emptied, on his thigh,  
The Leader's hat upon his head, and lo!  
The old still manhood in his face aglow,  
And the old generalship up in his cye!  
"O father!" said I, speaking in my heart,  
"Though but thy bronzed form is ours alone,  
And marble lips here in thy chosen place,  
Rides not thy spirit into Washington,  
Or weeps thy Land, an orphan in the mart?"  
The twilight dying lit the deathless face.

## THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF SEINE, LOIRE, AND STYX (INFÉRIEUR).



OUR dear friend Mrs. Baynes was suffering under the influence of one of those panics which sometimes seized her, and during which she remained her husband's most obedient Eliza and vassal. When Baynes wore a certain expression of countenance, we have said that his wife knew resistance to be useless. That expression, I suppose, he assumed when he announced Charlotte's departure to her mother, and ordered Mrs. General Baynes to make the necessary preparations for the girl. "She might stay some time with her aunt," Baynes stated. "A change of air would do the child a great deal of good. Let every thing necessary in the shape of hats, bonnets, winter clothes, and so forth, be got ready." "Was Char, then, to stay away so long?" asked Mrs. B. "She has been so happy here that you want to keep her, and fancy she can't be happy without you!" I can fancy the general grimly replying to the partner of his existence. Hanging down her withered head, with a tear mayhap trickling down her cheek, I can fancy the old woman silently departing to do the bidding of her lord. She selects a trunk out of the store of Baynes's baggage. A young lady's trunk was a trunk in those days. Now it is a two or three storied edifice of wood, in which two or three full-grown bodies of young ladies (without crinoline) might be packed. I saw a little old country-woman at the Folkestone station last year with her traveling baggage contained in a bandbox tied up in an old cotton handkerchief hanging on her arm; and she surveyed Lady Knightsbridge's twenty-three black trunks, each well-nigh as large as her ladyship's opera-box. Before these great edifices that old woman stood wondering dumbly. That old lady and I had lived in a time when erinoline was not; and yet, I think, women looked even prettier in that time than they do now. Well, a trunk and a bandbox were fetched out of the baggage-heap for little

Charlotte, and I dare say her little brothers jumped and danced on the box with much energy to make the lid shut, and the general brought out his hammer and nails, and nailed a card on the box with "Mademoiselle Baynes" thereon printed. And mamma had to look on and witness those preparations. And Hely Walsingham had called; and he wouldn't call again, she knew; and that fair chanteuse for the establishment of her child was lost by the obstinacy of her self-willed, reckless husband. That woman had to water her soup with her furtive tears, to sit of nights behind hearts and spades and brood over her crushed hopes. If I contemplate that wretched old Niobe much longer I shall begin to pity her. Away softness! Take out thy arrows, the poisoned, the barbed, the rankling, and prod me the old creature well, god of the silver bow! Eliza Baynes had to look on, then, and see the trunks packed—to see her own authority over her own daughter wrested away from her—to see the undutiful girl prepare with perfect delight and alacrity to go away, without feeling a pang at leaving a mother who had nursed her through adverse illnesses, who had scolded her for seventeen years.

The general accompanied the party to the diligenee-office. Little Char was very pale and melancholy indeed when she took her place in the coupé. "She should have a corner; she had been ill, and ought to have a corner," Uncle Mae said, and cheerfully consented to be bodkin. Our three special friends are seated. The other passengers clamber into their places. Away goes the clattering team as the general waves an adieu to his friends. "Monstrous fine horses those gray Normans; famous breed, indeed," he remarks to his wife on his return.

"Indeed," she echoes. "Pray, in what part of the carriage was Mr. Firmin?" she presently asks.

"In no part of the carriage at all!" Baynes answers, fiercely, turning beet-root red. And thus, though she had been silent, obedient, hanging her head, the woman showed that she was aware of her master's schemes, and why her girl had been taken away. She knew; but she was beaten. It remained for her but to be silent and bow her head. I dare say she did not sleep one wink that night. She followed the diligenee in its journey. "Char is gone," she thought. "Yes; in due time he will take from me the obedience of my other children, and tear them out of my lap." He—that is, the general—was sleeping meanwhile. He had had in the last few days four awful battles—with his child, with his friends, with his wife—in which latter combat he had been conqueror. No wonder Baynes was tired and needed rest. Any one of those engagements was enough to weary the veteran.

If we take the liberty of looking into double-

bedded rooms, and peering into the thoughts which are passing under private night-eaps, may we not examine the coupé of a jingling diligenee with an open window, in which a young lady sits wide awake by the side of her uncle and aunt? These perhaps are asleep; but she is not. Ah! she is thinking of another journey! that blissful one from Boulogne, when *he* was there yonder in the imperial, by the side of the conductor. When the MaeWhirter party had come to the diligence-office, how her little heart had beat! How she had looked under the lamps at all the people lounging about the court! How she had listened when the elerk ealled out the names of the passengers; and, mercy, what a fright she had been in, lest he should be there after all, while she stood yet leaning on her fath'r's arm! But there was no— Well, names, I think, need scarcely be mentioned. There was no sign of the individual in question. Papa kissed her, and sadly said good-by. Good Madame Smolensk came with an adieu and an embrase for her dear Miss, and whispered, "Courage, mon enfant;" and then said, "Hold, I have brought you some bonbons." There they were in a little packet. Little Charlotte put the packet into her little basket. Away goes the diligence, but the individual had made no sign.

Away goes the diligence; and every now and then Charlotte feels the little packet in her little basket. What does it contain—oh, what? If Charlotte could but read with her heart, she would see into that little packet—the sweetest bonbon of all perhaps it might be, or ah me! the bitterest almond! Through the night goes the diligenee, passing relay after relay. Uncle Mae sleeps. I think I have said he snored. Aunt Mac is quite silent, and Char sits plaintively with her lonely thoughts and her bonbons, as miles, hours, relays pass.

"*These ladies, will they descend and take a cup of coffee, a cup of bouillon?*" at last eries a waiter at the coupé door, as the carriage stops in Orleans. "By all means a cup of coffee," says aunt Mac. "The little Orleans wine is good," eries uncle Mac. "Descendons!" "This way, madame," says the waiter. "Charlotte, my love, some coffee?"

"I will—I will stay in the carriage. I don't want any thing, thank you," says Miss Charlotte. And the instant her relations are gone, entering the gate of the Lion Noir, where, you know, are the Bureaux des Messageries, Lafitte, Caillard, et Cie—I say, on the very instant when her relations have disappeared, what do you think Miss Charlotte does?

She opens that paeket of bonbons with fingers that tremble—tremble so, I wonder how she could undo the knot of the string (or do you think she had untied that knot under her shawl in the dark? I can't say. We never shall know). Well; she opens the packet. She does not care one fig for the lollipops, almonds, and so forth. She pounced on a little scrap of paper, and is going to read it by the lights of the

steaming stable lanterns, when—oh, what made her start so?

In those old days there used to be two diligenees which traveled nightly to Tours, setting out at the same hour, and stopping at almost the same relays. The diligence of Lafitte and Caillard supped at the Lion Noir at Orleans—the diligence of the Messageries Royales stopped at the Ecu de France, hard by.

Well, as the Messageries Royales are supping at the Ecu de France, a passenger strolls over from that coach, and strolls and strolls until he comes to the coach of Lafitte, Caillard, and Company, and to the coupé window where Miss Baynes is trying to decipher her bonbon.

He comes up—and as the night-lamps fall on his face and beard—his rosy face, his yellow beard—oh! What means that scream of the young lady in the coupé of Lafitte, Caillard, et Compagnie! I declare she has dropped the letter which she was about to read. It has dropped into a pool of mud under the diligence off fore-wheel. And he with the yellow beard, and a sweet happy laugh, and a tremble in his deep voice, says, "You need not read it. It was only to tell you what you know."

Then the coupé window says, "Oh, Philip! Oh, my—"

My what? You can not hear the words, because the gray Norman horses come squeeling and clattering up to their coach-pole with such accompanying cries and imprecations from the horsekeepers and postillions that no wonder the little warble is lost. It was not intended for you and me to hear; but perhaps you can guess the purport of the words. Perhaps in quite old, old days, you may remember having heard such little whispers, in a time when the song-birds in your grove earoled that kind of song very pleasantly and freely. But this, my good madam, is a February number. The birds are gone: the branches are bare: the gardener has actually swept the leaves off the walks: and the whole affair is an affair of a past year, you understand. Well! *carpe diem, fugit hora*, etc. etc. There, for one minute, for two minutes, stands Philip over the diligence off fore-wheel, talking to Charlotte at the window, and their heads are quite close—quite close. What are those two pairs of lips warbling, whispering?

"Hi! Gare! Ohé!" The horsekeepers, I say, quite prevent you from hearing; and here come the passengers out of the Lion Noir, aunt Mac still munching a great slice of bread-and-butter. Charlotte is quite comfortable, and does not want any thing, dear aunt, thank you. I hope she nestles in her corner and has a sweet slumber. On the journey the twin diligences pass and repass each other. Perhaps Charlotte looks out of her window sometimes and toward the other carriage. I don't know. It is a long time ago. What used you to do in old days, ere railroads were, and when diligences ran? They were slow enough: but they have got to their journey's end somehow. They were tight, hot, dusty, dear, stuffy, and uncomfortable; but

for all that, traveling was good sport sometimes. And if the world would have the kindness to go back for five-and-twenty or thirty years, some of us who have traveled on the Tours and Orleans Railway very comfortably would like to take the diligence journey now.

Having myself seen the city of Tours only last year, of course I don't remember much about it. A man remembers boyhood, and the first sight of Calais, and so forth. But after much travel or converse with the world, to see a new town is to be introduced to Jones. He is like Brown; he is not unlike Smith. In a little while you hash him up with Thompson. I dare not be particular, then, regarding Mr. Firmin's life at Tours, lest I should make topographical errors, for which the critical schoolmaster would justly inflict chastisement. In the last novel I read about Tours there were blunders from the effect of which you know the wretched author never recovered. It was by one Scott, and had young Quentin Durward for a hero, and Isabel de Croye for a heroine; and she sate in her hostel, and sang, "Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh." A pretty ballad enough; but what ignorance, my dear Sir! What descriptions of Tours, of Liége, are in that fallacious story! Yes, so fallacious and misleading, that I remember I was sorry, not because the description was unlike Tours, but because Tours was unlike the description.

So Quentin Firmin went and put up at the snug little hostel of the Faisan; and Isabel de Baynes took up her abode with her uncle, the Sire de MacWhirter; and I believe Master Firmin had no more money in his pocket than the Master Durward whose story the Scottish novelist told some forty years since. And I can not promise you that our young English adventurer shall marry a noble heiress of vast property, and engage the Boar of Ardennes in a hand-to-hand combat; that sort of Boar, madam, does not appear in our modern drawing-room histories. Of others, not wild, there be plenty. They gore you in clubs. They seize you by the doublet, and pin you against posts in public streets. They run at you in parks. I have seen them sit at bay after dinner, ripping, gashing, tossing a whole company. These our young adventurer had in good sooth to encounter, as is the case with most knights. Who escapes them? I remember an eminent person talking to me about bores for two hours once. O you stupid eminent person! You never knew that you yourself had tusks, little eyes in your *hure*; a bristly mane to cut into tooth-brushes; and a curly tail! I have a notion that the multitude of bores is enormous in the world. If a man is a bore himself, when he is bored—and you can't deny this statement—then what am I, what are you, what your father, grandfather, son—all your amiable acquaintance, in a word? Of this I am sure. Major and Mrs. MacWhirter were not brilliant in conversation. What would you and I do, or say, if we listen to the tittle-tattle of Tours? How the clergyman was certainly too fond of

cards and going to the café; how the dinners those Popjoys gave were too absurdly ostentatious; and Popjoy, we know, in the Bench last year. How Mr. Flights, going on with that Major of French Carabineers, was really too, etc., etc. "How could I endure those people?" Philip would ask himself, when talking of that personage in after-days, as he loved and loves to do. "How could I endure them, I say! Mac was a good man; but I knew secretly in my heart, Sir, that he was a bore. Well: I loved him. I liked his old stories. I liked his bad old dinners: there is a very comfortable Toussaint wine, by-the-way: a very warming little wine, Sir. Mrs. Mac you never saw, my good Mrs. Pendennis. Be sure of this, you never would have liked her. Well, I did. I liked her house, though it was damp, in a damp garden, frequented by dull people. I should like to go and see that old house now. I am perfectly happy with my wife, but I sometimes go away from her to enjoy the luxury of living over our old days again. With nothing in the world but an allowance which was precarious, and had been spent in advance; with no particular plans for the future, and a few five-franc pieces for the present—by Jove, Sir! how did I dare to be so happy? What idiots we were, my love, to be happy at all! We were mad to marry. Don't tell me: with a purse which didn't contain three months' consumption would we dare to marry now? We should be put into the mad ward of the work-house: that would be the only place for us. Talk about trusting in Heaven. Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! I have as good a right to go and buy a house in Belgrave Square, and trust to Heaven for the payment, as I had to marry when I did. We were paupers, Mrs. Char, and you know that very well!"

"Oh yes. We were very wrong—very!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking up to the chandelier of her ceiling (which, by-the-way, is of very handsome Venetian old glass). "We were very wrong, were not we, my dearest?" And herewith she will begin to kiss and fondle two or more babies that disport in her room—as if two or more babies had any thing to do with Philip's argument, that a man has no right to marry who has no pretty well-assured means of keeping a wife.

Here, then, by the banks of the Loire, although Philip had but a very few francs in his pocket, and was obliged to keep a sharp lookout on his expenses at the Hotel of the Golden Pheasant, he passed a fortnight of such happiness as I, for my part, wish to all young folks who read his veracious history. Though he was so poor, and ate and drank so modestly in the house, the maids, waiters, the landlady of the Pheasant, were as civil to him—yes, as civil as they were to the gouty old Marchioness of Carabas herself, who staid here on her way to the south, occupied the grand apartments, quarreled with her lodging, dinner, breakfast, bread-and-butter in general, insulted the landlady in

bad French, and only paid her bill under compulsion. Philip's was a little bill, but he paid it cheerfully. He gave only a small gratuity to the servants, but he was kind and hearty, and they knew he was poor. He was kind and hearty, I suppose, because he was so happy. I have known the gentleman to be by no means civil; and have heard him storm, and hector, and brow-beat landlords and waiters as fiercely as the Marquis of Carabas himself. But now Philip the Bear was the most gentle of bears, because his little Charlotte was leading him.

Away with trouble and doubt, with squeamish pride and gloomy care! Philip had enough money for a fortnight, during which Tom Glazier, of the *Monitor*, promised to supply Philip's letters for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. All the designs of France, Spain, Russia, gave that idle "own correspondent" not the slightest anxiety. In the morning it was Miss Baynes; in the afternoon it was Miss Baynes. At six it was dinner and Charlotte; at nine it was Charlotte and tea. "Any how, love-making does not spoil his appetite," Major MacWhirter correctly remarked. Indeed, Philip had a glorious appetite; and health bloomed in Miss Charlotte's cheek, and beamed in her happy little heart. Dr. Firmin, in the height of his practice, never completed a cure more skillfully than that which was performed by Dr. Firmin, Junior.

"I ran the thing so close, Sir," I remember Philip bawling out, in his usual energetic way, while describing this period of his life's greatest happiness to his biographer, "that I came back to Paris outside the diligence, and had not money enough to dine on the road. But I bought a sausage, Sir, and a bit of bread—and a brutal sausage it was, Sir—and I reached my lodgings with exactly two sous in my pocket." Roger Bontemps himself was not more content than our easy philosopher.

So Philip and Charlotte ratified and sealed a treaty of Tours, which they determined should never be broken by either party. Marry without papa's consent? Oh, never! Marry any body but Philip? Oh, never—never! Not if she lived to be a hundred, when Philip would in consequence be in his hundred and ninth or tenth year, would this young Joan have any but her present Darby. Aunt Mae, though she may not have been the most accomplished or highly-bred of ladies, was a warm-hearted and affectionate aunt Mac. She caught in a mild form the fever from these young people. She had not much to leave, and Mac's relations would want all he could spare when he was gone. But Charlotte should have her garnets, and her tea-pot, and her India shawl—that she should.\* And with many blessings this enthusiastic old lady took leave of her future nephew-in-law when

he returned to Paris and duty. Crack your whip, and scream your *hi!* and be off quick, postillion and diligence! I am glad we have taken Mr. Firmin out of that dangerous, lazy, love-making place. Nothing is to me so sweet as sentimental writing. I could have written hundreds of pages describing Philip and Charlotte, Charlotte and Philip. But a stern sense of duty intervenes. My modest muse puts a finger on her lip, and says, "Hush about that business!" Ah, my worthy friends, you little know what soft-hearted people those cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I dare say you might have found him reading sentimental novels and whimpering in his tub. Philip shall leave his sweet-heart and go back to his business, and we will not have one word about tears, promises, raptures, parting. Never mind about these sentimentalities, but please, rather, to depict to yourself our young fellow so poor that, when the coach stops for dinner at Orleans, he can only afford to purchase a penny loaf and a sausage for his own hungry cheek. When he reached the Hôtel Poussin, with his meagre carpet-bag, they served him a supper which he ate to the admiration of all beholders in the little coffee-room. He was in great spirits and gayety. He did not care to make any secret of his poverty, and how he had been unable to afford to pay for dinner. Most of the guests at Hôtel Poussin knew what it was to be poor. Often and often they had dined on credit when they put back their napkins into their respective pigeon-holes. But my landlord knew his guests. They were poor men—honest men. They paid him in the end, and each could help his neighbor in a strait.

After Mr. Firmin's return to Paris he did not care for a while to go to the Elysian Fields. They were not Elysian for him, except in Miss Charlotte's company. He resumed his newspaper correspondence, which occupied but a day in each week, and he had the other six—nay, he scribbled on the seventh day likewise, and covered immense sheets of letter-paper with remarks upon all manner of subjects, addressed to a certain Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle Baynes, chez M. le Major Mac, etc. On these sheets of paper Mr. Firmin could talk so long, so loudly, so fervently, so eloquently to Miss Baynes, that she was never tired of hearing, or he of holding forth. He began imparting his dreams and his earliest sensations to his beloved before breakfast. At noonday he gave her his opinion of the contents of the morning papers. His packet was ordinarily full and brimming over by post-time, so that his expressions of love and fidelity leaked from under the cover, or were squeezed into the queerest corners, where, no doubt, it was a delightful task for Miss Baynes to trace out and detect those little Cupids which a faithful lover dispatched to her. It would be, "I have found this little corner unoccupied. Do you know what I have to say in it? Oh, Charlotte, I," etc., etc. My sweet young lady, you can guess, or will one day guess, the rest; and

\* I am sorry to say that in later days, after Mrs. Major MacWhirter's decease, it was found that she had promised these treasures *in writing* to several members of her husband's family, and that much heart-burning arose in consequence. But our story has nothing to do with these painful disputes.

will receive such dear, delightful, nonsensical double letters, and will answer them with that elegant propriety which, I have no doubt, Miss Baynes showed in her replies. Ah! if all who are writing and receiving such letters, or who have written and received such, or who remember writing and receiving such, would order a copy of this month's *Cornhill* from the publishers, what reams, and piles, and pyramids of paper our ink would have to blacken! Not Hoe's engines, gigantic as they are, would be able to turn out magazines enough for the supply of those gentle readers! Since Charlotte and Philip had been engaged to each other, he had scarcely, except in those dreadful, ghastly days of quarrel, enjoyed the luxury of absence from his soul's blessing—the exquisite delight of writing to her. He could do few things in moderation, this man—and of this delightful privilege of writing to Charlotte he now enjoyed his heart's fill.

After a fortnight or three weeks of this rapture, when winter was come on Paris, and icicles hung on the bough, how did it happen that one day, two days, three days passed, and the postman brought no little letter in the well-known little handwriting for Monsieur, Monsieur Philip Firmin, à Paris? Three days, four days, and no letter. Oh, torture, could she be ill? Could her aunt and uncle have turned against her, and forbidden her to write, as her father and mother had done before? Oh, grief, and sorrow, and rage! As for jealousy, our leonine friend never knew such a passion. It never entered into his lordly heart to doubt of his little maiden's love. But still four, five days have passed, and not one word has come from Tours. The little Hôtel Poussin was in a commotion. I have said that when our friend felt any passion very strongly he was sure to speak of it. Did Don Quixote lose any opportunity of declaring to the world that Dulcinea del Toboso was peerless among women? Did not Antar bawl out in battle, "I am the lover of Ibla?" Our knight had taken all the people of the hotel into his confidence somehow. They all knew of his condition—all, the painter, the poet, the half-pây Polish officer, the landlord, the hostess, down to the little knife-boy who used to come in with, "The factor comes off to pass—no letter this morning."

No doubt Philip's political letters became, under this outward pressure, very desponding and gloomy. One day, as he sat gnawing his moustaches at his desk, the little Anatole enters his apartment and cries, "Tenez, M. Philippe. That lady again!" And the faithful, the watchful, the active Madame Smolensk once more made her appearance in his chamber.

Philip blushed and hung his head for shame. Ungrateful brute that I am, he thought; I have been back more than a week, and never thought a bit about that good, kind soul who came to my succor. I am an awful egotist. Love is always so.

As he rose up to greet his friend, she looked so grave, and pale, and sad, that he could not

but note her demeanor. "Bon Dieu! had anything happened?"

"Ce pauvre général is ill, very ill, Philip," Smolensk said, in her grave voice.

He was so gravely ill, Madame said, that his daughter had been sent for.

"Had she come?" asked Philip, with a start.

"You think but of her—you care not for the poor old man. You are all the same, you men. All egotists—all. Go! I know you! I never knew one that was not," said Madame. Philip has his little faults: perhaps egotism is one of his defects. Perhaps it is yours, or even mine. "You have been here a week since Thursday last, and you have never written or sent to a woman who loves you well. Go! It was not well, Monsieur Philippe."

As soon as he saw her Philip felt that he had been neglectful and ungrateful. We have owned so much already. But how should Madame know that he had returned on Thursday week? When they looked up after her reproof, his eager eyes seemed to ask this question.

"Could she not write to me and tell me that you were come back? Perhaps she knew that you would not do so yourself. A woman's heart teaches her these experiences early," continued the lady, sadly; then she added: "I tell you, you are good-for-nothings, all of you! And I repent me, see you, of having had the *bêtise* to pity you!"

"I shall have my quarter's pay on Saturday. I was coming to you then," said Philip.

"Was it that I was speaking of? What! you are all cowards, men all! Oh, that I have been beast, beast, to think at last I had found a man of heart!"

How much or how often this poor Ariadne had trusted and been forsaken I have no means of knowing, or desire of inquiring. Perhaps it is as well for the polite reader, who is taken into my entire confidence, that we should not know Madame de Smolensk's history from the first page to the last. Granted that Ariadne was deceived by Theseus: but then she consoled herself, as we may all read in Smith's Dictionary; and then she must have deceived her father in order to run away with Theseus. I suspect—I suspect, I say—that these women who are so very much betrayed are—But we are speculating on this French lady's antecedents, when Charlotte, her lover, and her family are the persons with whom we have mainly to do.

These two, I suppose, forgot self, about which each for a moment had been busy, and Madame resumed: "Yes, you have reason; Miss is here. It was time. Hold! Here is a note from her." And Philip's kind messenger once more put a paper into his hands:

"My dearest father is very, very ill. Oh, Philip! I am so unhappy; and he is so good, and gentle, and kind, and loves me so!"

"It is true," Madame resumed. "Before Charlotte came he thought only of her. When his wife comes up to him he pushes her away. I have not loved her much, that lady, that is

truc. But to see her now, it is *nâvrant*. He will take no medicine from her. He pushes her away. Before Charlotte came he sent for me, and spoke as well as his poor throat would let him, this poor general! His daughter's arrival seemed to comfort him. But he says, 'Not my wife! not my wife!' And the poor thing has to go away and cry in the chamber at the side. He says—in his French, you know—he has never been well since Charlotte went away. He has often been out. He has dined but rarely at our table, and there has always been a silence between him and Madame la Générale. Last week he had a great inflammation of the chest. Then he took to bed, and Monsieur the Docteur came—the little doctor whom you know. Then a quinsy has declared itself, and he now is scarce able to speak. His condition is most grave. He lies suffering, dying, perhaps—yes, dying, do you hear? And you are thinking of your little school-girl! Men are all the same. Monsters! Go!"

Philip, who, I have said, is very fond of talking about Philip, surveys his own faults with great magnanimity and good-humor, and acknowledges them without the least intention to correct them. "How selfish we are!" I can hear him say, looking at himself in the glass. "By George! Sir, when I heard simultaneously the news of that poor old man's illness, and of Charlotte's return, I felt that I wanted to see her that instant. I must go to her, and speak to her. The old man and his suffering did not seem to affect me. It is humiliating to have to own that we are selfish beasts. But we are, Sir—we are brutes, by George! and nothing else!" And he gives a finishing twist to the ends of his flaming mustaches as he surveys them in the glass.

Poor little Charlotte was in such affliction that of course she must have Philip to console her at once. No time was to be lost. Quick! a cab this moment: and, coachman, you shall have an extra for drink if you go quick to the Avenue de Marli! Madame puts herself into the carriage, and as they go along tells Philip more at length of the gloomy occurrences of the last few days. Four days since the poor general was so bad with his quinsy that he thought he should not recover, and Charlotte was sent for. He was a little better on the day of her arrival; but yesterday the inflammation had increased; he could not swallow; he could not speak audibly; he was in very great suffering and danger. He turned away from his wife. The unhappy generaless had been to Madame Bunch in her tears and grief, complaining that after twenty years' fidelity and attachment her husband had withdrawn his regard from her. Baynes attributed even his illness to his wife; and at other times said it was a just punishment for his wicked conduct in breaking his word to Philip and Charlotte. He must see his dear child again, and beg her forgiveness for having made her suffer so. He had acted wickedly and ungratefully, and his wife had forced him to do

what he did. He prayed that Heaven might pardon him. And he had behaved with wicked injustice toward Philip, who had acted most generously toward his family. And he had been a scoundrel—he knew he had—and Bunch, and MacWhirter, and the doctor all said so—and it was that woman's doing. And he pointed to the scared wife as he painfully hissed out these words of anger and contrition: "When I saw that child ill, and almost made mad, because I broke my word, I felt I was a scoundrel, Martin; and I was; and that woman made me so; and I deserve to be shot; and I sha'n't recover; I tell you I sha'n't." Dr. Martin, who attended the general, thus described his patient's last talk and behavior to Philip.

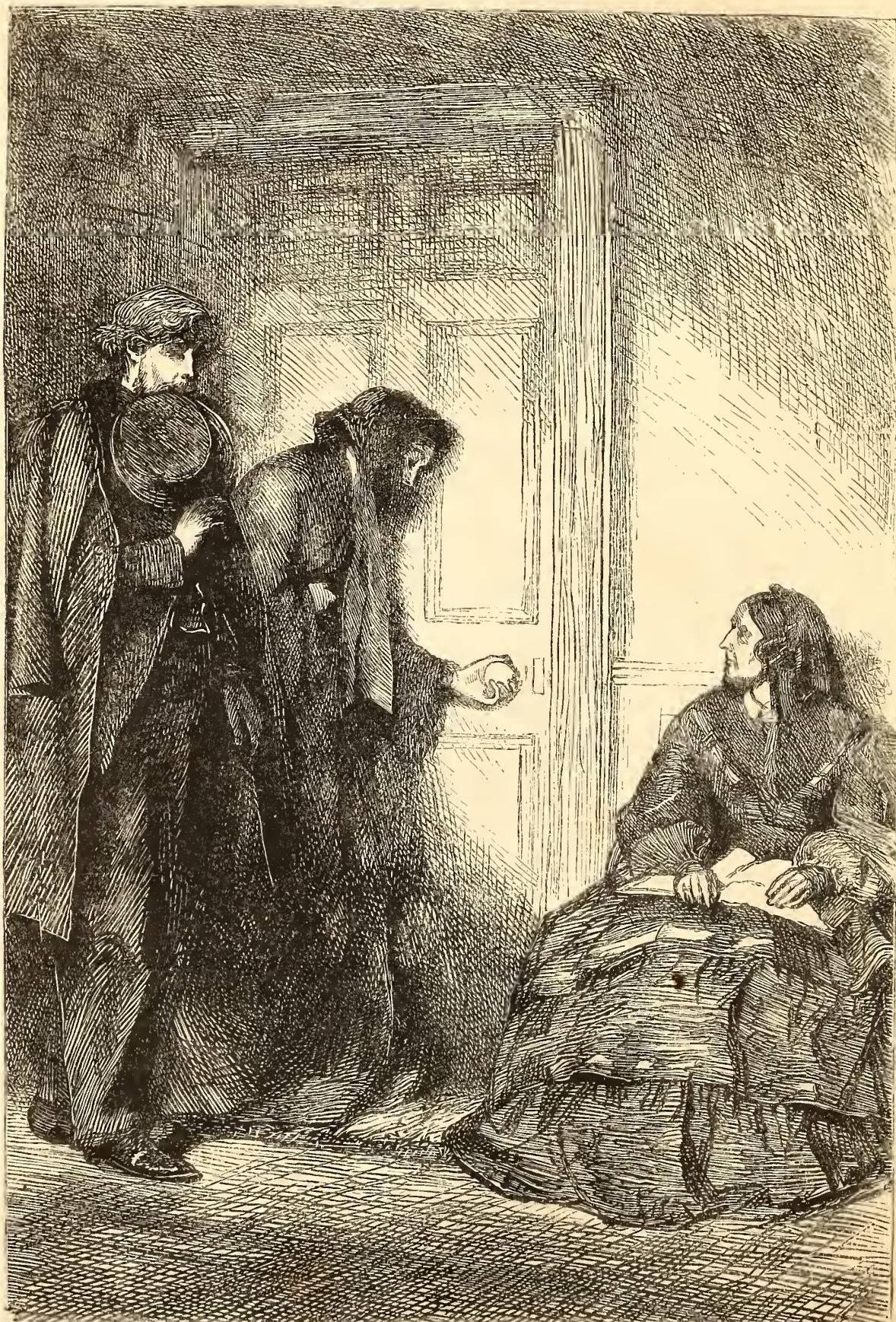
It was the doctor who sent Madame in quest of the young man. He found poor Mrs. Baynes, with hot, tearless eyes and livid face, a wretched sentinel outside the sick chamber. "You will find General Baynes very ill, Sir," she said to Philip, with a ghastly calmness, and a gaze he could scarcely bear. "My daughter is in the room with him. It appears I have offended him, and he refuses to see me." And she squeezed a dry handkerchief which she held, and put on her spectacles again, and tried again to read the Bible in her lap.

Philip hardly knew the meaning of Mrs. Baynes's words as yet. He was agitated by the thought of the general's illness, perhaps by the notion that the beloved was so near. Her hand was in his a moment afterward: and, even in that sad chamber, each could give the other a soft pressure, a fond, silent signal of mutual love and faith.

The poor man laid the hands of the young people together, and his own upon them. The suffering to which he had put his daughter seemed to be the crime which specially affected him. He thanked Heaven he was able to see he was wrong. He whispered to his little maid a prayer for pardon in one or two words, which caused poor Charlotte to sink on her knees and cover his fevered hand with tears and kisses. Out of all her heart she forgave him. She had felt that the parent she loved and was accustomed to honor had been mercenary and cruel. It had wounded her pure heart to be obliged to think that her father could be other than generous, and just, and good. That he should humble himself before her smote me with the keenest pang of tender commiseration. I do not care to pursue this last scene. Let us close the door as the children kneel by the sufferer's bedside, and to the old man's petition for forgiveness, and to the young girl's sobbing vows of love and fondness, say a reverent Amen.

By the following letter, which he wrote a few days before the fatal termination of his illness, the worthy general, it would appear, had already despaired of his recovery:

"MY DEAR MAC,—I speak and breathe with such difficulty as I write this from my bed, that I doubt whether I shall ever leave it. I do not wish to vex poor Eliza, and in my state can not enter into disputes which I know would



AT THE SICK MAN'S DOOR.

ensue regarding settlement of property. When I left England there was a claim hanging over me (young Firmin's) at which I was needlessly frightened, as having to satisfy it would swallow up *much more than every thing I possessed in the world*. Hence made arrangements for leaving every thing in Eliza's name and the children after. Will with Smith and Thompson, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. Think Char won't be happy for a long time

*with her mother.* To break from F., who has been most generous to us, will break her heart. Will you and Emily keep her for a little? I gave *F.* my promise, as you told me I have acted ill by him, which I own and deeply lament. If Char marries, *she ought to have her share*. May God bless her, her father prays, in case he should not see her again. And with best love to Emily, am yours, dear Mac, sincerely,

CHARLES BAYNES."

On the receipt of this letter Charlotte disobeyed her father's wish, and set forth from Tours instantly, under her worthy uncle's guardianship. The old soldier was in his comrade's room when the general put the hands of Charlotte and her lover together. He confessed his fault, though it is hard for those who expect love and reverence to have to own to wrong and to ask pardon. Old knees are stiff to bend: brother reader, young or old, when our last hour comes, may ours have grace to do as much!

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### CHAPTER XXX.

#### RETURNS TO OLD FRIENDS.

THE three old comrades and Philip formed the little mourning procession which followed the general to his place of rest at Montmartre. When the service has been read, and the last volley has been fired over the buried soldier, the troops march to quarters with a quick step, and to a lively tune. Our veteran has been laid in the grave with brief ceremonies. We do not even prolong his obsequies with a sermon. His place knows him no longer. There are a few who remember him: a very, very few who grieve for him—so few that to think of them is a humiliation almost. The sun sets on the earth, and our dear brother has departed off its face. Stars twinkle; dews fall; children go to sleep in awe, and maybe tears; the sun rises on a new day, which he has never seen, and children wake hungry. They are interested about their new black clothes, perhaps. They are presently at their work, plays, quarrels. They are looking forward to the day when the holidays will be over, and the eyes which shone here yesterday so kindly are gone, gone, gone. A drive to the cemetery, followed by a coach with four acquaintances dressed in decorous black, who separate and go to their homes or clubs, and wear your crape for a few days after—can most of us expect much more? The thought is not ennobling or exhilarating, worthy Sir. And, pray, why should we be proud of ourselves? Is it because we have been so good, or are so wise and great, that we expect to be beloved, lamented, remembered? Why, great Xerxes or blustering Bobadil must know in that last hour and resting-place how abject, how small, how low, how lonely they are, and what a little dust will cover them! Quick, drums and fifes, a lively tune! Whip the black team, coachman, and trot back to town again—to the world, and to business, and duty!

I am for saying no single unkindness of General Baynes which is not forced upon me by my story-teller's office. We know from Marlborough's story that the bravest man and greatest military genius is not always brave or successful in his battles with his wife; that some of the greatest warriors have committed errors in accounts and the distribution of *meum* and *tuum*. We can't disguise from ourselves the fact that Baynes

permitted himself to be misled, and had weaknesses not quite consistent with the highest virtue.

When he became aware that his carelessness in the matter of Mrs. Firmin's trust-money had placed him in her son's power, we have seen how the old general, in order to avoid being called to account, fled across the water with his family and all his little fortune, and how terrified he was on landing on a foreign shore to find himself face to face with this dreadful creditor. Philip's renunciation of all claims against Baynes soothed and pleased the old man wonderfully. But Philip might change his mind, an adviser at Baynes's side repeatedly urged. To live abroad was cheaper and safer than to live at home. Accordingly Baynes, his wife, family, and money, all went into exile, and remained there.

What savings the old man had I don't accurately know. He and his wife were very dark upon this subject with Philip; and when the general died, his widow declared herself to be almost a pauper! It was impossible that Baynes should have left much money; but that Charlotte's share should have amounted to—that sum which may or may not presently be stated—was a little *too* absurd! You see Mr. and Mrs. Firmin are traveling abroad just now. When I wrote to Firmin, on the 28th of February, 1861, to ask if I might mention the amount of his wife's fortune, he gave me no answer: nor do I like to enter upon these matters of calculation without his explicit permission. He is of a hot temper; he might, on his return, grow angry with the friend of his youth, and say, "Sir, how dare you to talk about my private affairs? and what has the public to do with Mrs. Firmin's private fortune?"

When, the last rites over, good-natured uncle Mac proposed to take Charlotte back to Tours her mother made no objection. The widow had tried to do the girl such an injury that perhaps the latter felt forgiveness was impossible. Little Char loved Philip with all her heart and strength; had been authorized and encouraged to do so, as we have seen. To give him up now, because a richer suitor presented himself, was an act of treason from which her faithful heart revolted, and she never could pardon the instigator. You see, in this simple story, I scarcely care even to have reticence or secrets. I don't want you to understand for a moment that Hely Walsingham was still crying his eyes out about Charlotte. Goodness bless you! It was two or three weeks ago—four or five weeks ago, that he was in love with *her*! He had not seen the Duchesse D'Ivry then, about whom you may remember he had the quarrel with Podichou, at the club in the Rue de Grammont. (He and the duchesse wrote poems to each other, each in the other's native language.) The Charlotte had long passed out of the young fellow's mind. That butterfly had fluttered off from our English rosebud, and had settled on the other elderly flower! I don't know that Mrs. Baynes was aware of young

Hely's fickleness at this present time of which we are writing: but his visits had ceased, and she was angry and disappointed; and not the less angry because her labor had been in vain. On her part, Charlotte could also be resolutely unforgiving. Take her Philip from her? Never, never! Her mother force her to give up the man whom she had been encouraged to love? Mamma should have defended Philip, not betrayed him! If I command my son to steal a spoon, shall he obey me? And if he do obey and steal, and be transported, will he love me afterward? I think I can hardly ask for so much filial affection.

So there was strife between mother and daughter; and anger not the less bitter, on Mrs. Baynes's part, because her husband, whose cupidity or fear had, at first, induced him to take her side, had deserted her and gone over to her daughter. In the anger of that controversy Baynes died, leaving the victory and right with Charlotte. He shrank from his wife: would not speak to her in his last moments. The widow had these injuries against her daughter and Philip: and thus neither side forgave the other. She was not averse to the child's going away to her uncle: put a lean hungry face against Charlotte's lip, and received a kiss which I fear had but little love in it. I don't envy those children who remain under the widow's lonely command; or poor Madame Smolensk, who has to endure the arrogance, the grief, the avarice of that grim woman. Nor did Madame suffer under this tyranny long. *Galignani's Messenger* very soon announced that she had lodgings to let, and I remember being edified by reading one day in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that elegant apartments, select society, and an excellent table were to be found in one of the most airy and fashionable quarters of Paris. Inquire of Madame la Baronne de S—sk, Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées.

We guessed without difficulty how this advertisement found its way to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and very soon after its appearance Madame de Smolensk's friend, Mr. Philip, made his appearance at our tea-table in London. He was always welcome among us elders and children. He wore a crape on his hat. As soon as the young ones were gone, you may be sure he pour'd his story out, and enlarged upon the death, the burial, the quarrels, the loves, the partings we have narrated. How could he be put in a way to earn three or four hundred a year? That was the present question. Ere he came to see us he had already been totting up ways and means. He had been with our friend Mrs. Brandon: was staying with her. The Little Sister thought three hundred would be sufficient. They could have her second floor—not for nothing; no, no, but at a moderate price, which would pay her. They could have attics, if more rooms were needed. They could have her kitchen fire, and one maid, for the present, would do all their work. Poor little thing! She was very young. She would be past eight-

een by the time she could marry; the Little Sister was for early marriages, against long courtships. "Heaven help those as helps themselves," she said. And Mr. Philip thought this excellent advice, and Mr. Philip's friend, when asked for his opinion—"Candidly now, what's your opinion?"—said, "Is she in the next room? Of course you mean you are married already."

Philip roared one of his great laughs. No, he was not married already. Had he not said that Miss Baynes was gone away to Tours with her aunt and uncle? but that he wanted to be married; but that he could never settle down to work till he married; but that he could have no rest, peace, health till he married that angel, he was ready to confess. Ready? All the street might hear him calling out the name and extolling on the angelic charms and goodness of his Charlotte. He spoke so loud and long on this subject that my wife grew a little tired; and my wife *always* likes to hear other women praised, that (she says) I know she does. But when a man goes on roaring for an hour about Dulcinea? You know such talk becomes fulsome at last; and, in fine, when he was gone, my wife said, "Well, he is very much in love; so were you—I mean long before my time, Sir; but does love pay the housekeeping bills, pray?"

"No, my dear. And love is always controlled by other people's advice:—always," says Philip's friend, who, I hope, you will perceive was speaking ironically.

Philip's friends had listened not impatiently to Philip's talk about Philip. Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again with that conversation, and renew their own early times. Men are not quite so generous: Tityrus tires of hearing Corydon discourse endlessly on the charms of his shepherdess. And yet egotism is good talk. Even dull biographies are pleasant to read; and if to read, why not to hear? Had Master Philip not been such an egotist he would not have been so pleasant a companion. Can't you like a man at whom you laugh a little? I had rather such an open-mouthed conversationist than your *volo sciolto* that never unlocks without a careful application of the key. As for the entrance to Mr. Philip's mind, that door was always open when he was awake, or not hungry, or in a friend's company. Besides his love, and his prospects in life, his poverty, etc., Philip had other favorite topics of conversation. His friend the Little Sister was a great theme with him; his father was another favorite subject of his talk. By-the-way, his father had written to the Little Sister. The doctor said he was sure to prosper in his newly-adopted country. He and another physician had invented a new medicine, which was to effect wonders, and in a few years would assuredly make the fortune of both of them. He was never without one scheme or another for making that fortune which never came. Whenever he drew upon poor Philip for little sums his letters were sure to be especially magnilo-

quent and hopeful. "Whenever the doctor says he has invented the philosopher's stone," said poor Philip, "I am sure there will be a postscript to say that a little bill will be presented for so much, at so many days' date."

Had he drawn on Philip lately? Philip told us when, and how often. We gave him all the benefit of our virtuous indignation. As for my wife's eyes, they gleamed with anger. What a man! what a father! Oh, he was incorrigible! "Yes, I am afraid he is," says poor Phil, comically, with his hands roaming at ease in his pockets. They contained little else than those big hands. "My father is of a hopeful turn. His views regarding property are peculiar. It is a comfort to have such a distinguished parent, isn't it? I am always surprised to hear that he is not married again. I sigh for a mother-in-law," Philip continued.

"Oh, *don't*, Philip!" cried Mrs. Laura, in a pet. "Be generous, be forgiving, be noble, be Christian! Don't be cynical, and imitating—you know whom!"

Whom could she possibly mean, I wonder? After flashes, there came showers in this lady's eyes. From long habit I can understand her thoughts, although she does not utter them. She was thinking of these poor, noble, simple, friendless young people, and asking Heaven's protection for them. I am not in the habit of overpraising my friends, goodness knows! The foibles of this one I have described honestly enough. But if I write down here that he was courageous, cheerful in adversity, generous, simple, truth-loving, above a scheme—after having said that he was a noble young fellow—*dixi*; and I won't cancel the words.

Ardent lover as he was, our friend was glad to be back in the midst of the London smoke, and wealth, and bustle. The fog agreed with his lungs, he said. He breathed more freely in our great city than in that little English village in the centre of Paris which he had been inhabiting. In his hotel, and at his café (where he composed his eloquent "own correspondence"), he had occasion to speak a little French, but it never came very trippingly from his stout English tongue. "You don't suppose I would like to be taken for a Frenchman," he would say with much gravity. I wonder who ever thought of mistaking friend Philip for a Frenchman?

As for that faithful Little Sister, her house and heart were still at the young man's service. We have not visited Thornhaugh Street for some time. Mr. Philip, whom we have been bound to attend, has been too much occupied with his love-making to bestow much thought on his affectionate little friend. She has been trudging meanwhile on her humble course of life, cheerful, modest, laborious, doing her duty, with a helping little hand ready to relieve many a fallen wayfarer on her road. She had a room vacant in her house when Philip came—a room, indeed! Would she not have had a house vacant if Philip wanted it? But in the interval since we saw her last the Little Sister, too, has

had to assume black robes. Her father, the old captain, has gone to his rest. His place is vacant in the little parlor: his bedroom is ready for Philip, as long as Philip will stay. She did not profess to feel much affliction for the loss of the captain. She talked of him constantly as though he were present; and made a supper for Philip, and seated him in her pa's chair. How she bustled about on the night when Philip arrived! What a beaming welcome there was in her kind eyes! Her modest hair was touched with silver now; but her cheeks were like apples; her little figure was neat, and light, and active; and her voice, with its gentle laugh and little sweet bad grammar, has always seemed one of the sweetest of voices to me.

Very soon after Philip's arrival in London Mrs. Brandon paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Firmin's humble servant and biographer, and the two women had a fine sentimental consultation. All good women, you know, are sentimental. The idea of young lovers, of match-making, of amiable poverty, tenderly excites and interests them. My wife, at this time, began to pour off fine long letters to Miss Baynes, to which the latter modestly and dutifully replied, with many expressions of fervor and gratitude for the interest which her friend in London was pleased to take in the little maid. I saw by these answers that Charlotte's union with Philip was taken as a received point by these two ladies. They discussed the ways and means. They did not talk about broughams, settlements, town and country houses, pin-moneys, trousseaux; and my wife, in computing their sources of income, always pointed out that Miss Charlotte's fortune, though certainly small, would give a very useful addition to the young couple's income. "Fifty pounds a year not much! Let me tell you, Sir, that fifty pounds a year is a very pretty little sum: if Philip can but make three hundred a year himself, Mrs. Brandon says they ought to be able to live quite nicely." You ask, my genteel friend, is it possible that people can live for four hundred a year? How do they manage, *ces pauvres gens*? They eat, they drink, they are clothed, they are warmed, they have roofs over their heads, and glass in their windows; and some of them are as good, happy, and well-bred as their neighbors who are ten times as rich. Then, besides this calculation of money, there is the fond woman's firm belief that the day will bring its daily bread for those who work for it and ask for it in the proper quarter; against which reasoning many a man knows it is in vain to argue. As to my own little objections and doubts, my wife met them by reference to Philip's former love-affair with his cousin, Miss Twysden. "You had no objection in that case, Sir," this logician would say. "You would have had him take a creature without a heart. You would cheerfully have seen him made miserable for life, because you thought there was money enough and a genteel connection. Money indeed! Very happy Mrs. Woolcomb is with her money. Very creditably to

all sides has *that* marriage turned out!" I need scarcely remind my readers of the unfortunate result of that marriage. Woolcomb's behavior to his wife was the agreeable talk of London society and of the London clubs very soon after the pair were joined together in holy matrimony. Do we not all remember how Woolcomb was accused of striking his wife, of starving his wife, and how she took refuge at home, and came to her father's house with a black eye? The two Twysdens were so ashamed of this transaction that father and son left off coming to Bays's, where I never heard their absence regretted but by one man, who said that Talbot owed him money for losses at whist for which he could get no settlement.

Should Mr. Firmin go and see his aunt in her misfortune? By-gones might be by-gones, some of Philip's advisers thought. Now, Mrs. Twysden was unhappy, her heart might relent to Philip, whom she certainly had loved as a boy. Philip had the magnanimity to call upon her; and found her carriage waiting at the door. But a servant, after keeping the gentleman waiting in the dreary, well-remembered hall, brought him word that his mistress was out, smiled in his face with an engaging insolence, and proceeded to put cloaks, court-guides, and other female gear into the carriage in the presence of this poor deserted nephew. This visit, it must be owned, was one of Mrs. Laura's romantic efforts at reconciling enemies: as if, my good creature, the Twysdens ever let a man into their house who was poor or out of fashion! They lived in a constant dread lest Philip should call to borrow money of them. As if they ever lent money to a man who was in need! If they ask the respected reader to their house, depend on it they think he is well to do. On the other hand, the Twysdens made a very handsome entertainment for the new Lord of Whiphams and Ringwood who now reigned after his kinsman's death. They affably went and passed Christmas with him in the country; and they cringed and bowed before Sir Philip Ringwood as they had bowed and cringed before the earl in his time. The old earl had been a Tory in his latter days, when Talbot Twysden's views were also very conservative. The present Lord of Ringwood was a Whig. It is surprising how liberal the Twysdens grew in the course of a fortnight's after-dinner conversation and pheasant-shooting talk at Ringwood. "Hang it! you know," young Twysden said, in his office afterward, "a fellow must go with the politics of his family, you know!" and he bragged about the dinners, wines, splendors, cooks, and preserves of Ringwood as freely as in the time of his noble grand-uncle. Any one who has kept a house-dog in London, which licks your boots and your platter, and fawns for the bones in your dish, knows how the animal barks and flies at the poor who come to the door. The Twysdens, father and son, were of this canine species; and there are vast packs of such dogs here and elsewhere.

If Philip opened his heart to us, and talked

unreservedly regarding his hopes and his plans, you may be sure he had his little friend, Mrs. Brandon, also in his confidence, and that no person in the world was more eager to serve him. While we were talking about what was to be done, this little lady was also at work in her favorite's behalf. She had a firm ally in Mrs. Mugford, the proprietor's lady of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mrs. Mugford had long been interested in Philip, his misfortunes, and his love-affairs. These two good women had made a sentimental hero of him. Ah! that they could devise some feasible scheme to help him! And such a chance actually did very soon present itself to these delighted women.

In almost all the papers of the new year appeared a brilliant advertisement, announcing the speedy appearance in Dublin of a new paper. It was to be called *The Shamrock*, and its first number was to be issued on the ensuing St. Patrick's day. I need not quote at length the advertisements which heralded the advent of this new periodical. The most famous pens of the national party in Ireland were, of course, engaged to contribute to its columns. Those pens would be hammered into steel of a different shape when the opportunity should offer. Beloved prelates, authors of world-wide fame, bards, the bold strings of whose lyres had rung through the isle already, and made millions of noble hearts to beat, and, by consequence, double the number of eyes to fill; philosophers, renowned for science; and illustrious advocates, whose manly voices had ever spoken the language of hope and freedom to an etc., etc., would be found rallying round the journal, and proud to wear the symbol of *The Shamrock*. Finally, Michael Cassidy, Esq., was chosen to be the editor of this new journal.

This was the M. Cassidy, Esq., who appeared, I think, at Mr. Firmin's call-supper; and who had long been the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If Michael went to Dame Street, why should not Philip be sub-editor at Pall Mall? Mrs. Brandon argued. Of course there would be a score of candidates for Michael's office. The editor would like the patronage. Barnet, Mugford's partner in the *Gazette*, would wish to appoint his man. Cassidy, before retiring, would assuredly intimate his approaching resignation to scores of gentlemen of his nation, who would not object to take the Saxon's pay until they finally shook his yoke off, and would eat his bread until the happy moment arrived when they could knock out his brains in fair battle. As soon as Mrs. Brandon heard of the vacant place, that moment she determined that Philip should have it. It was surprising what a quantity of information our little friend possessed about artists, and pressmen, and their lives, families, ways and means. Many gentlemen of both professions came to Mr. Ridley's chambers, and called on the Little Sister on their way to and fro. How Tom Smith had left the *Herald*, and gone to the *Post*; what price Jack Jones had for his picture, and who sat for the princi-

pal figures. I promise you Madam Brandon had all these interesting details by heart; and I think I have described this little person very inadequately if I have not made you understand that she was as intrepid a little jobber as ever lived, and never scrupled to go any length to serve a friend. To be Archbishop of Canterbury, to be professor of Hebrew, to be teacher of a dancing-school, to be organist for a church; for any conceivable place or function this little person would have asserted Philip's capability. "Don't tell me! He can dance or preach (as the case may be) or write beautiful! And as for being unfit to be a sub-editor, I want to know, has he not as good a head and as good an education as that Cassidy, indeed? And is not Cambridge College the best college in the world? It is, I say. And he went there ever so long. And he might have taken the very best prize, only money was no object to him then, dear fellow, and he did not like to keep the poor out of what he didn't want!"

Mrs. Mugford had always considered the young man as very haughty, but quite the gentleman, and speedily was infected by her gossip's enthusiasm about him. My wife hired a fly, packed several of the children into it, called upon Mrs. Mugford, and chose to be delighted with that lady's garden, with that lady's nursery—with every thing that bore the name of Mugford. It was a curiosity to remark in what a flurry of excitement these women plunged, and how they schemed, and coaxed, and caballed, in order to get this place for their protégé. My wife thought—she merely happened to surmise: nothing more, of course—that Mr. Mugford's fond desire was to shine in the world. Could we not ask some people—with—with what you call handles to their names—I think I before heard you use some such term, Sir—to meet the Mugfords? Some of Philip's old friends, who I am sure would be very happy to serve him. Some such artifice was, I own, practiced. We coaxed, caressed, fondled the Mugfords for Philip's sake, and Heaven forgive Mrs. Laura her hypoerisy. We had an entertainment then, I own. We asked our finest company, and Mr. and Mrs. Mugford to meet them; and we prayed that unlucky Philip to be on his best behavior to all persons who were invited to the feast.

Before my wife this lion of a Firmin was as a lamb. Rough, captious, and overbearing in general society, with those whom he loved and esteemed Philip was of all men the most modest and humble. He would never tire of playing with our children, joining in their games, laughing and roaring at their little sports. I have never had such a laugher at my jokes as Philip Firmin. I think my wife liked him for that noble guffaw with which he used to salute those pieces of wit. He arrived a little late sometimes with his laughing chorus, but ten people at table were not so loud as this faithful friend. On the contrary, when those people for whom he has no liking venture on a pun or other pleasantry, I am bound to own that Philip's acknowledgment

of their waggery must be any thing but pleasant or flattering to them. Now, on occasion of this important dinner, I enjoined him to be very kind, and very civil, and very much pleased with every body, and to stamp upon nobody's eorns, as, indeed, why should he, in life? Who was he to be *censor morum*? And it has been said that no man could admit his own faults with a more engaging candor than our friend.

We invited, then, Mugford, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his wife; and Bickerston, the editor of that periodical; Lord Ascot, Philip's old college friend; and one or two more gentlemen. Our invitations to the ladies were not so fortunate. Some were engaged, others away in the country keeping Christmas. In fine, we considered ourselves rather lucky in securing old Lady Hixie, who lives hard by in Westminster, and who will pass for a lady of fashion when no person of greater note is present. My wife told her that the object of the dinner was to make our friend Firmin acquainted with the editor and proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with whom it was important that he should be on the most amicable footing. Oh! very well. Lady Hixie promised to be quite gracious to the newspaper gentleman and his wife; and kept her promise most graciously during the evening. Our good friend Mrs. Mugford was the first of our guests to arrive. She drove "in her trap" from her villa in the suburbs; and after putting up his carriage at a neighboring livery-stable, her groom volunteered to help our servants in waiting at dinner. His zeal and activity were remarkable. China smashed, and dish-covers elongated in the passage. Mrs. Mugford said that "Sam was at his old tricks;" and I hope the hostess showed she was mistress of herself amidst that fall of china. Mrs. Mugford came before the appointed hour, she said, in order to see our children. "With our late London dinner hours," she remarked, "children was never seen now." At Hampstead, hers always appeared at the dessert, and enlivened the table with their innocent outcries for oranges and struggles for sweetmeats. In the nursery, where one little maid, in her crisp long night-gown, was saying her prayers; where another little person, in the most airy costume, was standing before the great barred fire; where a third Liliputian was sitting up in its night-cap and surplice, surveying the scene below from its crib, the ladies found our dear Little Sister installed. She had come to see her little pets (she had known two or three of them from the very earliest times). She was a great favorite among them all; and, I believe, inspired with the cook down below in preparing certain delicacies for the table. A fine conversation then ensued about our children, about the Mugford children, about babies in general. And then the artful women (the house mistress and the Little Sister) brought Philip on the *tapis*, and discoursed, *à qui mieux*, about his virtues, his misfortunes, his engagement, and that dear little creature to whom he was be-

trothed. This conversation went on until carriage-wheels were heard in the square, and the knocker (there were actually knockers in that old-fashioned place and time) began to peal. "Oh, bother! There's the company a-comin'," Mrs. Mugford said; and arranging her cap and flounces, with neat-handed Mrs. Brandon's aid, came down stairs, after taking a tender leave of the little people, to whom she sent a present next day of a pile of fine Christmas books, which had come to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for review. The kind woman had been coaxed, wheedled, and won over to our side—to Philip's side. He had *her* vote for the sub-editorship, whatever might ensue.

Most of our guests had already arrived, when at length Mrs. Mugford was announced. I am bound to say that she presented a remarkable appearance, and that the splendor of her attire was such as is seldom beheld.

Bickerton and Philip were presented to one another, and had a talk about French politics before dinner, during which conversation Philip behaved with perfect discretion and politeness. Bickerton had happened to hear Philip's letters well spoken of—in a good quarter, mind; and his cordiality increased when Lord Ascot entered, called Philip by his surname, and entered into a perfectly free conversation with him. Old Lady Hixie went into perfectly good society, Bickerton condescended to acknowledge. "As for Mrs. Mugford," says he, with a glance of wondering compassion at that lady, "of course, I need not tell you that *she* is seen nowhere—nowhere." This said, Mr. Bickerton stepped forward and calmly patronized my wife, gave me a good-natured nod for my own part, reminded Lord Ascot that he had had the pleasure of meeting him at Egham; and then fixed on Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office (who, I own, is one of our most genteel guests), with whom he entered into a discussion of some political matter of that day—I forget what: but the main point was that he named two or three leading public men with whom he had discussed the question, whatever it might be. He named very great names, and led us to understand that with the proprietors of those very great names he was on the most intimate and confidential footing. With his owners—with the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was on the most distant terms, and indeed I am afraid that his behavior to myself and my wife was scarcely respectful. I fancied I saw Philip's brow gathering wrinkles as his eye followed this man strutting from one person to another, and patronizing each. The dinner was a little late, from some reason best known in the lower regions. "I take it," says Bickerton, winking at Philip, in a pause of the conversation, "that our good friend and host is not much used to giving dinners. The mistress of the house is evidently in a state of perturbation." Philip gave such a horrible grimace that the other at first thought he was in pain.

"You who have lived a great deal with old

Ringwood know what a good dinner is," Bickerton continued, giving Firmin a knowing look.

"Any dinner is good which is accompanied with such a welcome as I get here," said Philip.

"Oh! very good people, very good people, of course!" cries Bickerton.

I need not say he thinks he has perfectly succeeded in adopting the air of a man of the world. He went off to Lady Hixie, and talked with her about the last great party at which he had met her; and then he turned to the host, and remarked that my friend, the doctor's son, was a fine-looking fellow. In five minutes he had the good fortune to make himself hated by Mr. Firmin. He walks through the world patronizing his betters. "Our good friend is not much used to giving dinners—isn't he?" I say, what do we mean by continuing to endure this man? Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office, is a well-known diner-out; Lord Ascot is an earl's son; Bickerton, in a pretty loud voice, talked to one or other of these during dinner, and across the table. He sat next to Mrs. Mugford, but he turned his back on that bewildered woman, and never condescended to address a word to her personally. "Of course I understand you, my dear fellow," he said to me when, on the retreat of the ladies, we approached within whispering distance. "You have these people at dinner for reasons of state. You have a book coming out, and want to have it noticed in the paper. I make a point of keeping these people at a distance—the only way of dealing with them, I give you my word."

Not one offensive word had Philip said to the chief writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and I began to congratulate myself that our dinner would pass without any mishap, when some one unluckily happening to praise the wine, a fresh supply was ordered. "Very good claret. Who is your wine-merchant? Upon my word, I get better claret here than I do in Paris—don't you think so, Mr. Fermor? Where do you generally dine at Paris?"

"I generally dine for thirty sous, and three francs on grand days, Mr. Beckerton," growls Philip.

"My name is Bickerton." ("What a vulgar thing for a fellow to talk about his thirty-sous dinners!" murmured my neighbor to me.) "Well, there is no accounting for tastes! When I go to Paris I dine at the Trois Frères. Give me the Burgundy at Trois Frères."

"That is because you great leader writers are paid better than poor correspondents. I shall be delighted to be able to dine better." And with this Mr. Firmin smiles at Mr. Mugford, his master and owner.

"Nothing so vulgar as talking shop," says Bickerton, rather loud.

"I am not ashamed of the shop I keep. Are you of yours, Mr. Bickerton?" growls Philip.

"F. had him there," says Mr. Mugford.

Mr. Bickerton got up from table, turning quite pale. "Do you mean to be offensive, Sir?" he asked.

"Offensive, Sir? No, Sir. Some men are offensive without meaning it. You have been several times to-night!" says Lord Philip.

"I don't see that I am called upon to bear this kind of thing at any man's table!" cried Mr. Bickerton. "Lord Ascot, I wish you good-night!"

"I say, old boy, what's the row about?" asked his lordship. And we were all astonished as my guest rose and left the table in great wrath.

"Serve him right, Firmin, I say!" said Mr. Mugford, again drinking off a glass.

"Why, don't you know?" says Tom Page. "His father keeps a haberdasher's shop at Cambridge, and sent him to Oxford, where he took a good degree."

And this had come of a dinner of conciliation—a dinner which was to advance Philip's interest in life!

"Hit him again, I say," cried Mugford, whom wine had rendered eloquent. "He's a supercilious beast, that Bickerton is, and I hate him, and so does Mrs. M."

## MISTRESS AND MAID.

### A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

#### CHAPTER II.

COMMON as were the small feuds between Ascott and his Aunt Selina, they seldom reached such a catastrophe as that described in my last chapter. Hilary had to fly to the rescue, and literally drag the furious lad back into the school-room, while Johanna, pale and trembling, persuaded Selina to quit the field and go and lie down. This was not difficult; for the instant she saw what she had done, how she had disgraced herself and insulted her nephew, Selina felt sorry. Her passion ended in a gush of "nervous" tears, under the influence of which she was led up stairs and put to bed, almost like a child—the usual termination of these pitiful outbreaks.

For the time nobody thought of Elizabeth. The hapless cause of all stood "spectatress of the fray" beside her kitchen fire. What she thought history saith not. Whether in her own rough home she was used to see brothers and sisters quarreling, and mothers boxing their children's ears, can not be known; whether she was or was not surprised to see the same proceedings among ladies and gentlemen, she never betrayed; but certain it is that the little servant became uncommonly serious; yes, serious rather than sulky, for her "black" looks vanished gradually, as soon as Miss Selina left the kitchen.

On the reappearance of Miss Hilary it had quite gone. But Hilary took no notice of her; she was in search of Johanna, who, shaking and cold with agitation, came slowly down stairs.

"Is she gone to bed?"

"Yes, my dear. It was the best thing for her; she is not at all well to-day."

Hilary's lip curled a little, but she replied not a word. She had not the patience with Selina that Johanna had. She drew her elder sister into the little parlor, placed her in the arm-chair, shut the door, came and sat beside her, and took her hand.

Johanna pressed it, shed a quiet tear or two, and wiped them away. Then the two sisters remained silent, with hearts sad and sore.

Every family has its skeleton in the house; this was theirs. Whether they acknowledged it

or not, they knew quite well that every discomfort they had, every slight jar which disturbed the current of household peace, somehow or other originated in "poor Selina." They often called her "poor" with a sort of pity—not unneeded, Heaven knows! for if the unhappy are to be pitied, ten times more so are those who make others miserable.

This was Selina's case, and had been all her life. And, sometimes, she herself knew it. Sometimes, after an especially bad outbreak, her compunction and remorse would be almost as terrible as her passion; forcing her sisters to make every excuse for her; she "did not mean it," it was only "ill health," or "nerves," or her "unfortunate way of taking things."

But they knew in their hearts that not all their poverty and the toils it entailed, not all the hardships and humiliations of their changed estate, were half so bitter to bear as this something—no moral crime, and yet in its results as fatal as crime—which they called Selina's "way."

Ascott was the only one who did not attempt to mince matters. When a little boy he had openly declared he hated Aunt Selina; when he grew up he as openly defied her; and it was a most difficult matter to keep even decent peace between them. Hilary's wrath had never gone further than wishing Selina was married, that appearing the easiest way to get rid of her. Latterly she had ceased this earnest aspiration; it might be, because, learning to think more seriously of marriage, she felt that a woman who is no blessing in her own household is never likely much to bless a husband's; and that, looking still farther forward, it was, on the whole, a mercy of Providence which made Selina not the mother of children.

Yet her not marrying had been somewhat a surprise; for she had been attractive in her day, handsome and agreeable in society. But perhaps, for all that, the sharp eye of the opposite sex had discovered the cloven foot; since, though she had received various promising attentions, poor Selina had never had an offer. Nor, fortunately, had she ever been known to care for any body; she was one of those women who

would have married as a matter of course, but who never would have been guilty of the weakness of falling in love. There seemed small probability of shipping her off, to carry into a new household the restlessness, the fretfulness, the captious fault-finding with others, the readiness to take offense at what was done and said to herself, which made poor Selina Leaf the unacknowledged grief and torment of her own.

Her two sisters sat silent. What was the use of talking? It would be only going over and over again the old thing; trying to ease and shift a little the long-familiar burden, which they knew must be borne. Nearly every household has, near or remote, some such burden, which Heaven only can lift off or help to bear. And sometimes, looking round the world outside, these two congratulated themselves, in a half sort of way, that theirs was as light as it was; that Selina was, after all, a well-meaning, well-principled woman, and, in spite of her little tempers, really fond of her family, as she truly was, at least as fond as a nature which has its centre in self can manage to be.

Only when Hilary looked, as to-night, into her eldest sister's pale face, where year by year the lines were deepening, and saw how every agitation such as the present shook her more and more—she who ought to have a quiet life and a cheerful home, after so many hard years—then Hilary, fierce in the resistance of her youth, felt as if what she could have borne for herself she could not bear for Johanna, and, at the moment, sympathized with Ascott in actually "hating" Aunt Selina.

"Where is that boy? He ought to be spoken to," Johanna said, at length, rising wearily.

"I have spoken to him; I gave him a good scolding. He is sorry, and promises never to be so rude again."

"Oh no; not till the next time," replied Miss Leaf, hopelessly. "But, Hilary," with a sudden consternation, "what are we to do about Elizabeth?"

The younger sister had thought of that. She had turned over in her mind all the pros and cons, the inevitable "worries" that would result from the presence of an additional member of the family, especially one from whom the family-skeleton could not be hid, to whom it was already only too fatally revealed.

But Hilary was a clear-headed girl, and she had the rare faculty of seeing things as they really were, undistorted by her own likings or dislikings—in fact, without reference to herself at all. She perceived plainly that Johanna ought not to do the housework, that Selina would not, and that she could not: *ergo*, they must keep a servant. Better, perhaps, a small servant, over whom they could have the same influence as over a child, than one older and more independent, who would irritate her mistresses at home, and chatter of them abroad. Besides, they had promised Mrs. Hand to give her daughter a fair trial. For a month, then, Elizabeth was bound to stay; afterward, time

would show. It was best not to meet troubles half way.

This explained, in Hilary's cheerful voice, seemed greatly to reassure and comfort her sister.

"Yes, love, you are right; she must remain her month out, unless she does something very wrong. Do you think that really was a lie she told?"

"About the eat? I don't quite know what to think. Let us call her, and put the question once more. Do you put it, Johanna. I don't think she could look at you and tell you a story."

Other people, at sight of that sweet, grave face, its bloom faded, and hairs silvered long before their time, yet beautiful, with an almost childlike simplicity and childlike peace—most other people would have been of Hilary's opinion.

"Sit down; I'll call her. Dear me, Johanna, we shall have to set up a bell as well as a servant, unless we had managed to combine the two."

But Hilary's harmless little joke failed to make her sister smile; and the entrance of the girl seemed to excite positive apprehension. How was it possible to make excuse to a servant for her mistress's shortcomings? how scold for ill-doing this young girl, to whom, ere she had been a night in the house, so bad an example had been set? Johanna half expected Elizabeth to take a leaf out of Selina's book, and begin abusing herself and Hilary.

No; she stood very sheepish, very uncomfortable, but not in the least bold or sulky—on the whole, looking rather penitent and humble.

Her mistress took courage.

"Elizabeth, I want you to tell me the truth about that unfortunate breakage. Don't be afraid. I had rather you broke every thing in the house than have told me what was not true."

"It was true; it was the eat."

"How could that be possible? You were coming down stairs with the ewer in your hand."

"Her got under my feet, and throwed me down, and so I tumbled, and smashed the thing agin the floor."

The Misses Leaf glaned at each other. This version of the momentous event was probable enough, and the girl's eager, honest manner gave internal confirmatory evidence pretty strong.

"I am sure she is telling the truth," said Hilary. "And remember what her mother said about her word being always reliable."

This reference was too much for Elizabeth. She burst out, not into actual crying, but into a smothered choke.

"If you donnot believe me, missus, I'd rather go home to mother."

"I do believe you," said Miss Leaf, kindly; then waited till the pinafore, used as a pocket-handkerchief, had dried up grief and restored composure.

"I can quite well understand the accident now; and I am sure if you had put it as plain-

ly at first, my sister would have understood it too. She was very much annoyed, and no wonder. She will be equally glad to find she was mistaken."

Here Miss Leaf paused, somewhat puzzled how to express what she felt it her duty to say, so as to be comprehended by the servant, and yet not let down the dignity of the family. Hilary came to her aid.

"Miss Selina is sometimes hasty; but she means kindly always. You must take care not to vex her, Elizabeth; and you must never answer her back again, however sharply she speaks. It is not your business; you are only a child, and she is your mistress."

"Is her? I thought it was this 'un.'"

The subdued clouding of Elizabeth's face, and her blunt pointing to Miss Leaf as "this 'un,'" were too much for Hilary's gravity. She was obliged to retreat to the press, and begin an imaginary search for a book.

"Yes, I am the eldest, and I suppose you may consider me specially as your mistress," said Johanna, simply. "Remember always to come to me in any difficulty; and, above all, to tell me every thing outright, as soon as it happens. I can forgive you almost any fault, if you are truthful and honest; but there is one thing I never could forgive, and that is deception. Now go with Miss Hilary, and she will teach you how to make the porridge for supper."

Elizabeth obeyed, silently: she had apparently a great gift for silence. And she was certainly both obedient and willing: not stupid, either, though a nervousness of temperament which Hilary was surprised to find in so big and coarse-looking a girl, made her rather awkward at first. However, she succeeded in pouring out, and carrying into the parlor, without accident, three platefuls of that excellent condiment which formed the frugal supper of the family; but which they ate, I grieve to say, in an orthodox southern fashion, with sugar or treacle, until Mr. Lyon—greatly horrified thereby—had instituted his national custom of "supping" porridge with milk.

It may be a very unsentimental thing to confess, but Hilary, who even at twenty was rather practical than poetical, never made the porridge without thinking of Robert Lyon, and the day when he first staid to supper, and ate it, or as he said, and was very much laughed at, ate "them" with such infinite relish. Since then, whenever he came, he always asked for his porridge, saying it carried him back to his childish days. And Hilary, with that curious pleasure that women take in waiting upon any one unto whom the heart is ignorantly beginning to own the allegiance, humble yet proud, of Miranda to Ferdinand:

"To be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant  
Whether you will or no."

Hilary contrived always to make his supper herself.

Those pleasant days were now over; Mr.

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Lyon was gone. As she stood alone over the kitchen-fire, she thought—as now and then she let herself think for a minute or two in her busy prosaic life—of that August night, standing at the front door, of his last "good-by," and last hand-clasp, tight, warm, and firm; and somehow she, like Johanna, trusted in him.

Not exactly in his love; it seemed almost impossible that *he* should love *her*, at least till she grew much more worthy of him than now; but in himself, that he would never be less himself, less thoroughly good and true than now. That, some time, he would be sure to come back again, and take up his old relations with them, brightening their dull life with his cheerfulness; infusing in their feminine household the new element of a clear, strong, energetic, manly will, which sometimes made Johanna say that instead of twenty-five the young man might be forty; and, above all, bringing into their poverty the silent sympathy of one who had fought his own battle with the world—a hard one, too, as his face sometimes showed—though he never said much about it.

Of the results of this pleasant relation—whether she, being the only truly marriagable person in the house, Robert Lyon intended to marry her, or was expected to do so, or that society would think it a very odd thing if he did not do so—this unsophisticated Hilary never thought at all. If he had said to her that the present state of things was to go on forever; she to remain always Hilary Leaf, and he Robert Lyon, the faithful friend of the family, she would have smiled in his face and been perfectly satisfied.

True, she had never had any thing to drive away the smile from that innocent face; no vague jealousies aroused; no maddening rumors afloat in the small world that was his and theirs. Mr. Lyon was grave and sedate in all his ways; he never paid the slightest attention to, or expressed the slightest interest in, any woman whatsoever.

And so this hapless girl loved him—just himself; without the slightest reference to his "connections," for he had none; or his "prospects," which, if he had any, she did not know of. Alas! to practical and prudent people I can offer no excuse for her; except, perhaps, what Shakspeare gives in the creation of his poor Miranda.

When the small servant re-entered the kitchen, Hilary, with a half sigh, shook off her dreams, called Ascott out of the school-room, and returned to the work-a-day world and the family supper.

This being ended, seasoned with a few quiet words administered to Ascott, and which on the whole he took pretty well, it was nearly ten o'clock.

"Far too late to have kept up such a child as Elizabeth; we must not do it again," said Miss Leaf, taking down the large Bible with which she was accustomed to conclude the day—Ascott's early hours at school and their own house-

work making it difficult of mornings. Very brief the reading was, sometimes not more than half a dozen verses, with no comment thereon; she thought the Word of God might safely be left to expound itself. Being a very humble-minded woman, she did not feel qualified to lead long devotional "exercises," and she disliked formal written prayers. So she merely read the Bible to her family, and said after it the Lord's Prayer.

But, constitutionally shy as Miss Leaf was, to do even this in presence of a stranger cost her some effort; and it was only a sense of duty that made her say "yes" to Hilary's suggestion, "I suppose we ought to call in Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth came.

"Sit down," said her mistress; and she sat down, staring uneasily round about her, as if wondering what was going to befall her next. Very silent was the little parlor; so small, that it was almost filled up by its large square piano, its six cane-bottomed chairs, and one easy-chair, in the which sat Miss Leaf, with the great Book in her lap.

"Can you read, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Hilary, give her a Bible."

And so Elizabeth followed, guided by her not too clean finger, the words, read in that soft, low voice, somewhere out of the New Testament; words simple enough for the comprehension of a child or a heathen. The "South-Sea Islander," as Aseott long persisted in calling her, then, doing as the family did, turned round to kneel down; but in her confusion she knocked over a chair, causing Miss Leaf to wait a minute till reverent silence was restored. Elizabeth knelt, with her eyes fixed on the wall: it was a green paper, patterned with bunches of nuts. How far she listened, or how much she understood, it was impossible to say; but her manner was decent and decorous.

"*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.*" Unconsciously Miss Leaf's gentle voice rested on these words, so needed in the daily life of every human being, and especially of every family. Was she the only one who thought of "poor Selina!"

They all rose from their knees, and Hilary put the Bible away. The little servant "hung about," apparently uncertain what was next to be done, or what was expected of her to do. Hilary touched her sister.

"Yes," said Miss Leaf, recollecting herself, and assuming the due authority, "it is quite time for all the family to be in bed. Take care of your candle, and mind and be up at six tomorrow morning."

This was addressed to the new maiden, who dropped a courtesy, and said, almost cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. Good-night, Elizabeth."

And following Miss Leaf's example, the other two, even Aseott, said civilly and kindly, "Good-night, Elizabeth."

### CHAPTER III.

THE Christmas holidays ended, and Aseott left for London. It was the greatest household change the Misses Leaf had known for years, and they missed him sorely. Aseott was not exactly a lovable boy, and yet, after the fashion of womankind, his aunts were both fond and proud of him; fond, in their childless old-maidenhood, of any sort of nephew, and proud, unconsciously, that the said nephew was a big fellow, who could look over all their heads, besides being handsome and pleasant-mannered, and though not clever enough to set the Thames on fire, still sufficiently bright to make them hope that in his future the family star might again rise.

There was something pathetic in these three women's idealization of him—even Selina's, who though quarreling with him to his face always praised him behind his back—that great, good-looking, lazy lad; who, every body else saw clearly enough, thought more of his own noble self than of all his aunts put together. The only person he stood in awe of was Mr. Lyon—for whom he always protested unbounded respect and admiration. How far Robert Lyon liked Aseott even Hilary could never quite find out; but he was always very kind to him.

There was one person in the house who, strange to say, did not succumb to the all-dominating youth. From the very first there was a smouldering feud between him and Elizabeth. Whether she overheard, and slowly began to comprehend his mocking gibes about the "South-Sea Islander," or whether her sullen and dogged spirit resisted the first attempts the lad made to "put upon her"—as he did upon his aunts, in small daily tyrannies—was never found out; but certainly Aseott, the general favorite, found little favor with the new servant. She never answered when he "hollo'd" for her; she resisted blacking his boots more than once a day; and she obstinately cleared the kitchen fire-place of his "messes," as she ignominiously termed various pots and pans belonging to what he called his "medical studies."

Although the war was passive rather than aggressive, and sometimes a source of private amusement to the aunts, still, on the whole, it was a relief when the exciting cause of it departed; his new and most gentlemanly portmanteau being carried down stairs by Elizabeth herself, of her own accord, with an air of cheerful alacrity, foreign to her mien for some weeks past, and which, even in the midst of the dolorous parting, amused Hilary extremely.

"I think that girl is a character," she said afterward to Johanna. "Anyhow she has curiously strong likes and dislikes."

"You may say that, my dear; for she brightens up whenever she looks at you."

"Does she? Oh, that must be because I have most to do with her. It is wonderful how friendly one gets over saucyans and brooms; and what reverence one inspires in the domestic

mind when one really knows how to make a bed or a pudding."

"How I wish you had to do neither!" sighed Johanna, looking fondly at the bright face and light little figure that was flitting about, putting the school-room to rights before the pupils came in.

"Nonsense—I don't wish any such thing. Doing it makes me not a whit less charming and lovely." She often applied these adjectives to herself, with the most perfect conviction that she was uttering a fiction patent to every body. I must be very juvenile also, for I'm certain the fellow-passenger at the station to-day took me for Ascott's sweet-heart. When we were saying good-by, an old gentleman who sat next him was particularly sympathetic, and you should have seen how indignantly Ascott replied, "It's only my aunt!"

Miss Leaf laughed, and the shadow vanished from her face, as Hilary had meant it should. She only said, caressing her,

"Well, my pet, never mind. I hope you may have a real sweet-heart some day."

"I'm in no hurry, thank you, Johanna"

But now was heard the knock after knock of the little boys and girls, and there began that monotonous daily round of school-labor, rising from the simplicities of c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog—to the sublime heights of Pinnock and Lennie, Télemaque and Latin Delectus. No loftier: Stowbury being well supplied with first-class schools, and having a vague impression that the Misses Leaf, born ladies and not brought up as governesses, were not competent educators except of very small children.

Which was true enough until lately. So Miss Leaf kept contentedly to the c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog, of the little butchers and bakers, as Miss Selina, who taught only sewing, and came into the school-room but little during the day, scornfully termed them. The higher branches, such as they were, she left gradually to Hilary, who, of late, possibly out of sympathy with a friend of hers, had begun to show an actual gift for teaching school.

It is a gift—all will allow; and chiefly those who have it not, among which was poor Johanna Leaf. The admiring envy with which she watched Hilary, moving briskly about from class to class, with a word of praise to one and rebuke to another, keeping every one's attention alive, spurring on the dull, controlling the unruly, and excreasing over every member in this little world that influence, at once the strongest and most intangible and inexplicable—personal influence—was only equaled by the way in which, at pauses in the day's work, when it grew dull and monotonous, or when the stupididity of the children ruffled her own quick temper beyond endurance, Hilary watched Johanna.

The time I am telling of is now long ago. The Stowbury children, who were then little boys and girls, are now fathers and mothers—doubtless a large proportion being decent trades-folk in Stowbury still; though, in this locomo-

tive quarter, many must have drifted off elsewhere—where, Heaven knows! But not a few of them may still call to mind Miss Leaf, who first taught them their letters—sitting in her corner between the fire and the window, while the blind was drawn down to keep out, first the light from her own fading eyes, and, secondly, the distracting view of green fields and trees from the youthful eyes by her side. They may remember still her dark plain dress and her white apron, on which the primers, torn and dirty, looked half ashamed to lie; and above all, her sweet face and sweeter voice, never heard in any thing sharper than that grieved tone which signified their being "naughty children." They may recall her unwearied patience with the very dullest and most wayward of them: her unfailing sympathy with every infantile pleasure and pain. And I think they will acknowledge that whether she taught them much or little—in this advancing age it might be thought little—Miss Leaf taught them one thing—to love her. Which, as Ben Jonson said of the Countess of Pembroke, was in itself a "liberal education."

Hilary, too. Often when Hilary's younger and more restless spirit chafed against the monotony of her life; when, instead of wasting her days in teaching small children, she would have liked to be learning, learning—every day growing wiser and cleverer, and stretching out into that busy, bright active world of which Robert Lyon had told her—then the sight of Johanna's meek face bent over those dirty spelling-books would at once rebuke and comfort her. She felt, after all, that she would not mind working on forever, so long as Johanna still sat there.

Nevertheless, that winter seemed to her very long—especially after Ascott was gone. For Johanna, partly for money, and partly for kindness, had added to her day's work four evenings a week, when a half-educated mother of one of her little pupils came to be taught to write a decent hand, and to keep the accounts of her shop. Upon which Selina, highly indignant, had taken to spending her evenings in the school-room, interrupting Hilary's solitary studies there by many a lamentation over the peaceful days when they all sat in the kitchen together and kept no servant. For Selina was one of those who never saw the bright side of any thing till it had gone by.

"I'm sure I don't know how we are to manage with Elizabeth. That greedy—"

"And growing," suggested Hilary.

"I say, that greedy girl eats as much as any two of us. And as for her clothes—her mother does not keep her even decent."

"She would find it difficult upon three pounds a year."

"Hilary, how dare you contradict me! I am only stating a plain fact."

"And I another. But, indeed, I don't want to talk, Selina."

"You never do, except when you are wished

to be silent; and then your tongue goes like any race-horse."

"Does it? Well, like Gilpin's,

'It carries weight, it rides a race,  
'Tis for a thousand pound!'

—and I only wish it were. Heigh-ho! if I could but earn a thousand pounds!"

Selina was too vexed to reply; and for five quiet minutes Hilary bent over her Homer, whieh Mr. Lyon had taken such pleasure in teaehing her, beeause, he said, she learned it faster than any of his grammar-school boys. She had forgotten all domestic grievances in a vision of Thetis and the water-nymphs; and was repeating to herself, first in the sonorous Greek, and then in Popc's small but sweet English, that catalogue of oceanie beauties ending with

"Black Janira and Janassa fair,  
And Amatheia with her amber hair."

"Black, did you say? I'm sure she was as black as a chimney-sweep all to-day. And her pinafore—"

"Her what? Oh, Elizabeth, you mean—"

"Her pinafore had three rents in it, which she never thinks of mending, though I gave her needles and thread myself a week ago. But she does not know how to use them any more than a baby."

"Possibly nobody ever taught her."

"Yes; she went for a year to the National School, she says, and learned both marking and sewing."

"Perhaps she has never praetieed them since. She could hardly have had time, with all the little Hands to look after, as her mother says she did. All the better for us. It makes her wonderfully patient with our troublesome brats. It was only to-day, when that horrid little Jacky Smith hurt himself so, that I saw Elizabeth take him into the kitchen, wash his face and hands, and cuddle him up and comfort him, quite motherly. Her forte is certaintly children."

"You always find something to say for her."

"I should be ashamed if I could not find something to say for any body who is always abused."

Another pause—and then Selina returned to the charge.

"Have you ever observed, my dear, the extraordinary way she has of fastening, or rather, not fastening her gown behind? She just hooks it together at the top and at the waist, while between there is a—"

"*Hiatus valde deflendus.* Oh dear me! what shall I do! Selina, how ean I help it if a girl of fifteen years old is not a paragon of perfection? as of course we all are, if we only could find it out."

And Hilary, in despair, rose to carry her candle and books into the chilly but quiet bedroom, biting her lips the while lest she should be tempted to say something whieh Selina called "impertinent," whieh perhaps it was, from a younger sister to an elder. I do not set Hilary up as a perfect charaeter. Through sorrow only do peo-

ple go on to perfection; and sorrow, in its true meaning, this cherished girl had never known.

But that night, talking to Johanna before they went to sleep—they had always slept together since the time when the elder sister used to walk the room of nights with that puling, motherless infant in her arms—Hilary anxiously started the question of the little servant.

"I am afraid I vexed Selina greatly about her to-night; and yet what ean one do? Selina is so very unjust—always expeeting impossibilities. She would like to have Elizabeth at once a first-rate cook, a finished house-maid, and an attentive lady's-maid, and all without being taught! She gives her things to do, neither waiting to see if they are comprehended by her, nor showing her how to do them. Of course the girl stands gaping and staring, and does not do them, or does them so badly that she gets a thorough scolding."

"Is she very stupid, do you think?" asked Johanna, in unconscious appeal to her pet's stronger judgment.

"No, I don't. Far from stupid; only very ignorant, and—you would hardly believe it—very nervous. Selina frightens her. She gets on extremely well with me."

"Any one would, my dear. That is," added the conscientious elder sister, still afraid of making the "child" vain, "any one whom you took pains with. But do you think we ever can make any thing out of Elizabeth? Her month ends to-morrow. Shall we let her go?"

"And perhaps get in her place a story-teller—a tale-bearer—even a thief. No, no; let us

"Rather bear the ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of;"  
and a thief would be worse than even a South-Sea Islander."

"Oh yes, my dear," said Johanna, with a shiver.

"By-the-by, the first step in the civilization of the Polynesians was giving them clothes. And I have heard say that crime and rags often go together; that a man unconsciously feels he owes something to himself and society in the way of virtue when he has a clean face and clean shirt, and a decent coat on. Suppose we try the experiment of dressing Elizabeth. How many old gowns have we?"

The number was few. Nothing in the Leaf family was ever cast off till its very last extremity of decay; the talent that

"Gars auld claes look amait as gude's the new" being especieally possessed by Hilary. She counted over her own wardrobe and Johanna's, but found nothing that could be spared.

"Yes, my love, there is one thing. You certainly shall never put on that old brown merino again; though you have laid it so earefully by, as if you meant it to come out as fresh as ever next winter. No, Hilary, you must have a new gown, and you must give Elizabeth your brown merino."

Hilary laughed, and replied not.

Now it might be a pathetic indication of a girl who had very few clothes, but Hilary had a su-

perstitious weakness concerning hers. Every dress had its own peculiar chronicle of the scenes where it had been, the enjoyments she had shared in it. Particular dresses were special memorials of her loves, her pleasures, her little passing pains: as long as a bit remained of the poor old fabric the sight of it recalled them all.

This brown merino—in which she had sat two whole winters over her Greek and Latin by Robert Lyon's side, which he had once stopped to touch and notice, saying what a pretty color it was, and how he liked soft-feeling dresses for women—to cut up this old brown merino seemed to hurt her so she could almost have cried.

Yet what would Johanna think if she refused? And there was Elizabeth absolutely in want of clothes. "I must be growing very wicked," thought poor Hilary.

She lay a good while silent in the dark, while Johanna planned and replanned—calculating how, even with the addition of an old cape of her own, which was out of the same piece, this hapless gown could be made to fit the gaunt frame of Elizabeth Hand. Her poor kindly brain was in the last extremity of muddle, when Hilary, with a desperate effort, dashed in to the rescue, and soon made all clear, contriving body, skirt, sleeves, and all.

"You have the best head in the world, my love. I don't know whatever I should do without you."

"Luckily you are never likely to be tried. So give me a kiss; and good-night, Johanna."

I misdoubt many will say I am writing about small, ridiculously small, things. Yet is not the whole of life made up of infinitesimally small things? And in its strange and solemn mosaic, the full pattern of which we never see clearly till looking back on it from far away, dare we say of any thing which the hand of Eternal Wisdom has put together that it is too common or too small?

### FISH CULTURE.

OF the multitude of tourists who annually stop at Bâle, on entering Switzerland, few are aware that within the distance of a pleasant walk from the town there may be seen in operation, at the village of Huningue, an establishment organized for carrying on a new and curious species of industry, which is now being extended over the greater part of continental Europe—namely, the breeding of fish by artificial means. The piscicultural dépôt at Huningue is well worth seeing, although it is not mentioned in some of the popular continental hand-books, which dilate more upon the scenery and architectural features of places than on their industrial characteristics; and thus the great laboratory which is giving new life to the fisheries of France is known only to a few. Nor, while dwelling on the scenery of the Vosges, do the guide-books allude to a pursuit followed in these and the surrounding districts—the collection of fish-eggs, which took its rise at La Bresse, and was origin-

ally carried on by Joseph Remy, a simple fisherman of that place, who was the first in France to hit upon the new method of fish-breeding.

This peasant fisherman, seeing the annually increasing scarcity of fresh-water fish, bethought himself of studying the habits of those denizens of the rivers, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that the enormous waste of eggs was one of the principal causes of the ever-declining supply. Remy saw that tens of thousands of the eggs never came to life, being either wasted through exposure or preyed upon by enemies. To collect from the spawning-grounds, and protect the eggs in boxes placed in the running streams, was the first idea which the fisherman of La Bresse formed of pisciculture, but those rudimentary plans were speedily improved upon as experience and knowledge came to his aid. Although practiced in France as a new art, it is certain that pisciculture, in far more complicated shapes, was well known to ancient nations. In China an effective system of collecting and transporting fish and fish-eggs to great distances has existed for ages, nothing being required in the case of the live fish but a frequent change of water, and failing that, the introduction into the jars of the yolk of an egg. The ancient Romans, who were adepts in those arts of luxury applicable to the pleasures of the table, were ingenious pisciculturists, and had modes of operating on fish, with reference to their growth and flavor, which are entirely lost to us. Among other stories of Roman art in connection with fish, is one indicating that certain kinds could be so trained as to live in wine, and that fresh-water varieties could be induced to live and breed in the sea, and salt-water fish be so acclimatized as to exist in fresh-water ponds and inland rivers.

It is quite certain that pisciculture, as now understood, was successfully practiced more than a century ago in Germany, at which time an elaborate treatise was published on the subject by a Mr. Jacobi; this work, which was written in the German language, was translated into Latin, and published by Duhamel du Monceau in his general treatise on fishes. So that, in any case, the honors claimed for France as the discovery ground of this very curious art fall to the ground. Besides, it is certain that, as applicable to the study of the growth and habits of fish, the art was practiced in Britain before it became a commercial adjunct of the French fisheries. Pisciculture originated in Scotland in connection with what is termed "the parr controversy"—a long-continued dispute as to the growth of the salmon in its earlier stages. In order to demonstrate that the "parr" was undoubtedly the young of the salmon, Mr. Shaw collected the eggs of that fish from the spawning beds, and, confining them in a protected place, watched them into life, and noted their growth and progress closely till they became "smolts;" and in order that his experiments might be perfect, he personally caught the native fish, despoiled it of its eggs, and placed the "parr" ques-

tion beyond doubt by hatching spawn that he knew to be that of the salmon. In those experiments—begun in the year 1833, carried on for five years, the results of which were published in 1840—Mr. Shaw was corroborated by Mr. Young, of Invershin, a gentleman of ability as a practical naturalist, who had likewise resorted to the artificial method in connection with the same controversy. It is important to note that the discovery of the fisherman of La Bresse took place in 1842; and it is suggested, therefore, that while to the French nation belongs the merit of making a commercial use of the discovery, the far higher honor of the successful application of pisciculture to the requirements of science must be awarded to the hard-headed sons of Scotland.

Before the piscicultural era, the fisheries of France had become completely exhausted. The river and coast fishings of that extensive empire were not, according to the report of M. Coste, at that period of more value than the rental of one of our Scottish salmon streams. Fish is so much a necessity of life in all Roman Catholic countries, that there is a more than ordinary drain on the streams and seas of the Continent; and this, coupled with the almost fabulous loss of eggs and young fish incidental to the natural spawning system, led to the depopulation of the rivers. It was this poverty of fish that incited the peasant of La Bresse to his discovery. His occupation as a fisherman was failing, when he luckily bethought himself of putting an end to the destruction of unprotected eggs by collecting them and nursing them into life, under his own eye, in the running streams where he pursued his daily avocation. The next step was easy. Why take the trouble, which involved great labor, of collecting the eggs from the spawning ground individually? Would it not be a better plan to capture the fish, and obtain the eggs on what may be called the wholesale plan—that is, by extruding them from the body of the fish and mixing them with milt, placing them at once under protection in order to be hatched, and then, by feeding them in their infantile stages till they were able to protect themselves, so prepare them for their life in the great streams? Aided by M. Gehin, a clever coadjutor, this was Remy's next step. The percentage of gain on any given stream by this method is very considerable.

The progress of fish-breeding did not stop at this stage. They knew better in France than to nip so valuable a discovery in the bud for want of encouragement. The piscicultural operations at La Bresse at once excited a large amount of local enthusiasm; and it was no sooner observable, after a few months' practice, that the trout and other native fishes of the streams of the Vosges were increasing, literally by tens of thousands, than Dr. Haxo, the secretary of one of the emulative societies of the district, drew the attention of the Government of the day, and also of the Academy, to what had been accomplished. The importance of the plan adopted by Remy was at once seen; the Government aided it with

money and protection, and ultimately grafted pisciculture on one of its imperial departments, employing Gehin and Remy to conduct the practical part of the business. Stream after stream was repeopled with finny inhabitants, and all the plans so well carried out, that experiments were speedily projected, having for their object the improvement of the coast fisheries of France, which were also in a most impoverished state. Maritime pisciculture, it was thought, would be as easy, under the guidance of proper engineers, as the processes of restocking the rivers had been. M. Coste soon overcame all difficulties by laying down oyster-beds on various parts of the coast, and also by propagating the different kinds of flat-fish; and having continued these operations for twelve years, there can now be no doubt of their success.

To facilitate these various enterprises, an establishment, in the nature of a piscicultural laboratory, was erected some years ago, on a large scale, at Huningue, near Bâle, on the Rhine. From this establishment millions of the eggs of all the species of fish usually cultivated in the country, particularly those having large eggs, as the Danube salmon, Ombre chevalier, etc., have been distributed to the chief rivers of France. Canals, ponds, and marshes have likewise been stocked, and new places have been constructed to grow eels and other appropriate fish. Few of the eggs are brought to maturity in Huningue; it suits better to send them away when nearly hatched. Packed among wet moss, inclosed in wooden boxes, they can be sent to great distances; some have gone quite safely that required to be on their journey as long as ten days. Although not more than two miles distant from Bâle, and with grounds nicely laid out, there is a certain want of interest about the establishment at Huningue, inasmuch as they do not, as a rule, hatch the eggs in large quantities. Although there are always a few thousand fish in the place, it is a rule only to supply eggs. People are paid to collect these from the rivers and lakes of Switzerland, and also to procure them from the Rhine and the Danube. The trade thus created affords employment to a great number of industrious people, who are paid at the rate of 40 cents per thousand. The spawn of a fish weighing twenty pounds would yield to the pisciculturist a sum of about \$8. The eggs of some of the fresh-water fish are too minute to be operated upon pisciculturally—these must just be left to chance. Pike, tench, carp, etc., allow a vast percentage of their eggs to be lost; indeed they are nearly all lost, except such as are caught on those leaves and weeds which overhang the river. The eggs of such fish may be numbered by millions; but, from their being exposed to all kinds of accidents, and from their being devoured in wholesale quantities, only a small percentage ever comes to life: it is not an exaggeration to say that of some species perhaps not one egg in each hundred ever becomes a marketable fish. In addition to serving as a commercial dépôt, the naturalist has rare facil-

ties at Huningue to study the development of the fish, as the hatching-boxes are all under cover, and therefore easy to observe. Indeed, the progress of the egg (and these are there in all stages of progress) can be noted from day to day, and its various changes observed. These are so gradual that it requires a keen observer to hit upon the points. It is not, for instance, till about the tenth day, according to Agassiz, that the form of the embryo can be distinguished, and about the thirtieth day signs of the circulation of the blood are observable; and, under favorable circumstances, the fish escapes from its egg about the sixtieth day. Of course, much depends upon the temperature of the water—indeed, the heat of the water is a grand question in all matters relating to fish-life. The salmon-eggs in the breeding-boxes at Stormontfield do not hatch so quickly as those described by Agassiz—they require fully one hundred days, and sometimes take four months. Of course they are exposed to the open air; in a warmer atmosphere they would be hatched in half the time. We know of eggs that were hatched in fifty days, but the fish did not live.

The growth and changes incidental to fish-life can be best observed through the medium of pisciculture, for it is impossible amidst the depths of seas and oceans to follow the animal from its birth to its death, and note the varied transformations which it must of necessity undergo before it becomes of value for the uses of the table. It would be of great consequence if, by means of some gigantic sea-water pond, we could view the growth of those marine fishes which are important to mankind as a food-resource. We could then tell how long the eggs of the cod and haddock were in coming to life, likewise when the fish arrived at such maturity as to be able to multiply its species; the herring family, the flat-fish, and many others of which we are equally ignorant, could also be placed under surveillance, and be reported upon from time to time. Points in the natural history of fish, which have been in debate for ages past, could thus be resolved.

The commercial achievements of pisciculture were not long confined to France. Germany soon awakened to their importance, and the Danube salmon, a fish which attains at maturity the enormous weight of 200 pounds, offered a ready subject for experiment. Professor Wimmer, under whose direction various experiments in the propagation of this fish has been made, speaks of it as admirably adapted for the practice of pisciculture, as a fish of eighteen pounds weight yielded the extraordinary number of 40,000(?) eggs. The hatching of these eggs takes a period of fifty-six days, and the young fish attain a weight of one pound in the course of the first year. The supplies of salmon in the Danube have been sensibly augmented by the operations carried on in the tributaries of that river and elsewhere. It may be noted, also, that this salmon, like our own, migrates from the main stream to its tributaries, but has never been caught in the Black Sea, nor is it known

ever to enter the Sulina mouth of the Danube. A fair exchange of eggs has been made between Germany and France, the spawn of the Danube fish being given for that of the common salmon; and Professor Fraas tells us that thousands of young salmon have been produced at Munich from eggs procured at Huningue. Might we not try to breed the Danube salmon in some of our rivers?

There are, however, curiosities of pisciculture much more wonderful than any that have yet been narrated. The oyster-beds laid down on the sea-coasts of France, and the eel-breeding establishment in the lagoons of Comaccio, are notable as achievements in the art of pisciculture. The eel is esteemed a curious fish, and it has been made the theme of many a story and legend. Some people—the Scotch in particular—have so great a prejudice against this fish, that they will not partake of it; but for all that, eels are wholesome and savory food, and they can be had in such countless quantities as to form a welcome addition to our unsteady fish supplies. At Comaccio an extensive commerce has been carried on for about three centuries principally in this one fish. This traffic has had its origin in the careful observation of the habits and growth of the eel family: as is well known, the eel migrates to the sea in order to spawn, and the fry ascend our rivers and canals in order to fatten. In the lagoons at Comaccio an ingenious series of dykes and canals have been provided, in order to facilitate the entrance and exit of the fish. The natural situation of the place is conducive to the commerce carried on there. “The lagoon of Comaccio,” says M. Coste, “is situated on the coast of the Adriatic, below the mouth of the Po and the territory of Ravenna, about 30 miles from Ferrara, and forms an immense swamp nearly 140 miles in circumference, and about four feet deep, with a simple strip of earth separating it from the sea; while two rivers, the Reno and the Volano, form this vast swamp into a species of delta, similar to that formed by the Rhone at Camargue.”

As a provision for the growth of the enormous herds of serpentine cannibals which are bred in the lagoon, vast quantities of a small fish named the aquadelle are provided; and that their small fry are devoured in countless numbers is evident from the value which the eels so speedily acquire. A pound weight of eel fry at its entrance into the lagoon will embrace 1800 young fish, and these will, in the course of a year or two, weigh about four tons, and attain a money value of \$200. The mullet is also assiduously “cultivated” at Comaccio, the rapidity of its growth forming the chief inducement; and when the reader knows that in its infantile state 6000 mullet go to the pound, while at the expiry of a year each individual weighs four ounces, he will not be surprised that so profitable a trade should be eagerly carried on.

In addition to its engineering attractions, and they are numerous, Comaccio is also remarkable for the social condition of its people. The per-

sons more immediately employed in the fisheries live in barracks, and undergo something akin to military discipline. They receive but scanty wages, and are simple in their habits and modes of life, an allowance of fish forming their staple diet. They have occasional fêtes and rejoicings, most of which are connected with their daily avocation. For instance, when a division of the community succeed on any night in securing a "shot," which weighs 48,000 pounds, a gun is fired, which communicates the glad tidings to the whole community. Next day is held as a holiday, and is devoted to rejoicings of all kinds, and in particular to a splendid dinner cooked from a portion of the captured fish, and washed down by the appropriate wine. The eels begin to ascend from the sea to the lagoon in February, and this emigration lasts for a period of two months, when the sluices are closed and the breeding begins. The supplies are gathered in with great solemnity, religious services being held at the commencement and at intervals throughout the season. Another curious feature of the place lies in the fact that the greater quantity of the produce is sold ready cooked! There is an immense kitchen, where the larger eels are roasted and the smaller fish are fried: there is any quantity of spits, and a perfect brigade of male and female cooks. The extent of the cooking business may be guessed from the fact that it requires a canal to carry away the oil which exudes from the fish as they are roasting. As the larger eels are brought into the kitchen they are dexterously prepared for the spit by being cut up into proper lengths, the heads and tails being laid aside as a perquisite for the poor; the smaller fish, with a slight trimming, are spitted alive. The flat-fish are fried with the oil from the eels, in gigantic frying-pans. The scene in the great kitchens of Comacchio, especially when there is a more than ordinary supply of fish, is a very animated one. In addition to the cooked fish, which are sent into the cities of Italy, a portion is sold in a salted state, while another portion is cooked by being boiled alive and then dried by exposure to the air. The inhabitants of this isolated lagoon are hardy and industrious, and much resemble the quaint fishing population of our own shores, as indeed do most of the continental maritime population.

The growth of the oyster may be observed now at most of the fishing towns on the coast of France. There is one great advantage in dredging for oysters: the young ones can be thrown into the water, there to wait till their beards grow larger. When fishing for cod or other fish this can not be done, as the animal is usually killed before it reaches the surface of the water. M. Coste has superintended the laying down of a great number of new oyster-beds on the coasts of France, and likewise repeopled a number that had been exhausted by over-dredging. His mode of engineering an oyster-bed is exceedingly simple, and is founded on the knowledge that all that is required to secure a few millions of oys-

ters is a resting-place for the "spat." It is well known to those versed in the economic history of our fisheries, that the greatest waste arises from the non-ripening of the eggs. Countless millions never come to life at all, and consequently are just that number of fish lost to our commissariat. It is the same with the oyster; for want of a resting-place, seven-eighths of the spawn is lost. M. Coste's idea is to provide the necessary resting-place. He makes up a foundation of old bricks, tiles, fragments of pottery-ware, and shells; and over these he plants a forest of strong stakes, round which are twined luxuriant branches to which the seedling oyster may become attached; and then, laying down a parent stock of breeders, he patiently awaits the result, knowing well that in the course of four years there will be an abundant supply of marketable oysters. Even as we write there arrives news of the truth of M. Coste's "practical theories," for do we not read of a little rejoicing that has just taken place at the opening of one of the new oyster-beds in the River Auray? The dredgers employed procured 350,000 oysters in the short space of an hour! In the evening there was an illumination of the little fishing-town, and dancing was carried on on the beach with great spirit till a late hour by the happy fisher folk. This fête of these dredgers is a type of the interest which the French people take in the piscicultural operations now being carried on for their benefit. All are interested in their success, and know about them, from the Emperor downward. Even the children are "up" in the subject, and can talk about it in an intelligible style. Having made anxious personal inquiry on the subject in various parts of France, we can testify to this fact; and the exhibition at the College of France of some of the experiments, taught the people personally how it was all achieved. The gigantic Aquarium now opened in the Garden of Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne will still further interest the Parisians, as it contains a model of an oyster-bed on the artificial system, as also samples of the various native fishes that have been reared on the artificial plan, as well as others that the French savans propose to naturalize. The structure was not quite finished at the time of our visit, but in dimensions and design it bade fair to fulfill the purpose for which it was intended.

Does fish-breeding pay? is, of course, an important question. But the answer is entirely favorable: the financial results of pisciculture are highly encouraging. At the Stormontfield ponds, on the River Tay, the only expense beyond the construction of the breeding-beds, and the necessary reservoirs and runlets, is the small annual charge for wages to "Peter of the Pools," the faithful nurse of the young salmon, there being scarcely any other money cost. In fact, per individual fish, the annual money charge is not appreciable. The ponds at Stormontfield have had a marked effect on the produce of the Tay, having increased the rental, and consequently the annual profit, by at least ten per

cent., affording good interest for the capital expended. The charges incurred in the construction of the French oyster-beds are not at all extravagant; the material used being of the simplest and most inexpensive description, much of it mere rubbish, helps to lessen the sum total. The full cost of an oyster-bed is less than ten pounds. As an example of the figures, we may cite the debtor and creditor account of the bank which has been constructed off the coast of Brittany at St. Brieux; and we shall adopt the official figures of M. Laviciare, commissary of the maritime inscription. These inform us that three fascines, selected by chance from an oyster-bank laid down in the year 1859, contained 20,000 oysters each! "The expense of laying down the bank in question was \$45, and if each of the fascines [300] laid down be multiplied by 20,000, 6,000,000 oysters will be obtained, and these at \$4 per thousand will yield a revenue of \$25,000!" an immense profit to obtain with so small an outlay of capital and labor. At Comaccio, too, the profits are large, as the fish grow rapidly. The quantity cultivated in the lagoon is positively fabulous; the average annual take, after letting away a sufficient quantity of breeding fish and providing for the food of the people, is 1,000,000 pounds in weight, and some years it has been nearly double that amount.

From a detailed statement issued by the French Government, the following figures may be cited as an evidence of the commercial success of the piscicultural system in France. The money value of the fish caught in the navigable rivers, canals, and estuaries, has been estimated at about three millions of dollars per annum; this amount is derived, it must be borne in mind, from a very large territory, embracing 114,889 miles of water-courses and 493,750 acres of lakes and ponds. The fish-ponds of Doombes alone cover a surface equal to 34,580 acres! These results are really marvelous when we consider Coste's statement, that the whole fisheries of France were not, twenty years ago, of greater value than the annual rent of a Scottish salmon river.

## THE ARTILLERIST.

"Where the battery, guarded well,  
Remains as yet impregnable."

**I**N looking at a monster gun of the present day, with its missile warranted "good at five miles," we can scarce restrain a smile when we think over the many awkward forms and impotent changes artillery has undergone before it arrived at its present perfection; and yet our self-complacent scorn for the toy-like cannon of our ancestors is arrested when we remember that, but a few years since, we had imagined our artillery to have arrived at the utmost degree of perfection only to be awakened from our delightful dream of confidence by the booming of the improved "raye," or Napoleon gun. No branch in the whole military science has undergone as many changes as has artillery, or led to greater results, until at the present day we be-

hold, through the uplifting of its sulphurous smoke, the geographical bounds of ages change their forms, and through its increased power whole empires subjugated or created.

The manner in which these improvements and increased powers have been brought about in this, the most important arm of modern warfare, is at all times interesting, but at none so much as at the present, when our own national safety and success must depend, in a great measure, upon these very changes, and its thereby wonderfully increased efficiency.

The Chinese, to whom so many discoveries and inventions have been ascribed, claim to have been the first inventors of cannon.

This people, it has been very conclusively proved, were the discoverers of *gunpowder*; and they are supported in their claims to having been the first to use artillery by many very learned men, as well as by what may perhaps be a very natural supposition; viz., that being the first to have a knowledge of gunpowder, they were probably the first to turn its power of propulsion to account.

Among the many good authorities who support the Chinese in their claim of priority in the use of artillery is Mr. Paravey, a celebrated savant, who has, it seems, discovered a Chinese manuscript in which mention is made of a cannon used during the Taing-Off dynasty, 618 B.C., and which bore this inscription: "I hurl death to the traitor and extermination to the rebel!"—a sentence that would form a very appropriate legend for the cannon of Uncle Sam at the present day.

Captain Parrish, too, a British officer, speaking of the great wall of China, claims to have discovered in the soles of its embrasures "small holes similar to those used in Europe for the reception of the swivels of wall-pieces, which appeared to be a part of the original construction of the wall." The wall, nota bene, was finished according to Chinese authorities 221 years before the Christian era.

According to the early Jesuits and missionaries also, from information derived from Chinese sources, artillery had been very much perfected during the early part of the Christian era, and about A.D. 757 a certain general in Thang's army constructed cannon that threw stones of 12 pounds in weight a distance of 300 paces.

But these accounts of the antiquity of cannon, stated as they are by these authorities in perfect faith, must be taken with allowance, from the fact that in a country depending so much for its lore upon tradition as does China, events, great discoveries, etc., though they may have taken place centuries apart, are apt to be ascribed to some popular ruler or great general, whose superior abilities had won an undying and time-exaggerated veneration in the hearts of his people, even though the said discoveries may not have taken place until long after his death. This might more easily be the case among a nation priding themselves as much as the Chinese do upon their antiquity in science as well as in na-

tionality, letting alone the characteristic proneness which they have ever evinced for deception and for boastfulness.

How often, even at the present day, do we find in Europe the erection of palaces, the creation of reservoirs, and the elevation of statues, between the occurrence of which centuries may have elapsed, all ascribed by popular tradition to some master-mind, who, like an oasis in some broad wilderness, has drunk up all the refreshing rains of science and of art which it took long centuries to accumulate!

*His* fame it is that ever projects in the popular memory; and like the rich embossment on an otherwise plain surface, upon it every thing collects, and to it every thing attaches.

It is a peculiarity of tradition, as well, to exaggerate the age of popular monuments and events: nor is this trait confined to any one country, but it is universal, whether it be the German *bauer*, who goes back for his dates to the time of Charlemagne; the French *peasant*, who dives far back into the legendary days of Pepin; the Italian *vetturino*, who with glowing face ascribes every thing to the genius of a Cosmo di Medici; or even the poor Hindoo, who informs you, with just as much gravity, that his god Vis-carne (corresponding to the Vulcan of Grecian mythology) was the inventor of gunpowder and of fire-arms.

If the claim of the Chinese be allowed, it must be admitted to be a little strange that so formidable a power—namely, the means of propelling a projectile by the force of gunpowder—should have remained unknown to Europe until so long afterward; even taking into account the jealous care which that nation has ever evinced in guarding its seerets from the outside barbarians, or even the difficulty of communicating with a nation so seclusive. Be this as it may, however, cannon were first introduced to the notice of *Europeans* by the French, who used them as early as 1338; and they were called by them bombards and couleuvrines, but were afterward named from certain figures marked on them—such as serpentines, basilisks, scorpions, etc., etc. These, as may be readily understood, were quite small, weighing only from 20 to 50 pounds, and were mounted on small, movable carriages. These cannons—or pop-guns, as we should now consider them—soon became quite common throughout Europe, and were used at the battle of Cressy (1346) by the English, as well as at the siege of Aigecillon, in 1339; at Zara, in 1345; and at Naples, in 1380. They were of very little efficiency, however, for even as late as the beginning of the fifteenth century we find, by reference to Grose's Military Antiquities and the Harleian MS., that the ancient projectile machines—such as machines for throwing stones, and other ancient engines, such as battering-rams and towers moving on wheels and filled with archers—were not yet superseded by cannon.

The first cannon were constructed of longitudinal bars of wood, covered with sheet-iron or encircled by iron rings; and the bores of these

guns, instead of being cylindrical, as at the present day, were conical; nor was it until a long time afterward that cylindrical bores were introduced. Afterward, as the science advanced, iron longitudinal bars superseded the wooden ones, and these were banded together by iron rings, as in the case of the wooden bars. These cannon were in use until the early part of the fifteenth century, when larger ones began to be constructed; and so rapid was their increase in size, that they became almost unavailable for any practical purposes from their very immensity. Thus, at the siege of Constantinople, in 1453, mention is made of a famous metallic bombard which threw stone balls of an incredible size; and at the siege of Bourges, in 1412, it is said there was a cannon which "threw stone balls as large as millstones." "The Gantois, under Arteville," adds our authority, "made a bombard 50 feet in length, whose report was heard at a distance of ten leagues."

This may be styled emphatically the age of "great gunnes," for the idea prevailing that in exact proportion to the size of the weapon must be its efficiency, great "gunnes," as they were called, were made on every side, and some of them are remembered by name even to the present day—as the culverin of Bolduc, and the great culverin of Nancy, which it is said was 23 feet in length. Then comes the famous piece constructed at Tours for Louis XI., which, if we can believe the writers of that day, gave a very good report of itself, and eclipsed even our modern cannon by sending a ball six miles. Its calibre was about 500 pounds; and having overdone itself upon its first attempt, burst upon its second trial.

"The awkwardness of artillery at this period," says a very able writer on the subject, "may be judged by its slowness of fire. At the siege of Zetenel, in 1407, five bombards were only able to discharge forty shots in the course of a whole day."

The Spaniards, under Ferdinand the Catholic, were the first to make any visible improvement in these cumbrous cannon, and this they did by reducing the size of them, making them average twelve feet in length, and their calibre range about 175 pounds. The separation of the *light* from the *heavy* artillery took place first in 1556, when we find that the Emperor Ferdinand in his campaign against the Turks had his heavy and light or field cannon: thus showing already a very decided improvement in the organization of this arm. The *light* artillery of this period had already attained considerable efficiency, and Charles V., it is said, employed light guns with limbers drawn by horses, which were called the Emperor's pistols, and which manoeuvred at a gallop, and accompanied the movements of the cavalry. Other authorities, again, give a much later period as the time at which horse-artillery was first used, and credit Frederick the Great with being the first to introduce it in armies. About this period (the middle of the sixteenth century) the importance of artillery as a means

of offense as well as of defense seems to have been apparent, and it was gradually gaining that ascendancy in the scale of military precedence to which its invaluable properties entitle it. The attention, too, which was bestowed upon this branch of military science toward the end of the sixteenth century by such master-minds as Henry IV. of France, Maurice of Nassau, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, shows the importance with which it began to be regarded.

Both Henry IV. and Maurice of Nassau made wonderful improvements in artillery; but it remained for the great war-genius, Gustavus Adolphus, to perfect it in such a degree as to enable him to conquer whole provinces by its might, and place all Germany at his feet. These pieces being very light, and placed on light carriages, were so easily manœuvred that two men could draw them; and though such cannon could only fire from eight to ten rounds without needing repairs, by combining them, so as to act in masses, instead of using them as isolated pieces, as had hitherto been the habit, he so increased their efficiency as to gain by this new auxiliary force battle after battle, and so won for himself a military renown that has emblazoned the annals of his country with deeds of glory such as no other monarch has since shed upon them.

Among other great improvements of which he was the originator, was the creation of three, four, six, twelve, and thirty pounders, all of much lighter construction than heretofore; but the great points gained by him were the increased rapidity in firing and the increased mobility of his pieces. Owing to this want of mobility, very few pieces of artillery prior to his time had ever been brought into the field. Thus, at the battle of Gravelines Philip II. had only seventeen pieces, and at the battle of Moncontour (1569) eight cannon was all the contending armies possessed; while four pieces of cannon and two culverins were all the French army had at the battle of Ivry, 1590.

Gustavus Adolphus increased very considerably the ratio which this arm had hitherto borne to the other branches of the service; and at the battle of Breetenfield had as many as one hundred cannon, great and small, and at the camp of Nuremberg nearly three hundred pieces of artillery.

After Gustavus Adolphus came Frederick the Great, who changed artillery in a manner to suit the rapid tactics which he had introduced into his army. And still later, France, in the persons of Griebeauval and Valière, began to give that attention to artillery which has since rewarded her with so many triumphs.

This brings the history of artillery down to the time of the great Napoleon, whose early studies and natural tastes all combined to render him fully alive to the immense advantages to be derived from this invaluable auxiliary. "Artillery," said he while at St. Helena, "at the present day, decides the fate of nations." And he then proceeded to point out to his attendants the numerous battles which a due regard for this arm had won for him, as well as

those which had been lost by a disregard to its merits. Marengo was a singular instance of this axiom, having been first gained by the Austrian side by its presence, and afterward lost by its absence. The important services of artillery were also shown in a striking manner in the glorious victories of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Friedland—names linked in that effulgent wreath of immortality which Fame herself, descending from her highest pinnacles, has descended to bestow upon one every way worthy to be her helpmeet! It was the same, too, at Borodino, which was mainly a battle of artillery, and one proudly referred to by artillerists, and where the incessant roar of 1100 pieces of cannon fairly made the earth rock, and reminded one, says an eye-witness, of "a battle between gods, whose weapons were the elements!"

In reviewing the foregoing account of the rise and progress of artillery, short though it is, it will be noticed that the growth of this branch of military science has been by no means rapid. On the contrary, considering the great length of time which artillery has been in use, its slowness of advance must be a continual source of wonder. Of late years, however, its progress has been most rapid, and altogether we have arrived at such increased perfection as to create a new epoch in the art of war, such as to necessitate a complete revolution in the construction of armies as well as of navies.

France, urged on and assisted by her far-seeing Emperor, has been foremost in these efforts to perfect this formidable power, and richly has the harvest thus sown repaid the sowers.

To the American service, however, belongs an honor not always conceded to it; namely, that of having included within its ranks the inventor of the celebrated Columbiad or Paixhan gun, as it has been called. This gun was invented by Major Bomford, of the United States Army, and used in the war of 1812. Drawings and models of it having fallen into the hands of General Paixhan, he was immediately struck with its great advantages, and hastened to introduce it into the French army. Being first made known by him, his name was attached to it; though it must be said, in justice to him, that he disclaimed any other merit for himself than that of having introduced it into the French service.

This gun was much improved in 1858, and is now the most perfect weapon of its kind in use. It is of two calibres—8 and 10 inch.

At a time when improvements are so rife, it may readily be supposed that so-called inventions and improvements in artillery have sprung up on every side. As the most practical of these may be mentioned the rifle-cannon now in use in the French service, and which is rapidly becoming popular here; while other so-called great inventions are nothing but reproduced imaginings that haunted the brains of our forefathers, or *fac-simile* of ancient cannon to be found in half the museums of Europe. These cannon, though differing in name, vary mostly in having differently formed bores—some being

hexagonal, others elliptical; some differing in being breech-loading or not breech-loading, or in the amount of "twist" given to the rifle-grooves.

The much-renowned Armstrong gun belongs to the class of breech-loading rifle-cannon.

Columbiads, howitzers, mortars, and large cannon of all kinds compose, in military nomenclature, *Siege Artillery*, or "such as is employed in the attack and defense of places;" and these are, in the French and Austrian services, made of bronze, but in our own service of cast iron.

Cannon of smaller calibres, including 12 and 24 pound howitzers, comprise *Field Artillery*, or such as is used in the field operations of an army, and these are made of bronze.

Very light howitzers, called mountain howitzers, and weighing only 220 pounds, have been found very useful, and during our war with Mexico were frequently taken on the tops of houses, and thus made very effectual in street fighting. The French have a very neat little 4-pounder of this description, which is so light and easily manœuvred that it superseded cavalry at the battle of Magenta, and was used to pursue the Austrians in their flight in place of that arm.

It may not be out of place here to give short definitions of the different kinds of cannon, as, in general, guns, howitzers, and mortars are so conglomerated as to afford but a very indistinct idea of their various properties.

*Guns*, then, are, in a technical sense, heavy cannon without chambers—intended to throw solid shot with large charges of powder, attaining great range, accuracy, and penetration.

The employment of shell in these, instead of solid shot, constitutes what is generally called "General Paixhan's system."

*Howitzers*, which were originally a German invention and much in use in the seventeenth century, are cannon with chambers employed to throw projectiles with small charges of powder; they are also shorter and lighter than guns.

Lastly, *mortars* are short, light cannon used to throw large hollow shot at a great angle of elevation. A species of these last were used in Spain as early as 1486, and some enormous mortars are spoken of as having been used by Mohammed II. at the siege of Constantinople.

It is probable that shells—"globes of copper filled with powder," as Valturus describes them—were often used even without the agency of mortars. Thus we read in Blondel's *Art de jeter les Bombes*, that the Poles, when they besieged Thorn in Prussia, in 1659, "shot into the town vast pieces of rock and quarters of millstones without using mortars, by digging in the ground, near the counterscarp, holes adapted to the form of the stones—furnished with chambers at the bottom, and having the axes inclined at a suitable angle." This practice has since been renewed, as an experiment, by an Englishman, a Mr. Healy, and with great success.

Having defined cannon, we will now mention the different kinds of *projectiles* now in use. They are the familiar solid shot, which are made of cast iron with us, but in Mexico, where iron

is scarce, of copper—shell, strap-shot, case or canister shot, which is so formidable against bodies of infantry and cavalry, grape-shot, light and fire balls, carcasses, grenades, and rockets.

We have said *mention*; for in a short article of this description it is not permitted the writer to enter very fully into any lengthy description of the many kinds of projectiles; nor is it, perhaps, necessary. Every body knows what a cannon-ball is; and every body knows that it is an "ugly customer" to encounter when "on the ram-page." Lying quietly in heaps, it may be suggestive of not unpleasant emotions. One remembers the happy hours passed in rolling ninepins with the girls at Saratoga and elsewhere, and we turn back two or three pages of our life-history without murmuring, to gaze again upon those sweet pictures of glowing faces, animated eyes, and waving curls; but a cannon-ball in motion is quite another thing, and may be said to be of such a go-ahead character that no one likes to stand in its way; and even the bravest feel at first a deeply-rooted respect, which makes them apt to bow most reverently to the persuasive power of its whistle. This feeling soon wears off; but to show how involuntary it is we will relate an anecdote in point. During the Mexican War, and while Fort Brown was being bombarded by the Mexicans, the commander of the fort, to screen his little but heroic band, ordered the soldiers to build bomb-proofs, wherin they should retire upon the appearance of a shell. This was rendered very easy by placing a look-out man, whose duty it was to cry out the name of the battery from which the shell came—for instance, the "lower fort battery," "mortar-battery," etc.—when the men would immediately seek refuge in the particular bomb-proof affording protection from the battery called out by him. This the men called "dodging the balls."

A tall private, however, not liking this dodging, but considering it altogether unbecoming a soldier to *dodge*, asked as a great favor from his officer to be exempted from the order to this effect, and had just obtained the desired permission, when whiz came a ball, and to the great amusement of the whole party, *down went the bold private's head*. It was altogether involuntary, and showed no want of bravery on his part, but his comrades considered it such a good joke that they never let him hear the end of it.

Cannon-balls, then, are beyond doubt unpleasant objects; and yet, would it be believed, they have their little eccentricities, just like other impulsive objects. For instance, at the fearful momentum at which a cannon-ball travels, it would be supposed that upon striking a man it would instantaneously dash him to the ground, even though it did not kill or otherwise injure its unfortunate target. It not unfrequently happens, however, that a cannon-ball kills a person without affecting his balance for several minutes after he has been struck. Such an instance occurred at the battle of Solferino, where a young French officer, belonging to that splendid

corps les chasseurs de Vincennes, while in advance of his company, dancing gayly backward, his face to his troops, his sword extended across his knees as though at a review, had his head carried off by a ball from the Austrian batteries; and yet, strange to say, his lifeless body retained its upright position for at least several moments, until caught in the arms of his faithful but sorrowing troops.

At the siege of Vienna, also, a Turkish general had his head knocked off by a cannon-ball, and the trunk, in which, of course, the vital spark had instantly been extinguished, was carried a considerable distance by his horse before it fell. Captain Nolan, too, who was killed in the Crimea, still retained his erect position, seeming still the embodiment of the gallant horseman that he had ever been, several minutes after he was struck lifeless by a 10-inch shell.

Again, it would be supposed that a cannon-ball striking a person and knocking him down would as invariably kill or severely injure him. This, then, is eccentricity number two, for this is by no means invariably the consequence. As a most singular case in point, it may be allowed to introduce an incident mentioned by Southey in his "Peninsular War." The incident occurred to Sir James Leith at the siege of San Sebastian, and can not be better told than in the very words of the narrator:

"A plunging shot," says Southey, "struck the ground near the spot where Sir James was

standing, rebounded, struck him on the chest, and laid him prostrate and senseless. The officers near thought that certainly he was killed; but he recovered breath, and then recollection, and resisting all entreaties to quit the field, continued to issue his orders." In short, it merely stunned him for the moment, producing no unpleasant after-effects whatsoever.

A cannon-ball, then, in its eccentric character, can be regarded by the curious with considerably less dread and repugnance, particularly in eccentricity number two; but with its matter-of-fact character returns its old *renommée* of horror, and it is again a thing to be abhorred.

No branch of military service requires, perhaps, so much cool courage as artillery; and this must also be combined with skill and patience. Patience is at all times a severe task to a soldier; but if he desires to become a good artillery officer he must cultivate it. A perfect knowledge of artillery is not to be acquired but by long years of study; but its mysteries once mastered, its results and followings are more glorious than that of any other arm.

Skill, cool courage, and patience, therefore, are the necessary qualities of a good artillerist; and as these component parts are found nowhere more readily than in our own army, we need never fear but our artillery—the arm of the age—will show as glorious results as the world has yet produced; and, when the time comes, create for itself new deeds of fame as glorious and lasting as its lessons of the Past.

## Monthly Record of Current Events.

### THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of February.—The month has been one of expectancy rather than of actual incident.—In Congress the absorbing question has been as to the means of raising funds for carrying on the war. It was assumed on all hands that this must be done mainly by paper issued by Government, and that the credit of this paper must be based upon raising by taxation a sum sufficient to pay the ordinary expenses of Government on a peace footing, the interest of the war debt, and establish a sinking fund. A joint resolution passed both Houses almost unanimously, declaring that a tax bill should be framed which would produce \$150,000,000 annually. But there was a great diversity of opinion as to the character of the paper to be issued. These may be reduced to two general schemes. That recommended by the Committee of Ways and Means, and favored by the Secretary of the Treasury, which provides for issuing Treasury Notes, without interest, but convertible into United States stocks and bonds; these Treasury Notes to be made a legal tender in all public and private debts. The other scheme proposes that the Treasury Notes shall bear interest at the rate of 3·65 per cent., and be convertible into stock and bonds, but not to be made a legal tender. After elaborate discussion, the final vote in the House was taken on the 6th of February, and the bill providing for Notes made a legal tender, not bearing interest, passed by a vote of 93 yeas to 59 nays.

This bill differs in some particulars from the draft given in our last Record. The following is a synopsis of it as finally passed:

*Sec. 1.* The Secretary of the Treasury to issue Notes to the amount of \$150,000,000, not bearing interest, payable in Washington and New York, none to be less than \$5. But \$50,000,000 of these to be in lieu of the same amount of Treasury Notes previously authorized; the whole of both kinds at no time to exceed \$150,000,000: these Notes to be a legal tender for all debts and demands, public and private. The holder of these Notes depositing them with the United States Treasurer, in sums of \$50 or its multiple, to receive certificates entitling him to an equal amount in United States 6 per cent. bonds payable after 20 years, or of 7 per cent. bonds payable after 5 years; the Secretary of the Treasury having the option which bonds shall be given. The Notes to be received as coin for all Government loans.

*Sec. 2.* Authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury bonds to the amount of \$500,000,000, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent., payable semi-annually, redeemable at the pleasure of Government after 20 years from date. These bonds, and all other securities of the United States, to be exempt from taxation by any State or county.

*Sec. 3.* Prescribes the manner of preparing and signing these bonds and notes.

*Secs. 4 and 5.* Impose a fine not exceeding \$5000, and imprisonment not exceeding 15 years at hard labor, for counterfeiting these notes and bonds; or for passing or attempting to pass counterfeits; or for using the genuine plates in any illegal way; or for having in charge or custody any counterfeit plates, or impressions from them; or for photographing or printing any copy of the notes; or for having in possession, with intent to use for counterfeiting them, any paper adapted for that purpose.

Senators Johnson and Polk, of Missouri, who have

joined the Confederates, were expelled from the Senate by a unanimous vote. A resolution expelling Senator Bright, of Indiana, was referred to a Committee, who reported against it. The principal charge against him was that, on the 1st of March, 1861, he wrote a letter addressed to "Hon. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States," introducing a Mr. Lincoln as the inventor of an improved fire-arm. Protracted debates followed. Mr. Bright said that at the time when that letter was written war did not exist, and he did not believe any would exist; he certainly would not have written such a letter after the attack upon Fort Sumter. The question was taken on the 5th, and Mr. Bright was expelled by a vote of 32 to 14.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, has resigned, and has been appointed to the mission to Russia, in place of Mr. Clay, who returns. Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Attorney-General during the last months of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, was appointed Secretary of War.—The President has decided that captured privateersmen are to be considered prisoners of war; all of these in our hands, including three convicted in Philadelphia of piracy, have accordingly been sent to Fort Lafayette.—Hon. Hamilton Fish, formerly Governor of New York, and Bishop Ames, of Ohio, have been appointed by the Secretary of War as Commissioners to proceed to the Confederate States to attend to the comfort of our prisoners of war. It is, however, not probable that they will be received.—John Tyler, Ex-President of the United States, died at Richmond, January 17, aged 72. At the time of his death he was Senator in the Confederate Congress.

A powerful naval and military expedition, which had been for some weeks concentrating at Annapolis, under General Burnside, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 12th of January. Its destination was kept secret; and for a fortnight no tidings were received from it. It finally appeared that it was designed to enter Pamlico Sound, by way of Hatteras Inlet. A violent storm sprung up shortly after the departure, and the greater part of the vessels only reached the Inlet on the 15th and 16th. The channel into the Sound is narrow and intricate, and the storm, which still continued, occasioned much damage. The steamer *New York* was lost, with a great quantity of arms and stores, the crew being saved; the *Pocahontas* went on shore and was wrecked, and some 75 horses on board were drowned; several other vessels went ashore, but we have not yet received authentic intelligence of the entire loss. The depth of water in the channel was less than had been supposed, and many days were spent in getting the vessels into the Sound. Early in February this was accomplished, and a considerable part of the military force was landed; and at the time when our Record closes a forward movement was hourly anticipated.

The almost impassable condition of the roads in Virginia has prevented, and will probably for some time prevent, any important movement of troops on either side in that quarter. The main military operations of early spring will be confined to the coast and the West; and public attention will be directed toward Kentucky and Tennessee. In both these States the National forces have met with decided success. In the former State the Confederates, under Crittenden and Zollicoffer, have for some time occupied a strongly-fortified position at Mill Spring, on the Cumberland River, covering the route into Eastern Tennessee. Two divisions of our troops, under Generals Thomas and Schoepff, advanced by

different routes upon this point. On the 18th of January they were within a few miles of Mill Spring, when the enemy marched out from his entrenchments to attack General Thomas. The action commenced before daylight on the 19th, lasting till afternoon, and was bravely contested on both sides. At length General Zollicoffer, who, though under Crittenden, seems to have been actually in command, was killed, and a vigorous bayonet charge decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke, and fled in disorder back to their intrenchments. These were abandoned during the night, the enemy crossing the river in the darkness, and dispersing in all directions. Our loss is officially reported at 39 killed and 127 wounded. Of the Confederates 115 dead were found and buried by our forces directly after the battle; and it subsequently appeared that this was only a part of their loss. It is said also that large numbers were drowned in crossing the river. We captured 10 cannon with caissons filled with ammunition, 100 wagons, 1200 horses and mules, and a large amount of small arms, ammunition, and stores. This battle is regarded as the most important which has been fought thus far, with the exception of that of Bull Run.

In Tennessee a very important success has been gained. Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, a post of great strategical value, has been taken from the Confederates by a naval expedition consisting of seven gun-boats, under command of Captain Foote, on the 6th of February. The fort, which mounted 17 guns and 20 mortars, was actually occupied by only a sufficient number of men to work the guns; but outside of it was encamped a force of 5000 men, who decamped before the surrender, leaving behind them all their camp and ordnance stores. The victory was wholly a naval one, the land force which was designed to co-operate not coming up until after the surrender of the fort. The gun-boats boldly engaged the fortification; one of them, the *Essex*, was soon disabled by a shot striking her boiler, and a number of persons on board were scalded to death. General Tighlman, who commanded, together with his staff and sixty men, surrendered as prisoners of war.

#### EUROPE.

Our relations with Europe have assumed a very critical aspect. The adjustment of the affair of the *Trent* has indeed been satisfactory. Earl Russell, in his dispatch to Lord Lyons, says that her Majesty's Government, having carefully taken into their consideration the liberation of the prisoners and the explanations given, have arrived at the conclusion that they constitute the reparation which they had a right to expect, and that they have great satisfaction to be enabled to arrive at a conclusion favorable to the maintenance of the most friendly relations between the two nations. He, however, says that the British Government differs with Mr. Seward on some of the points which he discusses, and proposes soon to prepare a dispatch stating wherein those differences consist. Thus far, all grounds of immediate collision seem to be at an end. But the general tone of the press, and of that portion especially which is supposed to represent the views of the Government, is exceedingly unfriendly. The blocking up of the entrance to the harbor of Charleston is represented as an act of barbarism, wholly unjustifiable, and unwarranted by the laws of war. Earl Russell, in reply to a letter from the Shipowners' Association of Liverpool, says, under date of January 15, that the attention of Government had been

attracted by rumors that such a proceeding was in contemplation, and that Lord Lyons had been instructed to say that "such a cruel plan would seem to imply despair of the restoration of the Union, the professed object of the war; for it could never be the wish of the United States Government to destroy cities from which their own country was to derive a portion of its riches and prosperity. Such a plan could only be adopted as a measure of revenge and of irremediable injury against an enemy. And even as a scheme of embittered and sanguinary revenge, such a measure would not be justifiable. It would be a plot against the commerce of all maritime nations, and against the free intercourse of the Southern States of America with the civilized world." After learning that the project had been carried into effect at Charleston, the Government had instructed Lord Lyons "to make a further representation to Mr. Seward, with a view to prevent similar acts of destruction in other ports."

The English papers are meantime filled with statements showing the benefits which would result from the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy and breaking the blockade. An armed intervention similar to that of the Allied Powers between Turkey and Greece, which led to the battle of Navarino, has been suggested; and reports are industriously circulated that the French Emperor has repeatedly urged the British Government to unite with him in active measures of intervention.—There can be no doubt that the war in America operates very unfavorably upon the interests of France and Great Britain. Thus, the silk manufactories of Lyons are so greatly

depressed that subscriptions have been raised in Paris for the relief of the suffering artisans. In England the cotton mills are wholly closing or working on short time, and the weekly consumption of the raw material has diminished 60 per cent. At the present rate, it is estimated that the supply on hand will last until August. Of course the distress among the manufacturing population is great, and constantly increasing, as is shown by the augmentation of pauperism, which at the end of October showed an increase of 6 per cent., and at the end of November of 8½ per cent., above the corresponding periods of last year. At this last date there was one pauper to every twenty-three persons throughout England and Wales; and the next returns are expected to show a much larger proportion. It is argued that the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and the disregarding of the blockade would give immediate relief by furnishing an ample supply of cotton and opening a market for British manufactures of almost every kind. To propitiate the anti-slavery sentiment of England, it is hinted that the intervention might be accompanied by stipulations absolutely prohibiting the slave-trade, and providing for the ultimate abolition of slavery. Meanwhile there is no intermission in the naval and military preparations carried on in the arsenals and navy-yards.—The Confederate steamer *Nashville* lies at the Southampton docks, watched by the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which is in turn watched by British armed steamers. The *Sumter*, having been ordered from the Spanish port of Cadiz, went to Gibraltar, and was expected to proceed to England.

## Literary Notices.

*The Last Travels of IDA PFEIFFER.* No one who saw the little querulous old woman who passed through our country five or six years ago would dream that this was the famous traveler who, alone and unprotected, had twice journeyed around the globe, traveled, often on foot, among cannibal tribes, and penetrated regions from which the boldest explorers of the other sex had shrunk. Fewer still would have dreamed of the romance which had burned itself out in that withered form, leaving behind it only a vague, yearning unrest for which motion was the only palliative. The memoir, half autobiographical, which is prefixed to this volume, reveals to us the mystery of her life. She was the daughter of a rich, crochety Viennese merchant, who had a theory that boys and girls should be trained alike. So she wore boys' clothes, and shared all the rough sports of her six brothers, looked with contempt upon dolls and toy sauce-pans, and would only play with drums and swords. Her father died before she was ten years old, and her mother—a cold, hard, methodical woman—sought to undo at once all his teachings. She made the child don the attire of her sex; the result was a fit of sickness, which could be alleviated only by restoring her masculine garments; and for a while she was more a boy than ever. She learned gladly all that she thought a boy should know, but turned with contempt from every feminine occupation. She would play the violin, but would cut or burn her fingers to avoid practicing on the piano; and yearned above all things to see the great world. This lasted for a couple of years. But nature, in the end, is stronger than training. At the age of thirteen she

was induced to give up her boyishness, assume feminine attire, and learn the manners and occupations of her sex. Soon also the universal teacher gave her new lessons. A young man was selected as her tutor, with instructions to treat her as a child all whose impulses had received a wrong bias. He treated her with patience and kindness, and the result was that she was never so happy as when fulfilling his wishes. It was the old story: Pupil and teacher fell in love with each other; but when he asked for her hand the mother, who had for years treated him with favor, with affection even, refused her consent, for no reason except that she would have a fortune while he had none. The mother was now determined that Ida should marry; but she declared that she would marry her old lover or no one. Three years of petty persecution followed, which broke the girl's spirit, and she promised that she would accept the next man who offered, provided only he was not young. This man proved to be Dr. Pfeiffer, a lawyer of Lemberg, a widower of more than twice her age. Her mother held her to her promise, and she became his wife. The marriage was not at first altogether unhappy, for she respected her husband, if she could not love him. But he incurred the enmity of the officials of the courts; it was soon found that any cause in which he appeared was foredoomed to be decided against him; he lost his practice; and in time, after trying various places of residence, lost also energy and hope. The family sank into deep poverty. Madame Pfeiffer performed household drudgery, gave lessons in music and drawing, and yet for many days she could only give dry bread to her two children; but she would not make

her mother acquainted with her sore distress. This lasted for ten years, at the end of which her mother died, and Ida came into possession of property sufficient to enable her to live in comfort. She returned to Vienna, while her husband, grown old and childish, but buoyed up by vain expectations of official employment, remained at Lemberg, visiting Vienna now and then to see his wife and children. So passed another ten years, and Ida, now a woman of forty-five, her children grown up and settled, found herself with no special object in life. Her old passion for travel revived. She would see the world at last. So, in 1842, she set out on the first of that long series of travels with which all are familiar. Her first journey was to the Holy Land; her next to Iceland. Her simple narratives of these journeys gave her some money and more fame. She resolved upon a trip around the world. She embarked in a miserable Danish brig for Brazil; made excursions into the country, in one of which she was attacked by a runaway negro, was wounded, and nearly lost her life. Thence she sailed round Cape Horn, traversed the Pacific, touching at the Society Islands; then proceeded to China; thence to Ceylon and India; then to Persia, visiting Bagdad and the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. Passing through Armenia and Georgia she reached the Black Sea, and returned home by way of Constantinople and Trieste. In the two and a half years occupied by this voyage she had traveled, without attendant, 2800 miles by land, and 35,000 by sea. Her account of this long journey, entitled "A Woman's Journey Round the World," excited great attention. But she could not rest. She must go somewhere—whither she cared little. She thought of the interior of Africa, and of Australia; but finally fixed upon the Malay Islands as her first point. At Borneo she was hospitably received by "Rajah Brooke," of Sarawak, and by the head-hunting Dyaks. Then she went to Java; and from thence to Sumatra, where she pressed farther than any European had yet done among the cannibal Battas, not discouraged by threats that she would be killed and eaten, whereat she looked with a sort of grim satisfaction at her meagre form, congratulating herself that she would not be found a very savory repast. But the savage spears were too much even for her, and for the first time she recoiled; and after visiting Celebes and many smaller islands, she set sail across the Pacific for California. Here she visited the gold-diggings on the Sacramento and the Yuba, and slept in the wigwams of the Red-skins of Rogue River. Passing, by way of Panama, to Peru and Ecuador, she resolved to cross the continent to the Amazon. But after getting as far as Quito, witnessing an eruption of Cotopaxi—a sight for which she was envied by Humboldt—and escaping many perils, she returned to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, and sailed for New Orleans. Thence she ascended the Mississippi to St. Paul; crossed overland to the Great Lakes; made an excursion into Canada; came to the United States, visited the principal Northern cities, and then sailed for England. To this great voyage she added a little supplement by paying a visit to the Azores, where one of her sons was residing. Of this long journey, which occupied a little more than four years, she published an account, under the title of "My Second Journey Round the World." Scarcely was this issued from the press when she meditated a new journey. Madagascar was its object, though she was quite uncertain how she was to reach it. Finally she sailed from Rotterdam for Cape Town. There she luckily

met with a Mr. Lambert, a Frenchman, from Mauritius, who had traded to Madagascar, knew the stern old Queen, and meant to visit the island again. He invited Ida to accompany him in his own vessel, free of all charge, first to Mauritius, and thence to Madagascar. The offer was gladly accepted; and the visit to this island is the main subject of this "Last Voyage." We have not space to detail the incidents of this voyage, our main purpose having been to give some idea of the remarkable woman who certainly deserves the title of the greatest female traveler of the world. Suffice it to say that, after having visited the capital and meeting at first with a favorable reception, she was banished from the island, returned to Mauritius, where she suffered a severe attack of fever; then, still feeble, returned to Europe, a wreck of her former self, and died at Vienna, her birth-place, on the 28th of October, 1858, at the age of 61.

*International Law; or, Rules Regulating the Inter-course of States in Peace and War*, by H. W. HALLECK. This elaborate treatise, by the General now commanding the Department of the West, comprises a complete history of the origin and growth of International Law; the sources from which its authority is derived; the nature and limitations of State sovereignty; the rights of equality, property and domain, of legislation and jurisdiction, of legation, treaty, and ministers; the mutual duties of States; the causes for war; the rights of war; the duties of neutrals and belligerents; the rights of occupation and conquest; of treaties of peace, their observance and interpretation. These multifarious and important topics are treated clearly and succinctly, with copious references to the various authorities upon different sides of the question. It is worthy of the careful perusal not only of lawyers and naval and military officers, for whom it was primarily intended, but of all who have leisure to investigate this important subject. (Published by H. H. Bancroft and Co., San Francisco.)

*Practical Christianity*, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. This little book is written in the manner and spirit of the author's earlier works, which made his name a household word before he commenced those labors which have given him so wide a reputation. It is especially designed for that large class of young men who can hardly be induced to read the standard works upon Christianity. With a quiet eloquence springing from the deepest convictions he speaks, often by way of anecdote and example, of those solemn subjects the contemplation of which must form a portion of the moral history of every reflecting man. The book will find a welcome from many who would be repelled by a more formal treatise upon the religious life. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a charming series of Children's Books in four volumes, each illustrated by sixty full-page engravings: *The Picture Book of Birds* and *The Picture Book of Quadrupeds* are illustrated by HARVEY; *The Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals* and *The Picture Fable Book* by HARRISON WIER; and *The Bible Picture Book* by JULIUS SCHINORR, OVERBECK, and others. The titles of these books give a general indication of their character. The engravings are of the first order, and the reading matter is well worthy of them. They form a library of themselves, combining the actual with the imaginative in a most attractive shape. No more welcome present than these volumes could be made to an intelligent child.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

"HOW is it that you always find something to chat about?" says a friend to the Easy Chair. "It is easy enough to understand that every body has sometimes something to say. It is easy to see that the editor of a daily newspaper, in his comments upon current affairs and his sermons upon political texts and party policies, may find his task not at all difficult. But there are no current affairs for a magazine; and politics do not fall under your eye or your hand. How then do you always have something to say just as the month comes about?"

It is like a question which I asked a waggish clergyman a great many years ago. He was a comfortable man, and sat in his comfortable study, mild, cheerful, benignant, with a twinkling eye.

"A man should never speak unless he has something to say, should he, Sir?"

"No, my boy."

"But how then is it with you, Sir? How do you know that you will have any thing to say next Sunday?"

"I don't know that I shall, my boy, and therefore I take care to write something down during the week."

An Easy Chair that can hear and see, and that is invited to talk about what it hears and sees, even if it does not talk politics nor talk wisely, can yet talk. And think what a case is implied by what you may mean! Suppose that all people who can neither talk wisely nor write wisely should suddenly be prohibited from talking at all. How silent the world would be! What a frightful suppression of newspapers! What a Congress of dumb show! What still platforms, and inarticulate stumps, and dumb pulpits! Carlyle rails at the "spouting wretches." Well, Carlyle is a great man and a wise man; but think of the risk of a man who has written twenty solid volumes, more or less, talking of spouting wretches! For the quill is a pretty good spout as well as the mouth.

However, the texts of an Easy Chair ought to be thick enough. It is the business of that piece of furniture to roll about, and listen, and look, and ponder. You think it is not easy? You would come to your wit's end? My dear friend, don't do it. Seize the very day that is passing. Hold it fast. Make it tell its story; disgorge its secret treasures; unveil its wisdom; in fact, yield all its riches. So shall an Easy Chair be a Robin Hood, and compel every day to pay its tribute.

For instance: I have traveled many a mile this bright winter day. Through the window of the car I have seen the gentle, graceful, well-bred scenery of the Connecticut Valley—if I may call it so—smooth, and white, and sparkling with snow. It is the first true winter day; and the little inlets, and eoves, and river-mouths along the shore of the Sound were full of that wet, clouded, glairy ice which seems to creep and steal over every thing—trees, fenees, stones, stumps—subduing all things to itself. Along the line of that railroad are those frequent and thrifty New England villages which always seem to be the homes of comfort and peace; so that if I wanted to show a foreigner what America did for men, I would take him over that road from New York to New Haven, and Hartford, and Springfield, and Worcester, to Boston. The soil is hard, the climate is not especially genial; but though bananas do not grow there, nor palms, nor pine-apples, men

and women do. They are the fruit of the temperate zone, whatever grows in the tropics.

I once drove with a French gentleman through the pretty white village of Norwalk. Ah, now! said he, I understand what I have always heard about—a New England town. A French town is a little city. An Italian town or country village is simply the worst street of the city gone astray into the fields. It is paved from end to end, and has a gate. English villages—well, let us grant it, although England like the heathen furiously rages together, and although the England we believed in has disappeared—English villages are the most romantic of all, with their ivyed towers, and their blooming hedges, and their arching bridges, and that indefinable charm which steals over all old countries, and is like the rare flavor of old wines and the rich tone of old pictures. But even in English villages it is the picturesqueness of the place, not the sense of thrift and content in the people, which most arrests you. This interest of the place entirely superseding that of the people is most evident in Italy. Charmed with the romanee, touched with the tradition, the traveler wanders on from monument to monument, from ruin to ruin, and sees the people only as brilliant costumes, or effective figures, or squalid beggars—but that the tragedy is terrible where the people are not the first interest of the country, so that if they are universally wretched, there can be little satisfactory enjoyment, this does not often occur to us, or only afterward, when we are young travelers no longer.

But with us every where it is the people that interest; and the charm of a New England village is not that the houses are picturesque or historic, and the hedge-rows green, and the thatched roofs peculiar, but that house, and barn, and roadside fence or wall, and corn-field, and elm-tree on the square, and white meeting-house with green blinds, all show that the people are comfortable and intelligent. That is what the Frenchman saw and felt and meant. For France is feudal still. In France the world still exists for the few and not for the many. He was a Legitimist, a Bourbonist. He believed in the coming of *Henri Cinq* to the throne of France. But this charm of content through the whole population was something very new and very sweet to him. It was something that he had never seen in France, because France has never seen it. It was something feudalism never knew, for feudalism was the denial of it. But it was the very idea and symbol of America and Ameriean life legitimately growing out of the American principle.

Then, while I looked out of the window and thought of these things, there was a friend with whom I chatted—a genial, sparkling, pure, and faithful soul; young still, but married, and in a post of influence and responsibility, such as young men sometimes achieve abroad, but which young men generally fill with us. All this was not less American than the landscape. And it may be said, not purely as a matter of pride, but of difference, We have done our share in thinking ourselves the greatest and best of people. But we may fairly cry quits with all the world in that matter.

—If you should happen to guess that the young man was on his way to fulfill the measure of his characteristic Americanism by delivering a lecture, you would be a remarkably smart Yankee. For he was going to do that very thing.

"But, somehow, they don't much mind what a young man says," he suggested.

"Why, no, Sir," replied I, who am a very ancient Easy Chair indeed, and in the most profoundly Johnsonese manner—"why, no, Sir: I can not exactly agree. I think it is not so much the youth of the speaker that they do not care about as the youth of the speech. I think that people are very discriminating in that matter."

At least I believe I said so. In any case I know that I thought so. And we compared our views of public speaking, of lecturing, etc.

"It seems to me," he said, "that a speech is a means to an end. You want to persuade people that they ought to do something; and therefore, when you have made your speech, it ought to be thrown aside. There is no use for it further. There is Cuccetto, the famous Italian orator, who seems to think his speech quite as important an affair as the cause he makes it for."

Now suppose that this Easy Chair had happened to have a manuscript lecture in his pocket, which he, too, was on his way to deliver at the heads of some luckless audience, could he have helped perceiving some insinuation in all this against the frequent repetition of lectures? "You deliver your speech, then you have done with it and throw it aside!" Imagine such words addressed to a person who has a long list of engagements in his pocket to deliver the same discourse!

"What do you think," said I, feebly, "of having a manuscript at all?"

"Why," he replied, promptly, "a speech can't be written. It depends upon the time, the place, the circumstance. You may arrange a few heads, but you must leave the treatment to the moment, or you are no orator."

Now if you guess that the Easy Chair had a manuscript in his pocket, and that it felt enormously large at that moment, you will show yourself to be a very Yankee of the Yankees.

"But," said I, with what little voice remained, "suppose that you think something ought to be done; that, to be done effectively and permanently, it must be justified by public opinion; that the audiences you address are not Congress or any legislative body whatever, but simply the people in their 'primary capacity,' isn't it conceivable that if you carefully prepare a statement of your own reasons for your conclusions, you may be able to persuade some of the audience? And that, if you may do so in one town to-night, you may do so in another town to-morrow night; and in that way, instead of speaking to a thousand people, speak to twenty thousand at the end of a month, and so have done all you can to bring public opinion to the necessary point?"

"Yes."

"Well, is not that what a lecturer does who talks upon topics of the time? Of course, if you have a literary, or biographical, or scientific essay to read, you ought to prepare it."

There were a great many other things which I might have said. Did you ever engage in any conversation from which you did not afterward reflect that you had left out all the really good things that might have been said?

I might have said, for instance—however, this is not a lecture. I came into this hotel an hour and a half ago. A spacious room and a generous fire were allowed me. I opened my trunk, I took out my port-folio, and just as I seated myself at this undu-

lating table (why do hotels prefer undulating tables?), you asked me how I always found something to chat about. And I have been running on to this length in reply. If you were not the most amiable friend in the world you would now be asking, Upon what consideration will you stop?

Upon the slightest. How little you know the nature of an Easy Chair. Some months since, after I had reported what Mr. Gunnybags had said, a virtuous newspaper exclaimed, in high wrath, "How much of this intolerable Gunnybags is human nature capable of enduring?" Has any thing since been reported of that familiar old friend? No; not even his opinion of the newspaper that reviled him.

THE great events that are occurring in the country can not fail to remind every student of our history, and of the criticisms which the country and its institutions have occasioned from thoughtful men. of De Tocqueville and his "Democracy in America"—a work which, well printed, would be a most timely accession to our knowledge of ourselves.

The life and letters of De Tocqueville, recently published, give us a charming portrait of a most charming character, and the story of a life, apparently unsuccessful in many ways, but, upon the whole, rich in results. It is the life of a thoughtful man, of unusual sagacity, and of that serene moderation which is the choice temperate zone of human existence; sensitive, grave but cheerful, of a noble ambition, of generous instincts, not of force enough to control events, but of wisdom enough to guide them—one of the purest, calmest, clearest lives of which modern French history gives us any account.

He was the grandson of Malherbes, the good French gentleman and magistrate of the Revolutionary era, and De Tocqueville began life in the same way as a rural Justice. But he was early interested, as every Frenchman of the time could not fail to be, in political philosophy and history, and was clearly persuaded that political progress and social stability depended upon the steady and lawful development of liberty in all institutions.

To verify his conclusions by experience he came to this country, with his friend Gustave de Beaumont, who has now written his life, before he was thirty years old. They remained here a year, traveling through all the States, and into the Western wilderness. Not a moment was lost by Tocqueville; and after his return he devoted himself for two years to the elaboration of the results of his curiously sagacious observation of our society and of the working of our system; and then published the first two volumes of his "Democracy in America"—the most comprehensive survey of the subject which has yet appeared, and that the work of a young Frenchman who passed but twelve months among us.

The work had immediate and astonishing success in France, England, and America. Tocqueville became at once one of the celebrities of France, and was elected, in due course, into the Academy. The two final volumes were subsequently published—upon the aspects of society and manners among us—and only confirmed the good impression already achieved.

After this publication Tocqueville went into public life. He had accepted the citizen-monarchy without enthusiasm, but as the best thing then possible. He was elected to the Chambers, and sat there until the revolution of '48, which he had shrewdly foreseen and announced. Again without enthusiasm, but again as the best alternative, he submitted to

the republic, and sustained Cavaignac against Louis Napoleon, but for five months was Minister of Foreign Affairs under President Bonaparte, and in all his official correspondence maintained his old position and principles. The *coup d'état* of the 2d of December he considered to be a fatal blow at liberty in France, and, protesting with his neighbors, was sent to Vincennes. He was presently released, and lived the remainder of his life in literary leisure, projecting and partly executing an elaborate work upon "The Ancient Régime and the Revolution."

The memoir of his life by Gustave de Beaumont is a most affectionate and interesting sketch of a man whose influence was always ennobling, but who by nature was more a thinker and a critic than an actor. Yet his was the kind of character which is always needed in public life. And especially in this country, his calmness, his clearness, his moderation and fidelity, are what our affairs imperatively demand. Could we be sure that for the next twenty years such men as he could dominate our political action and reflection, we might be as proud as confident of the future.

THE cloud that has obscured the relations between this country and England has not been dense enough to destroy sympathy in the great sorrow of the Queen. There is something so pitiable and forlorn in her official position. In this age the enormous disproportion between the actual man or woman and the traditional king or queen is so striking, and often so ludicrous, that when simple human misfortune comes, the hollowness of the royal formality appears so appallingly hollow that every heart hastens to weep with the woman involved in it.

The Prince was the object of coarse cockney jokes and of aristocratic jealousy and suspicion while he lived, and yet no death has apparently smitten England so sorely since the Princess Charlotte died. Whether it is a secret feeling that he was really the guide of the Queen, and that his death may lead to political perplexity, or whether he were truly, personally beloved, or whether it be mere loyal sympathy, is hard to say, but certainly England mourns. And to England actual grief at a royal death must be an unaccustomed luxury. For George First and his progeny—for George Second and his—for poor old George Third and his endless train of princes and princesses, culminating in the great and good George Fourth, what possible sincerity of public emotion could there be? What a century-long mortification that the four Georges were the official heads of the English nation!

Two women of that race, however, are eminent for womanly character and graces. Before them we cry truce with the dreary line. Charlotte and Victoria have something profoundly pathetic in their position. Charlotte, the victim of that cruel coxcomb, her father; and Victoria, Queen, and by her situation excluded from that simplicity and freedom of affectionate intercourse with men and women, which could alone atone for the pains of office. To such a woman how doubly, how inconceivably dear, the husband she truly loves! When he goes, all goes. She sinks again into the gloomy isolation of grandeur.

The circumstances of her health, too, invest the Queen with another and melancholy interest. The malady of her grandfather is supposed to have shown itself in her at various times, and doubtless there is a feeling and vague apprehension among her sub-

jects that it may be developed by this sharp blow. But happily, as yet, there is no proof that the fear will be justified. Indeed, the conduct of the Queen, during all the bitter trials of the funeral ceremony, and her resolution to open the Great Exhibition in person, show a character and firmness that command admiration.

Nor can we fail in this country to remember that there is no reason to doubt the truth of the report, that she assented reluctantly and even tearfully to the dispatch of Earl Russell, which was supposed to be virtually a cartel of defiance against the United States. Fortunately that cloud is scattered, and apparent sunshine follows. But it was not less a pleasant sign of good feeling toward us. While we, on our part, grieve unaffectedly with the grief of the woman, and salute with sympathy the heroic dignity of the Queen.

THAT an Easy Chair should roll about the country is not a strange thing; and surely it is not surprising that it should have a tendency toward the great centre of Easy Chairs, Washington. The way thither, as hath been often observed, and indeed often experienced by politicians, is, however, far from easy. Jordan is a hard road to travl, saith the proverb; but Washington is a harder. In fact no journey is more uncomfortable than that from the actual to the nominal metropolis of the country.

It is a journey of eleven hours only, and there is continuous rail all the way. But the changes and discomforts are so many and memorable, that Washington, always so far, is doubly removed. That dreadful drag across Philadelphia, if you accomplished it as this Easy Chair did, upon a stormy day—and if, as this Easy Chair did, you see all the luggage wheeled along in a huge wagon with a small piece of India-rubber cloth stretched over a trunk or two, and all the rest of the luggage exposed to a pitiless rain, and lying in a puddle at the bottom of the wagon, you are not likely to think or to say any pleasanter things of the Camden and Amboy concern than all other travelers say and think.

But during this war the trip to Washington has so many vivid and painful interests that you can hardly spare thought or emotion for soaked luggage. Every mile of the way beyond Philadelphia has already become historic. At Perryville, where you strike the Susquehanna, the camp picturesquely pitched along the edge of the wood—the army wagons and débris of barrels and boxes, and the sheds for horses, and the soldiers who crowd around the train asking for newspapers, and the sentries standing listless with muskets upon their shoulders—all these strange sights for us, remind you that here Southern travel was stopped on the 20th of April—that here the Massachusetts men took the ferry-boat for Annapolis, while the New York Seventh went round in the *Boston*; while in the streets of Baltimore brave men lay dead, who were hastening to save their country.

The name of the first street that I saw upon entering Baltimore was "Boston." As we moved slowly along, the old women that stood at half-opened doors to look at the train—the young women that stood upon the sidewalk or threw up windows to gaze after us—the groups of men with pipes, who lounged on steps at corner shops, and smoked idly and sullenly, as we passed—showed that the public mind was not at rest, and instinctively you thought of M'Henry with its mortars, and of the denizens of Fort Warren. Secession is a sort of fashion in Balti-

more. But General Dix is a *magister elegantiarum* of another kind.

The train stopped at the station with a sudden shock, and every body jumped out to find how the rest of the journey was to be achieved. There was no one to help the inquiring mind, of course, except the hackmen. They informed you that there was but one way of continuing your march, and that was to hire their hacks and be driven to the Washington station. So be it, *cocher*, and *allons!*

It was a dreary, moist, wintry day, and Baltimore is probably built of very dingy brick, very much smoke-stained. At least it had a grim, gloomy aspect in the gray afternoon. We crossed a bridge and drove along by the water. Then we turned into a long straight street with a railroad track in it. I look anxiously at the corners of the side streets where I knew the name would be printed, and I knew what the name would be. Soon I saw it. "Pratt Street." Not sadder, not bloodier, is the fame of old King Street in Boston. Not many lives lost, not much blood spilled; but a stain that all the water of the Chesapeake can never wash away. "This little hand"—but the sky, clouded from horizon to horizon, seems not larger or darker.

The Washington station was a hive of bustling men and women. The cars were crammed with people. The news-boys were shrieking louder than ever, for the first news of the battle of Somerset had just come, and every body was buying or reading a paper. The soldiers lounged about. The impassive guards were surely not of the same clay as their comrades going upon furlough, going upon duty, who kissed and hugged the weeping mothers, the smiling mothers, the broken-hearted, ignorant, proud, happy, desolate mothers, who also were going or staying or delaying, for all was hurry and noise, until the jangling bell and the fierce steam scream whelmed all in a chaos of confusion.

Then we rolled slowly out along the skirts of the city—away from the gloomy walls out under the showery January sky. Harassed by travel and bustle—saddened by the story that flamed up afresh as we beheld its scene—the mind vainly sought comfort or repose in the landscape. One gleam of sun—one sweep of green, one tender strip of woodland had been some comfort and relief. But it seemed the darkest hour of the year. The sky was dead gray—the earth was dull brown or black—there was nothing to do but to read the brief story of the Somerset battle.

But when we came to the Relay House, it was evident enough that the country was beautiful, if we could but see it in its bloom. The spot itself upon the hill-side, with the stately bridge across the gulf beyond, instantly showed its importance as a military point. There were plenty of blue-coated soldiers standing upon the piazza of the house, or stationed as guards. Upon the bridge was a heavy guard; and a train from Washington, carrying at least a regiment, showed that we were treading still more closely upon the edge of war.

Yet the most interesting spot was the Annapolis Junction. It is a level, unpromising spot enough, and a camp and soldiers' huts were there upon the mud. But along that little narrow iron way came the succor that saved a nation. Out of Massachusetts shops, out of New York drawing-rooms, came the weary line of young heroes, pushing the cars and dropping asleep as they walked: dragging themselves through the sand and over the stones that they might throw themselves, a living barricade,

before the enemy. Noble souls, to whom it was first given to show that the nation was not dead, but sleeping only!

There was a man behind me who incessantly grumbled that the train would be half an hour late in Washington. Why, good friend, this very road was the single lung through which your country drew a breath of life last April, and the only fear was that that little breath was a week too late. Can you not wait half an hour for dinner when the nation waited a week for its breath? Poor, pitiful, miserable, whining grumbler! A grumbler in a railway train is always contemptible. But a grumbler now and here is intolerable. For our delay was occasioned by the moving of troops.

We rolled on, and night hid the scene. Presently there were lights about us, and the long scream of the locomotive foretold the end of the journey. Every body jumped out upon the platform and scampered for the door to find the omnibus, with the uncomfortable consciousness that the hotels were full already, and that the way to bed might yet be very long and very weary. Gaining the omnibus and looking out, it was a confused spectacle of irregular lights. There seemed to be no lines of streets—nothing that showed a city. When the door was closed and we moved away from the station we rocked and plunged as if making way over a newly-plowed field changed to mud by a month's rain. Still there was nothing to see—nothing by which to regulate the mind as to the direction of our course, until suddenly, with a sharp curve and a dangerous reel, we struck a hard pavement upon a lighted street, which stretched before us in a broad glimmering perspective of lights, and at the same moment thrusting my head out to see what it was and where we were, I felt, rather than saw, directly over my head, a vague, vast, impending mass that seemed to fill half the air—a mass of compacted and dim-outlined darkness, which I knew must be the dome of the Capitol. From that moment the dome was the centre of my thoughts and of the scene. It dominates Washington and the Potomac and the landscape as St. Peter's dominates Rome and the Tiber and the Campagna. That it is not completed, but is only a substantial skeleton, made it only the more symbolic and impressive. Wherever you are walking, or driving, or sailing, the eye instinctively searches it out, and rests upon it contented. From down the Potomac or from the Virginia heights you see it as St. Peter's is seen from Tivoli—a part of nature itself—like a mountain regnant and serene.

Beneath the dome, upon the terrace before the entrance, burned two great lamps that shone over the city, above the other lights, like colossal eyes. The imagination took fire, and as we wallowed along the slough of Pennsylvania Avenue, and I looked up at those calm, bright lights, I thought only of the fixed, placid gaze of the statues at Aboo Simbel.

Through the half-rainy, misty night gusts of cavalry swept by, squads of the Provost's guards. At the corners of the side streets the single guards sat erect upon their horses in dripping cloaks. Single horsemen galloped by and disappeared. A few belated straggling army wagons, with their huge white hoods, strained along the heavy way. At all the hotels every window was lighted, and faint bursts of gay music pulsed forth into the darkness, suddenly quenched, like faint fires, by the damp. The ugliest, most prosaic, and ridiculous of American towns, on the dullest and dreariest of wet winter nights,

was more romantic than any American town has ever dared hope to be.

There was a sudden backing—a jerk against the curb-stone—"twenty-five cents"—and we were dumped at Willard's.

THE Capitol of the United States is a magnificent and imposing building. And yet as you walk bewildered through its dim, frescoed vaults, and gaze in wonder upon its splendid chambers, there are several uncomfortable feelings of which you are conscious.

Perhaps the first of them is the regret that such a costly edifice is a kind of bow-anchor that must needs hold the seat of Government fast to the Potomac shore, in a spot which is curiously ill-adapted to the purpose. Old Senator Benton, whom we all used to laugh at five or six years ago, when he went through the country delivering lectures upon the impending danger of the Union, was wont to say that the Capitol was built by the faction that meant to destroy the Government and steal its temple. They are adorning it, he said—they are spending millions of the public money upon it, that they may presently lay hands upon it, and make it their own. But it was universally agreed that the old gentleman was a pompous political Jeremiah, and that the bark of treason in this country was much worse than its bite.

Of course, after the war many things that have been carefully hushed hitherto will be frankly discussed, and among them the proper site of the seat of Government will be seriously considered. Until you go to Washington you will not perceive how peculiarly unfit it is for the purpose; and then, too, for the first time, you will sympathize with the luckless foreign ministers, who, used to the delights of life in the great capitals of Europe, are sent into dreary exile upon the Potomac. Our capital is planted in a most inaccessible position, upon the unhealthy shores of a river, seventy or eighty miles from its mouth. The place has no natural advantage for any purpose. The Government is isolated there from all the immediate influence which is desirable to every government, and from the great, natural centres of public opinion in the country. The population is necessarily a population of office-holders, jobbers, and agents. And as a correspondent of the *Evening Post* said a few months ago, it is as sensible to suppose that the British Government could be more wisely seated among the Highlands of Scotland rather than in London, as to imagine that our affairs can be better managed in a remote village upon the Potomac rather than in a great city.

But the prodigious and costly Capitol weighs upon this conviction like a nightmare. It is worth nothing, and less than the original stone, if the seat of Government be removed. It would be only a spoiled quarry of marble. Washington would immediately become, what it ought to be, a warning Tadmor in the desert. Deserted by President, departments, Congress, and the legations, silence, water-rats, and malaria would resume their rightful sway. The great dome would have a pathetic grandeur as it calmly towered over the waste. The solitary sportsman, paddling about the creeks and coves of the river in listless melancholy with suspended oar, would whisper as he caught its vague outline against the sky, *Ilium fuit*. And some cynical Volney, as he loitered along the wilderness of the Avenue, would call it America's folly, as we call the huge and expensive and inappropriate mansions of rich men.

If it were not for this magnificent and impressive building we might fairly hope that the nation would show its returning reason by the removal of its capital, as well as by the removal of other deeply-seated errors.

There is another feeling, also, of unfitness for the purpose. The whole design and idea of the Capitol are imperial, not republican. Simplicity belongs to a republic. Not poverty, nor meanness, nor ugliness, but veracity and simplicity. Imperial Rome, in the phosphorescent days of her decline, might have built such a temple for her futile Senate, but not Greece, nor any sincere republic. These arabesqued vaults, these richly-frescoed committee rooms, this amplitude of costly waste, all of whose decorations are effeminate, detailed, and meaningless, when viewed as the work of a young, lusty, but not cultivated or artistic people, are simply imitative and weak. The eager, stalwart, sagacious member from Iowa, or Wisconsin, or Oregon, sits to settle naval details beneath Pompeian bayaderes upon the wall, or aimless ancient allegories upon the ceiling. The Capitol of the United States is a huge, imposing, rich, and ill-digested job. Except in the regularity of the general outline of the structure, there is no trace of any controlling or intelligible idea, save that of piling and mixing marble and plaster and paint in one expensive and bewildering mass.

Now republican simplicity is perfectly consonant with elegance, grace, and stateliness. But expense is not elegance, and mere richness is not fitness. That the legislative halls and offices of this Government should be impressive, and spacious, and appropriate to the extent and majesty of its dominion, is perfectly true. But it does not follow that any kind of size and costliness is therefore fit for the purpose. In fact, even now, as the surprised and thoughtful citizen wanders through the marble wilderness of the Capitol, its dreary centre—the old Capitol—seems to him more truly consonant with the genius of his government than the expansive and splendid wings—the new Capitol—while the manner and intelligence with which the change has been effected are forced upon his reflection by the observation that the ancient part of the building has become utterly useless, except that the Supreme Court sits in the old Senate Chamber. In the deserted Representatives' Hall an old woman sells apples.

The Art Commission, named two or three years ago by President Buchanan, could do nothing with a structure so far completed as the Capitol was, and Congress declined to pay it any thing for its services after all. The painters are still at work. I saw one perched up against the side of one of the vaults with a candle and a brush and pallet. He was poorly repeating upon the plaster the delicate tracery of flying birds and flowers and leaves with which voluptuous Nero embowered in perpetual bloom the passages of his Golden House; and Raphael, with exquisite art, renewed upon the house walls of the High Priest of Christendom the lovely legends of Christianity. It is simple, sheer vacuity upon the walls of our Capitol.

The great mistake of the Capitol is illustrated and contrasted by the White House. That is what it should be. A simple, elegant, spacious villa, as you see it, whence it is best seen, from the Potomac. If our national domain comprehended the whole continent it would still remain a fit house for our Chief Magistrate.

A LEVEE of the President of the United States is a remarkable and memorable scene. Our minister in France lately sent the names of certain of his countrymen who desired to be presented to the Emperor at the Tuilleries. The imperial officers asked to know the "quality" of the guests. The minister answered that they were all persons who would be admitted to the levee of the President. No reply was returned, and the court dresses had been bought in vain. To say that they would be received by the President of the United States was to say merely that they were men and women. For that is the sole requisite for a Presidential levee. All rulers receive petitions from all their subjects. I have seen the rudest Campagna peasant offer a bouquet to the Pope in St. Peter's, but no potentate or king of men receives every body upon the same social equality but the President of the United States.

I have known ladies of high society, whose ancestors were worthy, and poor mechanics of every kind, smile loftily at a levee as if their own blood were of the bluest tinge of the Castilian noblesse, and their chambermaids followed them to the White House, and were received by the President with precisely the same urbanity as themselves. I have seen monarchs in palaces whom you reached through long lines of lackeys and glittering officers, and upon whom to turn your back in retiring was a grave breach of etiquette, and I felt as every one did, that the government was a power independent of the people. But when I saw the order, the simplicity, and the tranquil good-humor of a reception at the White House, to which every body who came to the door was admitted, I had a feeling of pride and satisfaction that no royal reception could possibly inspire.

The affair was very simple. The carriages drove to the door in order, and the pedestrians came upon the walk at the side. The large outer hall was fitted with pigeon-holes for the outer garments of gentlemen. The ushers did their duty quietly, giving you a check as you gave your coat; and a few policemen were present in case of trouble. The ladies passed into a side room, and you went into a long, broad hall behind the first, where you were joined by the ladies. Out of this hall you passed into a smaller room, and, turning to the left, entered another where the President stood close to the door. Your name was mentioned by a friend, or by yourself, or by an unofficial master of ceremonies who stood ready to aid. The President shook your hand, said a word, perhaps, and you moved on. A little beyond him and a little back, in the same room, stood his wife; and you made your bow to her, and again moved out of the way. Crossing another small drawing-room, you emerged in the East Room, the ball-room of the White House, from which you again entered the long hall where you first joined the ladies of your party, and you had then made the tour of the rooms.

It was a very brilliant and very gay reception. The usual toilets were those of the ball-room, but there were a few ladies in bonnets and furs, and some men who had evidently come as they happened to be dressed. The foreign ministers wore their orders, and many ladies costly jewels. But there was nothing very bizarre about it. It was like other evening parties, except that there was more looking to see famous people, and evidently less general acquaintance than in the familiar society of any single city. The uniforms of soldiers give the levees of this winter an unusually brilliant and foreign appearance.

A levee at the White House is not the occasion which will teach you contempt for a government of the people.

### Our Foreign Bureau.

**W**ARS and rebellion belong now to the oldest and the newest countries of the world. The children of the Sun, in the Flowery Kingdom of the far East, continue to slay each other with a cruel and chronic indolence; and the children of Mammon in the West are showing much of the same blood-thirstiness and the same passivity. Meantime, middle-aged Europe, with a calm assumption of superior wisdom, watches the melancholy dotage of China and the mad youngness of America. At Pekin a great trafficker in finance, Su Shun, is beheaded before the palace, and his advisers are permitted to strangle themselves in privacy. At Washington a great manager of contracts is exiled to Russia, and his advisers, by an indulgence that contrasts pleasantly with the policy of the Orientals, are allowed to fatten quietly upon the spoils.

Of America it is not within our province to talk here. Of China, whose best energies are also being consumed by the fevers of a civil war, we may say a word, in epitomizing the recent change of Imperial administration. The Emperor died during the year past, exhausted by brutal excesses, in which he had been encouraged by a coterie of councilors whose duplicity had occasioned the recent war with England and France; and who, since the death of the Emperor, have covertly planned a rupture of all treaties of peace, and the banishment or assassination of all foreign ambassadors. The Prince Kung, however, who represents a more liberal policy, has succeeded, in complicity with the Dowager Empress, in circumventing the cabal of the old Imperial court, and has given token of a change of policy by the execution and strangulations already mentioned. The new Oriental court professes the utmost earnestness in carrying out the terms of all foreign treaties, and in the encouragement of foreign commerce.

The great rebellion still holds its ground, and seethes around the southern cities of China with an angry flux of blood and fire. Russia, by its cautious diplomatic arts, is understood to be fastening its hold more securely than ever upon the northern borders, and has recently occupied militarily an island in the Japanese seas.

FROM India the only recent intelligence of note is the reported capture of the Nena Sahib. He was making his way, in the disguise of a merchant, toward one of the ports on the Persian Gulf, when recognized by a loyal native who had formerly been in his employ. Should his identity be established past doubt it is probable that he will be taken to Cawnpore, the scene of his butcheries, for execution.

IN Persia, Syria, and Turkey in Asia, there reigns at present a tranquillity which we greatly fear, so far as concerns Syria, may prove illusory. The antagonism of Christianity and Mohammedanism only sleeps. The poor Maronites tremble in their factious quietude, and any month of the new year may see fierce outburst of the persecution which has devastated their homes so recently.

IN European Turkey the financial question is the

leading one of the hour : how to meet the bills of the palace ; how to maintain the traditional splendor ; how to keep the armies of the Herzegovine afoot ; how to match the plated ships of the West. No wonder that these questions puzzle the financial abilities of the Turkish court. Nor is it the only court which has such puzzle to solve. Austria is nervously unquiet with the same *cacoethes auri*. The Hungarian difficulty is unabated, and the taxes beyond Pesth are collected at the cost of an army of occupation. Taxes at such cost bring little to the national treasury. Nor is the Hapsburg tyranny confined to Hungary or Italy. A recent petition of the commune of Alkoven, in Upper Austria, to the Imperial Council, represents that the commanding General of the commune has enforced subscription to the recent Government loan—has authorized the prompt seizure (in case of refusal) of cattle, furniture, grain, whatever of value could be found on the premises of the recusant parties, and ordered forced sale of the same for the benefit of the Government. The petition further sets forth that, though the amount realized from such sales has been largely in excess of the fair proportion of their commune toward the state loan, they have not been repaid the excess, nor have they received any national scrip in evidence of these advances, or been paid any interest on the same. Not a journal of Austria has ventured to publish the fact of this complaint, nor has an Austrian magistrate dared to give it hearing.

A military Governor has been appointed for Transylvania, and an Imperial Commission named to carry into effect the recent acts of enlistment. The Bohemians alone, of all the Hungarian kingdom (not the Bohemians proper, but the wandering Zingares and Gitanos, whose home is by the road-side and whose revenue is pillage), have sent a deputation to Vienna, assuring their august monarch of their continued loyalty, and of their willingness to join the *Reichsrath*. Their motto is—and it is more safe than truculent—*Cujus regio illius religio*.

While all this has transpired at the court upon the Danube, the Emperor of Austria has made his winter visit to Venice amidst the silence of the native inhabitants. There was an official blaze of gaslight along the brilliant façades which surround the Place of St. Mark, and on the Lido there was a series of military evolutions which would not have discredited the best army of the world. Dukes, and Grand-dukes, and strangers saw and admired it all ; but the Venetians clung moodily to their narrow streets. The naval preparations continue at Pola ; the fortifications of Verona are undergoing modifications to render them more defensible against the new artillery ; and the address of the Emperor at Verona has a strong flavor of approaching war.

But while Venetia is bristling with bayonets, and the officials of the Emperor are present in every village, it is alleged that the property of individuals was never more insecure. Not only are the lands and forests of the large proprietors at the mercy of an aggressive and turbulent peasantry, but the shops of the cities are openly plundered ; robberies occur every day in the city of Venice, and the occupants of palaces, whose windows are protected by iron gratings, live in the utmost fear. Nor is this plunder-epidemic, if we may so term it, confined to the unemancipated portions of Italy.

In the city of Bologna banking-houses, hotels, and the offices of the railway have been despoiled by culprits, who are banded together, and who defy the

efforts of the new police. Ten thousand soldiers, at the least, represent in Bologna the majesty of the Italian kingdom ; and yet the police are murdered on the streets. Peaceable inhabitants are in fear of assassination. The Count Oldofredi, who was till recently the Prefect of that city, and who was removed because the Ministry believed he had not shown sufficient energy in repressing these acts of lawlessness, writes to the *Opinione* of Turin : "We had at Bologna associations of criminals leagued together with as perfect an organization as the charitable associations of the cities of Piedmont. Neither imprisonments, nor fines, nor executions could break them up. They threaten the existence of society ; and we have to meet them with laws made only for a civilized and peaceful population. At Bologna such laws will not and do not avail to protect either property or life."

These people, educated under the tyranny of the Pope, have not as yet learned the limitations of freedom, or recovered from the intoxication of victory.

At Rome affairs do not promise an earlier settlement of the great questions at issue between Papacy and Piedmont than two months since. M. Lavalette, the new French Ambassador, and recently the representative of the Imperial Government at Constantinople, has reached the Papal Court. He carries, of course, the latest inspiration from the Cabinet of the Emperor. Thus far his policy is more cautious than decisive. He is understood to be in perfect agreement with the General Goyon, who commands the French forces. He regards the unity of Italy—Rome included—as an ultimate political necessity. He does not favor the recent programme of the Baron Ricasoli (detailed in our last month's Record), and regards its provisions as too humiliating for the Church Sovereign. He regards as impracticable the presence of a Constitutional Italian Parliament in the same capital with the Court of the Holy Father.

Thus far no counter-project is submitted ; but it is hinted in the extra-diplomatic circles of Rome that the Imperial intention is fast taking a shape somewhat of this kind : The Pope to maintain a quasi-sovereignty, as now ; an inoffensive Piedmontese prefect only representing the secular power at Rome, and the Italian Parliament to hold its sessions alternately in the great cities of Turin, Milan, Florence, and Naples. Thus the old municipal pride would be satisfied by the splendor of an occasional court ; the Pope would escape the affront of a kingly presence at his capital ; Italian unity would be made good, and the French interference rendered needless.

It may be hardly necessary to say that the Baron Ricasoli, true to the teachings of Cavour, recognizes no solution of the Church difficulty which does not make the Eternal City the actual capital of Italy.

The Pope's financial exhibit of the year shows the deficit of five millions of scudi (dollars) ; this sum will naturally seem a mere *bagatelle* to Americans, who pay their ship-brokers by hundreds of thousands ; but it has puzzled the great Pontiff sadly ; and reports say that his interviews with the banker Torlonia (who represents Wall Street at Rome) have not been so agreeable, or so tranquilizing as in years past.

If we write of the political condition of the South of Italy, it must be in almost the same terms as for the six months gone. Always the brigandage which clamors of patriotism and loyalty, and which has received the Papal blessing, struggles against the

outlying forces of the Northern soldiers. Always the Piedmontese general at Naples uses every art to rally the city population to the cause of Victor Emanuel, and sustains order by a vigilant soldier police. But now all political fermentation is overshadowed by the great Vesuvian outburst. Earthquakes and underground mutterings have for some time foretold the eruption. The town of Torre del Greco, of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, is ruined. Fifteen thousand of those who lived there are fugitives, and the remainder find shelter under the tottering walls. Of eleven churches only four are standing. Great chasms divide the streets, opening down upon a subterranean city which was buried in the last century. Travelers speak of seeing the walls and even towers of other churches in these great crevasses of the lava which the new eruption has opened. We copy a few details given by an eye-witness :

"On Thursday I visited Torre del Greco again, to examine more in detail the injury which had been inflicted, and though on Monday there was more of a spectacle, and the effects were more striking from the fire and smoke and shower of dust, yet, as now the mountain was in comparative repose, the impression created by the sight of the desolation was even deeper. Torre del Greco had become what Pompeii was after the earthquake; two-and-twenty thousand persons had been driven from their dwellings in a night, while all the signs of recent life and of hurried escape met one at every glance. The train stopped on the Naples side of the city, 'for,' said the inspector, 'there are several clefts in the road, and the vibration of the carriages might bring down more houses.' So, dismounting, we walked along the rail, through the Strada Marina, every house in which had fissures from top to bottom, and before ascending went down to the sea, which, at a few feet from the beach, was boiling furiously. Fortunately I was accompanied by the rector of the city, who pointed out in detail what was most remarkable. 'The sea has retired,' he said, 'full twenty palms, and we consider this as a bad symptom, and an indication of yet greater disasters. These huge rocks were covered on Sunday last, and now they are exposed, and are cleft to the bottom, as if by some mighty mechanical power.' They are all composed of hard, flint-like lava, which flowed down in 1794, overwhelming the father of the present city. Through the subterranean openings which had been made by the earthquake the water from the mountain was pouring into the sea, and, though the temperature was not much increased, it had an acid flavor. Close by we went into a ruined house, to examine a well which had been cleft by the earthquake, and through which the springs were pouring down with much violence, as the ear, not the eye, told us. Torre del Greco is terraced on the incline of the mountain, and you enter one parallel street from another by a series of steps. Other streets run at right angles to these, and lead from the sea up to the higher parts of Vesuvius. Let us ascend the Strada Ripa, which had a large fissure throughout, and, turning off to the left, pass down the Strada Fontana. It is so called from the fountain which is there, and which has now risen several feet; at one extremity of it the water was in a state of boiling agitation, not, I think, from the effect of heat so much as from springs which had been opened beneath. I tasted this water, which was perfectly flavorless, like boiled water; but there was nothing more decided in its character. Every house in this street was in a ruined state; workmen were knocking holes in the façades at the top of some of them, in which to place the ends of poles that were to be their props; others had fallen a mass of débris, and several were cut down so finely that sections of them remained exhibiting the interior. Thus I saw tottering on the extremity a bed, neatly folded down, and which had evidently not been slept in; the chairs were ranged round the sides of the room that had been saved; and a gridiron, tomatoes,

kitchen utensils of all kinds, hung against the walls of this, the section of the second floor of the ruined building."

Of the meridian of Turin we have nothing of importance to record, unless it be the retirement of M. Ratazzi from the Presidency of the Parliament, and the New-Year's speech of the Prince Humbert at the inauguration of the National Society of Riflemen. M. Ratazzi had too feeble a voice to contend with the uproar of an excited and noisy assemblage, if, indeed, he did not choose, by his retirement, to hold himself in reserve for the chances of a possible ministerial crisis.

As for the Prince Royal of Italy, his first public talk has met with enthusiastic reception, although his speech carried no political significance beyond the assurance, which he made with emphasis, that Italy might soon require of every citizen the discipline of a soldier.

We have already alluded to the speech of the Emperor Francis-Joseph at Verona, looking also to war. Here it is :

"The bearing and fine appearance of the men has caused me the most lively satisfaction, and I express to you, gentlemen, my gratitude. Continue to maintain among your battalions the same spirit as well as discipline which has always prevailed in my army. Serious struggles await us, and no one can say when they may take place. Prepare the troops for them, in order that we may be able to support them properly with God's aid. I reckon on you."

The King of Prussia too, in his recent address, expressed the reliance which he felt in these times upon the discipline and loyalty of his army.

ON the other hand, the French Emperor, in his replies to the gratulatory speeches of the New-Year, has not startled our fears. The political affairs of France wear a serene aspect. The "budget" is in the hands of a tried financier, who has the confidence of all the *bourgeois* of Paris; and it has been yielded to his care with a grace and an air of liberality that have given to the Emperor (if it were needed) a ten years' lease of power. There has been, to be sure, a little termagant talk in the Senate, on the part of M. de Sécur d'Aguesseau, who gave a few excoriating touches to the last year's speech of the Prince Napoleon on Italian affairs; but the Prince kept a brave silence; the marshals all sneered at the belligerent Senator; and the quiet diplomacy of the Empire holds its path unshaken.

There is want at Lyons, and at Rouen, by reason of the shortened commerce with America; for with our tariff and our blockade we are making our old friends of France suffer more keenly just now than the Bright *clientelle* of Manchester. If we could buy more of the silks! If they could reach more of the cotton! But war has its penalties as well as its glories; unfortunately its penalties are not all measured by money.

But no tariff interferes with the growth of the Tuilleries and the Boulevards. The splendor of the city ripens every day. The theatres are reaping their winter's harvest; of which we may particularize as specially rich and full, *Les Intimes* of M. Sandou, played at the Vaudeville. An old and truthful enough story of how a man may be devoured by his "intimates"—fortune, faith, and honor—until rescued by his discarded friends. A blunt charge of plagiarism raised against the lucky author has been ingeniously parried by him; and the world yields to the judgment, rendered a hundred times before, that whoever can kindle an old story, by his deftness,

into brighter blaze than ever, has himself lighted a new fire.

M. About has tried the matter with an old tale of Charles Bernard at the Odeon; but whether from want of dramatic skill, or by reason of certain political opposition to the author of "Tolla," his new drama of "Gaetana" has been hissed on three successive nights, and finally provoked such uproar that the play was stopped half through, and its representation abandoned. The circumstance has a little significance, from the fact that M. About has been heretofore regarded as a special literary pet of the Emperor. The Odeon is by no means the chiefest theatre of Paris, in any point of view; and its *parterre* is crowded largely by the unkempt medical students of the provinces; but we may suppose that a truculent hiss is not pleasant even there.

While upon literary topics, let us correct, on the authority of the *Bulletin du Bouquiniste*, an error of M. Thiers; who, in his nineteenth volume (of "The Consulate"), makes the Marshal Drouet d'Erlon son of that famous Drouet postmaster who recognized and caused the arrest of Louis XVI. on the fatal day at Varennes. The fact is, there was no relationship whatever between the Marshal and the man whom Carlyle calls the "old dragoon Drouet."

WE have nothing special to record this month of reports made to the Academy of Sciences; but we take the occasion (inasmuch as we so frequently wander into that locality) to acquaint our readers with a few facts regarding its organization.

The Academy of Sciences occupies the third rank among the associations of which the Institute of France is composed.

1. L'Academie Française.
2. L'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.
3. L'Academie des Sciences.
4. L'Academie des Beaux Arts.
5. L'Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

The Academy of Sciences has two principal divisions: to wit, that of Mathematical Science, and that of Physical Science. These again are subdivided thus: The mathematical section has its department of Geometry, with six members; of mechanics, six members; of astronomy, six members; of geography and navigation, three members; of general physics, six members.

The section of Physical Science proper has its department of chemistry, with six members; of mineralogy, six members; of botany, six members; of rural economy, six members; of anatomy and zoology, six members; of medicine and surgery, six members.

Adding two permanent secretaries, not classed in either department, the whole number sums up sixty-five.

The officers consist of a President, a Vice-President, and two permanent Secretaries. Every year a Vice-President is elected, who succeeds the following year to the Presidency. The Vice-President, just now named, is the distinguished surgeon M. Velpeau. The Foreign associates of the Academy count Michael Faraday of London, Brewster of Edinburgh, Mitscherlich of Berlin, Herschel of London, Plana of Turin, Richard Owen of London, Ehrenberg of Berlin, Baron Liebig of Munich, and Lord Brougham. The number of correspondents is more than a hundred, embracing the most distinguished men of every country. Only one chair in the Academy is now vacant—that of the late Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, in the department of anatomy and zoology.

BEFORE the Academy of Moral and Political Science, M. Mignet, the French historian, has recently read a beautiful tribute to the memory of the British Hallam. He gave full and hearty recognition to the integrity, the zeal, the conscience, the industry, and impartiality of the author of the Constitutional History; and added a tender and glowing eulogy of his private worth. Such things make better and more lasting international bonds than even the Cobden treaties. Such generous instincts as Mignet has shown, out-spoken heartily, feed the best hopes of humanity.

The affair calls to mind a recent banquet which has been given by the legal gentlemen of Paris in honor of the distinguished advocate and lawyer, M. Berryer.

Potet and Chabot made the banquet rich with all the rarest luxuries of the table. M. Jules Favres, the most accomplished representative of the extreme democratic opinions of France, made the speech in honor of the guest of the night. M. Berryer rose, trembling, to make his acknowledgments; but his sensibilities conquered him: he had argued, in open court, the largest questions of justice that ever came before a French tribunal, but he could not thank his friends of the bar for the honors they heaped on him, except in a few broken sentences: "My friends," he said, "had foreseen this weakness of mine, and had advised me to write down what I might have to say; but if I had written it I could not have read it" (and the tears streamed down the cheeks of the old man). "I can only thank you with all my heart."

And that little speech brought down louder and more earnest applause than the orator ever won before.

IN these days of war it may interest your readers to know something of the relative cost of the different military establishments of Europe. We give an estimate, which is certainly not over-stated, and which makes the present expenditure for military purposes of England two hundred millions of dollars; France, one hundred and seventy millions; Austria, one hundred millions; Russia, one hundred and ten millions; Prussia, fifty millions; Turkey, forty millions; Spain, sixty millions; Belgium, Portugal, Holland, and Switzerland, etc., one hundred and ten millions.

And this estimate is made upon the basis of one hundred dollars a year for each private: in America the cost of a private may be safely trebled without reckoning the extraordinary profits of contractors.

In this connection, too, we give a proximate estimate of the taxes paid in the year 1860 by the different populations of Europe and America. Our authority is a late and elaborate article in the *Nouvel Economiste*. The table presents the sum paid by each inhabitant:

Great Britain .....	\$12 00	Denmark .....	\$4 00
Baden .....	11 00	Saxony .....	4 00
Holland .....	10 50	Italy .....	4 00
France .....	10 00	Greece .....	3 50
Hanover .....	8 00	Austria .....	3 50
Sweden and Norway	7 00	Turkey .....	2 50
Belgium .....	6 50	America (North) ...	2 50
Spain .....	6 00	Switzerland .....	1 50
Russia .....	5 50		

Of course this estimate does not take into view the rise of an American war budget, to the sum of some five hundred millions per annum.

THE British journals of the month of January,

while showing a sincere satisfaction at the result of the *Trent* question, are full of speculations regarding the ultimate effect of the American difficulty. The question of possible involvement of European nations stands where it did before the *Trent* seizure. Only the most wanton blindness can ignore the fact that a great party in Europe, as well on the Continent as in England, urge not only recognition of the Confederates, but military intervention, as the speediest and most effective means of putting an end to a war which embarrasses the commerce of the world. It would be madness to ignore the fact that the principal *Governments* of Europe (whatever the *people* may think) bear the United States no love. And our opinion is now, as it has been from the first, that if intervention is decided upon in the diplomatic conclave of Europe it will come from the leading Powers united.

THE grief and the mourning for the late Prince Consort in England is real. The universal opinion is that he filled one of the most difficult positions imaginable for a man of cleverness and of sensibility, and that he filled it with a most rare discretion and honesty of motive. The monument in Kensington Gardens, in commemoration of the World's Exhibition of 1851, is to be crowned with a statue of the late Prince instead of the proposed statue of the Queen. Her Majesty has herself, with great sagacity, suggested the change; and the Prince of Wales, in making her Majesty's wishes known, has written his first public letter, under a weight of grief which bars all criticism. London and Edinburgh, both in their corporate capacities, have set on foot subscriptions for city monuments in honor of Prince Albert.

THE great Windham lunacy case burdens so far the late British papers that we venture to epitomize its leading points.

The name of Windham is known upon the American side of the water: a great statesman who was a contemporary of Fox once bore it, and a General Windham won renown at the capture of the Redan. This last, General Ashe Windham, in concert with other relatives, has instituted proceedings against young Windham (a nephew), of Filbrigg Hall, in one of the eastern counties, on the ground that he is a lunatic, and unfit to manage his estates. Those estates are large, equal to some £15,000 a year, and, in the event of the death of young Windham without direct heir, would fall to General Windham and other plaintiffs in this suit.

Young Windham, if we may believe the testimony, is certainly a most extraordinary character. He delights in driving railway engines; brutalizes himself with drink; consorts with cab-drivers and gamblers; amuses himself by counterfeiting the howl of animals; is afflicted by a malformation of the mouth, which makes him drivel like a man in his dotage; and has recently crowned his life of eccentricities by marrying a woman of the Magdalen stamp (without the repentance), and has bestowed upon her jewels to the amount of sixty thousand dollars.

There is a great array of counsel upon either side, and the witnesses count by the hundred—being summoned from every quarter of England, and even from Italy and Malta. The expenses of the suit, if closed to-day, would amount, it is estimated, to the sum of three hundred thousand dollars. But it is not near its close. The simple question before the

Court is this: "Is the young Windham, by reason of insanity, incapable of managing his estates?"

The monosyllabic answer Yes or No will cost, in all probability, a quarter of a million the letter.

If one may judge from the occasional outbreak of applause in the court-room, the populace is strongly enlisted for the defendant. The prominent journals have cautiously reserved their judgment.

THE palace of the World's Exhibition is steadily progressing, under the hands of an army of workers who count by the thousand. Its Art show will be particularly remarkable, and far in advance of that of 1851. Russia is to send forward from her private princely collections whatever will best illustrate the art-culture of the empire. England will show her Hogarth, Wilkie, Reynolds, Bonnington, Gainsborough, and Turner. Belgium will blaze out in the most brilliant coloring of Europe, and France has promised the best types of French art from the Imperial and private collections.

THERE is not much to say of new literature in England. The excellent lectures of Mr. Marsh on English literature are to be published by Murray, with an introduction by Dr. Smith. Young Philip progresses under Thackeray's pen, with a revival of all the audacity, and nerve, and cleverness of "The Newcomes." "Orley Farm," with Millais's drawings—each one a study of grace, thoroughness, and naturalness—glides on with charming ease. We confess to a love for the Trollope—not that he is ever very witty or very brilliant; not that we are startled by any bursts of passion, or ever overcome by his sentiment; not that we think of the author at all; but his stories have, all of them, that wavy, easy, harmonious continuity which revives recollections of the old and early days of romance-reading, when "after-school" hours were lighted up with the griefs of Thaddeus of Warsaw, or the loves and battles of William Wallace and the Earl of Mar.

THE playing of a foreign actor, M. Fechter, in several of Shakspeare's tragedies, has created a sensation in the dramatic world of England. M. Fechter is a feeble man, physically; his pronunciation is strongly foreign; his alteration of the great text utterly willful; his stubborn attachment to his own views unconquerable; all regard for the traditions of Kean and Garrick absolutely ignored; and his treatment of the later conventionalisms of the English stage quite contemptuous. Yet in spite of this, he has drawn the most intelligent, and curious, and interested houses of the season.

What is the secret?

Not altogether the novelty of his rendition; but an attention to detail and accessories, with a stubborn, homely naturalness that charm just as the painstaking and finely-wrought simplicity of the Pre-Raphaelites charm. The strut and rant and mouthing of traditional Shakspearian actors are set aside. Heroes lounge as other men lounge; they twirl their fingers in a fit of thoughtfulness as other men do; they bite the quill-end of the pen as other men do. And the women are somehow, amidst all the tragic verse, only women, with womanly embarrassments and hesitancy.

Of course all the subordinate actors are under the strict tutelage of M. Fechter, and by long training are brought down to the quiet level of his intent. Nothing is harder to unlearn than an unnatural and

purely conventional counterfeit of nature. Fancy Poussin forswearing his shady purples and his classic attitudes for the glow of a real sunshine or the ease of an artless posture! Fancy Dryden abjuring all rhythmic cadence for the mettle and homeliness of live speech!

Yet there is a splendor about M. Fechter's scenic representations; in Othello, there is the blaze of the old Venetian glory—in upholstery, in architectural adornment, in vesture. And it is all worn—not for stage effect, but as a part of the life of the time and of the play. The brocade is limbered to every passionnal movement; the gold of the scabbard covers a sword that will cut. M. Fechter is the Pre-Raphaelite reader and interpreter of Shakspeare.

### Editor's Drawer.

A SCOTCH Reviewer says that the perception of humor is a gift as well as the production of it. On this principle he holds it to be the fault of the reader, and not of the writer, when the point of a joke is invisible. Long live the Scotch Reviewer! The Drawer will honor him while he lives, laugh merrily over his bones, and build him a monument as high as the sky. The same learned authority continues:

"Some persons are color-blind, and can not discriminate between red, green, and blue; and many persons are humor-blind, and can not discern, or understand, or enjoy a touch of fun or a stroke of humor. We think such persons are to be pitied. To them the spring of much hearty and innocent enjoyment is dried up, and they are not the better, though much the duller for the want of it."

That's a fact. Now you see, O stupid reader of the Drawer! why it is that you do not burst the buttons of your vest when you invest a quarter in a Magazine. You don't see the fun of it, and that is no fault of yours; it isn't in you—that's all. These stories are very funny, and if you only had any fun in you, your fun and our fun would rush into contact, and then there would be an explosion. That is the laugh which you often hear when a good joke is let off in company. You don't see what they are laughing at, but no matter for that; because you are a fool all the world is not to be sober.

This theory of the Scotchman is very broad Scotch, and the author of it goes on to say: "Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term, with the best heads and the best hearts—have been men who thoroughly appreciated and heartily enjoyed true humor. . . . . That a sense of humor and an appreciation of fun is implanted in many of us by nature—that it is a source of great enjoyment, and that it is consistent with worth and truth and purity, can not be denied; and therefore the part of wisdom is not to stifle but to guide it."

So much for the Scotchman. He is the man for our money! If we had his address we should send him the Drawer full of our kind regards.

A CLERGYMAN being asked, a short time since, "What good have you done to-day?" replied, "I wrote an item for the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*." And many a man has done worse things than that, and got a great deal of credit for it besides. From the days of good King Solomon down to the present time mirth has been commended by the wisest of men. Recall the names of a few of the great patri-

archs of philosophy in the various ages of the world's existence, and from their writings cull the brilliant passages that extol the merits of good-humor, and see what a constellation is set in the heaven of the Drawer.

Open the thin leaves of the massive tome in which the old father of moral science in the empire of China taught the Celestials, in time so far back that neither Greek nor Roman history makes mention even of his name—the venerable Ching Te Sechington—and read:

"The flower of existence is the bright flashing of wit in the social circle; it cheereth the heart of man like the celestial beverage which groweth in the gardens of the blessed, and is transplanted to the plains of this everlasting empire. Be witty, O sons of men, if you can; and if you can not be witty, rejoice that you can be wise!"

The thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire is to be celebrated during the present year, and what name—among all the illustrious writers of that highly literary people—what name is more familiar to the great masses of Ameriean readers than that of the learned Rohankonosofki, the profound metaphysician and poet—like our English Coleridge more than any other man living or dead. Hear him:

"In the deep springs of the true soul there is a vein of living water that leapeth suddenly to the surface, and gladdeneth the world with its life and sweetness. Such is wit in the fountain of human thought. It is more than medicine, for it is a vital force that tendeth to the joy of immortality."

The last line is somewhat obscure; perhaps we have not caught the idea in the original Russ, but the tenor of the author is not to be mistaken, and his commendation is worthy of his fame.

Just on the borders of the sea where the city of Alexandria reaches down to embrace her, and hard by the spot where the Queen for whom Antony lost a world was wont to embark in her gorgeous ship of state, lies one of her needles, half-buried in the sand. If you will take it by the point and lift it up high enough to read the hieroglyphical inscription on the side that now kisses the earth, you may find this sentiment expressed in characters which Sir Gardner Wilkinson or Champollion never saw:

"LIFE IS BRIEF; WIT IS FOREVER."

No older record than this exists in stone which the pundits of the Drawer have ever found. And what more is required?

A BALTIMORE correspondent says: "The following actually occurred at the 'general delivery' of our post-office. A genuine Irishman approached the window, and handing the clerk in attendance a letter remarked, in the richest brogue,

"'Plase, Sir, and will you send this lethur to brother Tim, who lives two miles be-yant the Re-lay House?'

"The clerk, taking the letter, replied that he would send it to the post-office at that place.

"'Sure, Sir, how will brother Tim get the lethur if you send it there? Don't I tell you that he lives two miles be-yant the Re-lay House!'

"The elerk smilingly answered that as there was no post-office nearer to him than the Relay House, he would be compelled to send it there. The Irisher still appeared to be bothered and dissatisfied; but, after scratching his noddle a while, a bright idea seemed to strike him, and approaching the window again with a beaming countenance, says,

"'I have it now, Sir! Write on the back of it,

*Brother Tim will please call at the Re-lay House and get this lethur!"*

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#### THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR.—You are quite right. I have your February Magazine before me, and the Conundrum is not there. Like my friend Jefferson Smith, I "own the corn"—which puts me in mind that I promised to tell you the origin of this phrase:

Many years ago the good farmers in my neighborhood began to be sorely annoyed by the mysterious disappearance of pigs, turkeys, chickens, and portable property in general. These losses began just about the time when one Joab Strong took up his abode in the vicinity. Putting this and that together, it was inferred that Joab knew more about the matter than an honest man should. A committee was formed to interrogate him; and he was one moonlight night taken into the woods for that purpose. He stoutly denied all knowledge of the matter; whereupon he was laid, face downward, over a log, in position for further proceedings.

"Now, Joab," asked the Chairman, balancing a supple twig in his hand, "can't you really tell us any thing about Mr. Brown's turkey?"

"I told you I didn't know nothin' about it."

Down came the rod, once, twice, six times.

"Hold there!" cried Joab. "I remember now. I seen him a-roostin' in the cherry-tree, and he went home with me."

"Very well, Mr. Strong. Now about Mr. Smith's pig?"

"Don't know nothin' about it. Didn't know he had any pigs."

The reminder was applied, as before; and at the sixth blow Joab's recollection was aroused.

"Oh, yes! I was a-goin' along by there, and the pig he followed me home, and got eat up."

And so on through five "counts" of the indictment, the last of which related to chickens.

"Well, yes," said the culprit, at the usual point, "I did take them chickens—and mighty poor ones they was too—and—and—you needn't flog any more. I know what you're goin' to ask about next. It's Major Green's corn. I did steal it. *Town the corn.* It's in my house now, and the Major can have it if he wants it."

The joke of the matter was that Major Green did not know that he had lost any corn, and the committee had finished their examination when Joab owned up, without being asked.

I promised also to tell you how the Yankee clergyman went to the House of Lords; which I will do as soon as I have written down a little incident which happened to Mr. Milburn, the "Blind Preacher," when he was in England:

He was to deliver a lecture before some association—one, I believe, whose object was to promote the early closing of shops. At any rate, the Chairman was a young man who had evidently been accustomed to spouting at free-and-easy clubs. He exasperated his host's most unpityingly. His duty was to introduce the lecturer to the audience, which he performed as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I 'ave the honor to hintroduce to you the horator of the evenin', whose eloquence is famous on both sides of the Atlantic—the Reverend William Ennery Milburn. His subject is Hamerican Mind, its Manifestation and Character. No man can do better justice to this than the eloquent gent, for he has been all around and among it."

Speaking of lecturers, I ought to thank you for the ticket which you gave me the other day, when I happened to be in town, to Colonel Thorpe's capital lecture on the "Inside View of the Great Rebellion." The anecdotes which he tells so capitally really give a clearer view of persons and things than a whole volume of disquisitions. I remember how the audience was moved by the one which he told of Mrs. Van Loo, of Richmond. This lady, who is one of the F. F. V.'s, in every sense of the word, made it her business to visit our prisoners in Richmond, and encourage and succor the sick and wounded. Her high social position enabled her to gain admittance in spite of strict orders to the contrary. What guard could resist when a lady elegantly dressed, with manners the most high-bred, smilingly put aside his bayonet with her daintily-gloved hand? They could for a long time not do otherwise than shut their eyes and let her pass. And an angel of mercy she was. She would pass along by the beds, bestowing a smile or encouraging word, now smoothing a pillow or arranging a covering. And not unfrequently the poor fellow would find, where her hand had been, a half dollar or some little luxury. At length the orders against her admission became so strict that the guards dared not let her pass. Then she would pass along the front of the prison, and, watching her opportunity, would fling silver coins, wrapped in her handkerchief, through the grated windows. All honor to such noble women, be they of the North or the South! It was a capital lecture, and I trust that many of us country-folk will have an opportunity of hearing it.

But about the Clergyman and the Peers:

In King Street, London, is, or was some years ago, "Randall's Commercial Boarding-House," a favorite stopping-place for American travelers. Many Englishmen also frequented it, finding the *table d'hôte* more agreeable than the usual private dinners of the English hotels. Some years ago among the guests was the genial and eloquent Dr. M'Clintock, with a party of friends, and our clergyman, whom I will call the Rev. Luke Robbins, though that was not his name. One day "Mac"—as he is familiarly called, Doctor of Divinity though he be—said to the Reverend Luke :

"Mr. Robbins, I had hoped to have been able to offer you a treat this evening. A "field-night" is expected in the House of Lords. I expected to have had three orders for admission to the gallery, one of which was to be for you. Unfortunately I could get only two, so I can not ask you to join us."

"I am much obliged to you, but I am going to the Lords this evening."

"Indeed! How did you get your order?"

"I have no order."

"Then you can not be admitted to the gallery."

"I am not going to the gallery. I shall go upon the floor."

"Impossible. No one is admitted there unless specially introduced by a Peer."

"Oh, I've traveled before; and I never found any difficulty in going where I wished. You'll see me there."

After infinite crowding and pushing, Dr. M'Clintock and his friend made their way to their places in the gallery. They were hardly seated when, looking down upon the floor, they saw the Reverend Luke walk in, as calm as a summer morning, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with the ugliest nose and the worst-fitting pair of plaid trowsers in the Three Kingdoms. There was no mistaking

that nose. It was Lord Brougham. All the evening his Lordship appeared much more attentive to his American friend than to the proceedings of the House. At length, among the small hours, Brougham arose and delivered a short but fiery philippic. At its close the clergyman shook hands with his Lordship, and walked out.

Returning to his hotel an hour later, Dr. M'Clinetock found Mr. Robbins quietly sipping his coffee in the parlor, with a number of the English guests.

"Mr. Robbins," said the Doctor, "we saw you in the Peers with Lord Brougham. I did not know that you were acquainted with him."

"I was not. I never saw him till to-night."

"You had letters of introduction to him?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Then how did you manage it?"

"It's a very simple affair—hardly worth mentioning," replied the Reverend Luke, indifferently. "But as you seem curious I will tell you, though it is hardly worth relating. I walked up to the Peers' entrance, where I was stopped by an official.

"This is the Peers' entrance,' he said. 'You can not pass. If you have an order for the gallery, go to the proper door.'

"I understand perfectly. Send my card, if you please, to Lord Brougham."

"To Lord Brougham! Certainly. I beg your pardon. Pass on if you please."

"I was stopped once or twice more before I reached the ante-room; but I merely said, 'My card has been sent to Lord Brougham.' Nothing more was needed. I had waited but a few minutes in the ante-room when Brougham came in. I knew him from his portraits. He had my card in his hand, and was reading it through his eye-glass. I advanced to meet him.

"The Reverend Luke Robbins, of America, I presume," he said.

"Yes, my Lord; and as an American I can ask your Lordship's courtesy. In America no name is more highly honored than that of Henry Brougham. From childhood I have known and admired your Lordship's writings; and now being in England, I could not be satisfied without meeting you. And understanding that this was to be a "field-night" in the House, I have taken the liberty of requesting your Lordship to do me the favor of introducing me upon the floor."

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so," said Brougham; and we went in. His Lordship pointed out to me all the celebrities present. At last, when I thought the session was drawing to a close, I said:

"Pardon me, my Lord. But I had understood that your Lordship was to speak to-night. I hope I was not misinformed; for I shall ever think I have failed in half the object of my travels if I have not heard your Lordship speak."

"Well, Mr. Robbins," he said, "I had not intended to speak to-night; but if it will afford you any gratification, I will do so with pleasure."

"Shortly after, he rose and spoke, as you heard. I then said to him, 'Having heard your Lordship, I have no wish to listen to any thing after. I will take my leave. Should your Lordship ever come to America, I shall be most happy to repay your courtesy.'

"Should I ever visit America," he answered, "I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness."

"I took my leave, and came home. This is the whole affair—a very simple matter, as you see;

hardly worth relating, as I told you in the beginning."

The Englishmen had sat listening with staring eyes to this cool narrative, related in the quietest manner. Whether this was a true statement of the case, or whether it was an elaborate piece of mystification got up by the Reverend Luke, was never, I believe, explained. The fact, however, is undoubted, that he was introduced upon the floor of the House of Peers by Lord Brougham. How this was brought about, no one knows to this day but the two principals themselves.

I believe, my dear Editor, I have now fulfilled all my promises, except that of writing out the conundrum—play upon words—or whatever you call it—which I set out to do at first. The question is:

*"How do the five proper names first mentioned in the Bible contain the first Record of Corporal Punishment?"*

"ANSWER:—Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Seth: to be arranged and read thus: '*Adam, saith Eve, cane Abel.*'"

There you have it, as you asked; though, as I said, I think it hardly worth printing.

In conclusion, I am yours ever.

H.

"SOME time ago, when we were all troubled in St. Louis with the Illinois currency, on account of its depreciation, a bright little girl of four summers, playing with her doll, became tired, and came to her sister and said, 'Sister, play school with me; you be teacher.' Willing to please the child, her sister put several questions to her. One of these was, 'What is Illinois currency?' To which the little one promptly responded, '*Bad bill!*'"

A FRIEND in New Bedford tells this good story of the great perspicacity of clairvoyant doctors:

"Some time since a gentleman living a few miles from the city sought the advice of a clairvoyant. After the usual examination the disease was detected and a prescription written, which was put up in bottles and labeled in approved style by one of the most popular druggists in New Bedford. Within a short time the medicine was taken from one bottle, and the bottle laid aside. The patient's mother, who was making elder-berry sirup, used the empty bottle, among others, for putting up the sirup. But as the label was not removed, it somehow found its way back among its fellows containing the medicine, and was opened by the patient. It tasted queerly; and the sick man—doubting, if not fearing—posted off to the druggist to have the mystery cleared up. The latter, with an air of business and wisdom, tasted, smacked his lips, shook the bottle and tasted again, and then confidently remarked 'that the medicinal qualities were all there, but it had slightly candied!' He generously replaced it with another bottle at half-price, and the mystery was some time after solved when the old lady counted up her bottles of elder-berry, and found one missing."

"CHARLIE is a mischievous boy; so full of it that it breaks out on a sudden, and he does the drollest things, for which he deserves more punishment than his indulgent father gives him. The other day his father rose at dinner-table to carve the turkey; this done, he was about to resume his chair, when Charlie, who is not big enough to come to the first table, pushed the chair away, and down came his heavy father on the floor with a tremendous thump.

"'Oh!' cried his angry parent, 'you little rascal,

you might have killed me; I have a great mind to cut your head off with the carving-knife!"

"Oh do, pa!" said the rogue; "wouldn't it be nice to go to heaven together?"

In the Third Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers it is a rule that no soldier can leave camp without a pass. The chaplain one day was distributing tracts; among others was one headed, "Come, sinners, come!" Soon after the tract was picked up in camp, and under the heading was penciled, "Can't do it! Colonel Ruger won't sign my pass!"

AN "officer of the U. S. Army," stationed at Annapolis, Maryland, sends us the following letter, with a few words of explanation. The writer of the letter is a negro living in Cambridge; "Miss" or rather "Mrs." Smith resides in Annapolis, and is the owner of "Miss Mary" and of "Miss Heny." Bolton alludes to the "custom" of calling servants after the surnames of their owners. For the rest, the letter explains itself. The writer's idea of making capital out of his two deceased wives is worthy of note:

CAMBRIDGE MD. Nov. the 19th 1861.

MY DEAR MAM—I have took upon myself the liberty being well and hoping you advise the same being in possession of the same Gods good blessing which in this world of wales and woes it is very often which is unbearable and also to lead to discontent and bad feeling which Providens knoes is never given without sum desire of desirving the same, to no if you have not no objecthuns which is corect and always beggin your pardon for trublin yu who are busy and engaiged to me if her being willin which has asked if you wood pleze let my adreses which has been pade to your servent Miss Mary Smith which last of corse is not her name being caled so when in speeking of her which is custom to come and see her of nites when laber is over Miss Heny too which other name is also likewise same as Miss Mary though no wishes is at presant on her account for adresess by no means except Miss Mary which wishes to unit to holy bans of metreemony with always consenting of the kind madam which will not interup or interfer with her laber as he meaning your humble servt. will live in annapolis so Miss Mary which hope to be Mrs. Bolton has consider well will make good husband, have bin before twice marrid and knoes the maner of tretment to wives which has too (2) dide Begin you humble pardon for riting to you which has felt the panges of love without dout which pleze excuse you very humble servent

JOSEPH BOLTON—colored—

p. S. pleze reply Miss Smith.

"WE had been encamped in Indianapolis," writes one of the brave boys, "about a month before we left for the seat of war. Some time after we arrived in Virginia we heard that quite a large number of letters for the regiment were detained in the post-office at Indianapolis for the postage. While passing through the camp one day I overheard a couple of soldiers conversing about those letters. One inquired 'What would be done with them?' The other replied, 'I suppose they will be sent to the dead-letter office, and after we get killed we can get them.' Thanks to the bad aim of the rebels, only three of as brave a regiment as ever went to the field had to call at *that* office for their mail matter."

"OUR soldier boys," writes a lady in the interior, "were about to set off for the seat of war. At the station a large crowd of friends had gathered, and there was the usual amount of kissing, weeping, embracing, and leave-taking. A loud-voiced man was entertaining a group of ladies with his conversation,

and he remarked, as one of the soldiers' sweet little wives was passing, 'If I was going to the war, and any of my friends should come down to the station to see me off, I would shoot them.' The little woman looked up, and very quietly said, 'Oh, don't fret; you wouldn't have a chance to fire once!'

"If you ever saw a man fished out of the raging canal alive, you know how the fellow looked."

JOE ROBINSON enlisted in the 199th Regiment of New York State Volunteers. The men were in camp on the island, and their friends were often visiting them. Joe's brother, John, came to see him, and found Joe very home-sick. He begged so hard for John to get him a furlough that his brother went to the Colonel and told him his sister was dead, and he wished leave for his brother to go home for a few days. Consent was given; and as they were leaving the ground one of the men who heard of Joe's affliction, and wished to say something, asked him how long his sister had been dead? Joe said, "About ten years!" and went on his way rejoicing.

MRS. JONES had been ailing for some days; and on New-Year's Day was so poorly that she felt unable to receive company. She told Bridget to say to any persons who called that she was unwell and did not receive company; but if any of her relatives called, to admit them. The bell rung, and Bridget answered it and delivered her message; and again and again through the day. Toward night, after some forty or fifty callers had been disposed of, one more persistent than the rest insisted on coming in, as he belonged to the number of those who were to be admitted; when Mrs. Jones was confounded to hear him say that the servant at the door informed him that Mrs. Jones didn't see any company to-day *but her friends!* With this very gratifying piece of information her Irishness had dismissed the whole of Mrs. Jones's circle; and she takes this method of informing them that she is at home, and will be happy to have them call again.

"Congress has appropriated \$250,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the Charleston fire."—*Richmond (Virginia) Paper.*

"THIS brings to mind an incident that once occurred in the African church in our town. There was a pretty heavy debt against the meeting-house, and the minister had preached a sermon on the subject, urging each member to contribute liberally to its liquidation. He closed his discourse by saying that he would call out by name each member present, and hoped they would respond liberally. Now on the front seat nearest the pulpit sat old Harkey Lyvers, who made his living by carting—his horse being on the crow-bait order, and provoking 'caws' from the boys whenever he appeared in harness.

"And now," said the preacher, 'Brudder Harkey, how much 'll you give?'

"Ten dollars, Sah!" said Harkey.

"One of the sisters, who sat on a back seat, on hearing the answer, called out, 'Look'ee here, Harkey! whar you git de money?'"

THE report of M. Dumas, Member of the French Institute, on the Exposition of French Industry, has been "done into English" for the benefit of a manufacturer of blacking, whose article is highly spoken of. We make an extract:

"The service done by Messrs. Jacquand is real. One does perceive it the better when one does consider his ef-

fects on the less comfortable orders of the population, on those for which there are not little economies and on which it is of a great importance to spread habits of cleanliness, which conduct to the self-consideration and which announce at the man who observes them, the sentiment of his dignity. The jury confers on Messrs. Jacquand a medal of bronze."

"Our little Nellie had learned that the right hand was used for action; and in the midst of her play with a friend who had come to see her, she cried out, 'Ma! ma! Eliza has got her right hand on the left side!'"

"JOSEY, our little boy, being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lessons, the teacher remarked, 'Why, Josey, you have not a very good memory, have you?' 'No, ma'am,' said he, hesitating; 'but I have got a first-rate *forgettery!*'"

A SECESSION minister comes into the store kept by a Quaker, and talks loudly against the country, until the Broadbrim tells him he must stop or leave the store. The clerical brawler keeps on, till the Quaker tells him he will put him out of the store if he does not go out.

"What!" exclaimed the minister, "I thought you Quakers did not fight?"

"The sanctified do not fight, but I have not been sanctified yet; and I will put thee out of the store in a minute!"

The minister fled from before the wicked Quaker.

IN good old times, when the goats were allowed to browse in Trinity Church-yard, the rector was preaching of a warm summer day on the sheep and the goats of Scripture. Being longer than usual in his discourse, the sexton fell asleep after hearing the most of the sermon. Just as he went off into a snooze, a billy-goat walked into church and up the broad aisle. The rector, annoyed at the sexton's inattention, spoke out:

"Sexton, put out that goat!"

The bewildered sexton started up, and just recalling the subject, cried, "Yes, yes, Sir! Which *one*, Sir?"

The rector was put out, and very soon the people were.

DE Bow, the editor of the Review that bore his name, and which has done so much to deceive the country in respect to Southern productions and policy, is not so distinguished for personal beauty as the Apollo Belvidere. Colonel Thorpe, who has lived twenty years in Louisiana, and has often seen him, tells a story of him that belongs to the Drawer.

The annual mask ball at the St. Charles, in New Orleans, had gathered the beauty and chivalry of the Southwest. When supper was announced toward morning, the guests were required to lay aside their masks before going into the supper-room. As De Bow was entering, one of the managers stopped him and said, "You must take off your mask, Sir."

"What!" said the reviewer.

"Your mask," said the manager, touching the ugly man's forehead, and discovering to his horror that what he took for a disguise was the best face the poor man had.

THE quiet humor of Ex-President Buchanan has been frequently illustrated; but here is a sample of it that has not been in type. Just after he

was elected to the Presidency, and before he went to Washington, he received a letter from four young scamps, college boys, who thought it smart to write to him and solicit the chief appointments under government for themselves, referring to several distinguished persons for testimony to their fitness. They did not expect a reply, but the fit took the old gentleman, and he wrote to them that the offices they desired were already engaged, but he had found places just suited to their capacities, and they could enter on them immediately as pupils in the Massachusetts *Asylum for Idiots!*

WHILE the present Major-General Polk, in the Southern army, was in his more appropriate calling as Bishop in Louisiana, he was traveling, and had to put up for the night at a tavern near the river. The landlord told him that the beds were all engaged for a number of boatmen who would be in during the night. Wearied with his journey the preacher said he would sleep till they came, and turned in. His nap was short. A rough fellow, feeling along in the dark, laid hands suddenly on the Bishop, and sang out, "I say, stranger, this is my bed, and if you get it you must fight for it."

This was not very alarming to the Bishop, who had had a military education, and now waking up to a sense of his situation replied: "Before you strike in the dark feel of my arm here, and now my chest." And the boatman did as he was told, growing more and more nervous as he pursued his examination, till he became satisfied there was a formidable foe on hand, and then he excused himself by saying, "I rather think, stranger, you can have this bed."

The Bishop always did belong to the Church Militant, and it was only returning to his first love when he sold himself, body and soul, to the Southern rebellion.

JUDGE UNDERWOOD, of Georgia, has often been honored with a place in the Drawer. The Judge was holding court in the Cherokee district, when log-houses were the only dwellings, and things generally were in a state of nature. It was in the fall, when chestnuts and chincapins were in abundance: the lawyers, witnesses, jurors, spectators, constables, every body were eating them in court and out. The Judge wished to maintain something like decency in court, and tired of the ceaseless crack, crack that smote his ears, he at last was provoked to say, "Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all with such wonderful appetites. There is certainly no danger of starvation so long as the chestnuts and chincapins last. I have, however, one request to make of those who compose the juries. I am unable, in the present condition of affairs, to distinguish one body from the other. I must therefore beg the grand jurors to confine themselves to chestnuts, and the petit jurors to chincapins!"

"NIGGER wit," says a Rochester correspondent of the Drawer, "is seldom seen to better advantage than it was in our town a few days ago. A darkey named Pete got a five-dollar counterfeit bill, and taking some friends to a lager beer saloon treated them to the extent of forty cents, passed the bill, and got the change. The Dutchman soon found the bill was bad, and overhauling Pete, charged him with passing counterfeit money. Pete expressed great surprise, said he knew where he got the bill, and would take it and get a good one for it. This was agreed to; but day after day passed and Pete

did not bring back the money. The Dutchman overhauled him again, and Pete said the man who gave it to him was now trying to get it back on the man he took it from. The Dutchman was furious, and threatened to have him taken up for passing counterfeit money. 'Guess you couldn't do that,' said Pete; 'can't take up a man for passing counterfeit money, when you hain't got de bill!'

"This was a new idea to Mr. Lagerbeer, and Pete comforted him by paying him a dollar and a half of the change, as he said 'goin' halves' with him in the loss on the V."

THE "presiding elder" of our district is very long-winded, and last Sunday he went on and on in his sermon till Brother Griffin, who sat in the pulpit behind him, was tired out. As soon as the elder sat down, Brother G. rose and gave out to sing:

"Long have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord;  
And yet how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word!"

The elder groaned, and the people sang with a realizing sense of the fitness of the words.

"OBEY orders if you break owners" is a good old rule. Major Dubisson, a plethoric old gentleman in Florida, with plenty of dark-complexioned servants about him, was greatly afflicted with nightmare. He took one of his best boys, a smart little negro, to sleep in his bedchamber, and charged him strictly if he (his master) should be distressed in his sleep, to seize him by the first place he could find, and not to let go on any account until he waked up and turned over. Sure enough, master began to groan. The little nigger sprang to his head, caught him by his famous red nose, and held on for good.

"Let go! I'm awake!" roared the Major.

"Massa must turn over first. You told me to hold on till you turned over."

The Major was only too willing to turn over and get released from the grip; but the handle of his face showed the marks of the little nigger's fingers for a day or two.

FROM Iowa we have the following very amusing scene:

"Two lawyers in this State, bearing the same name, are so unlike in figure and stature that they are called General Dillon and Little Dillon. The General is six feet six in his boots, and as well proportioned as Frank Granger, of your own State, was said to be. Little Dillon is so small that he could not *enlist* if he would, for he comes below the regimental regulation pattern. The other day in Court they were on opposite sides, and while the General was speaking and making great sport of the arguments of the counsel on the other side, Little Dillon got very much excited, and at last springing up, began to pommel the General in the rear. The tall and stalwart lawyer looked around and *down*, and asked, very blandly,

"What's going on?"

"Fighting, to be sure," replied Little D., "fighting, Sir."

"Oh, is that all?" said the General, and proceeded with the argument while his little antagonist continued to take his satisfaction by pounding the Hercules, who seemed quite insensible to his blows."

"Our railroad is a slow coach," writes a Southern correspondent. "Going along at the usual speed of six or eight miles an hour, we came to a dead

halt: several passengers left the cars and went to climbing the trees by the side of the track. I asked the conductor what they were after."

"Grapes," he answered.

"Why," said I, "is it possible you stop whenever the passengers wish to get some grapes?"

"Oh, certainly!" said he; "this is the accommodation train!"

IN Saratoga County, New York, an old farmer—an old hunk he was—got out a warrant, and had four boys taken up for stealing a lot of good-for-nothing pine-knots, which they wanted to use for torches when they went by night to spear eels. The boys induced a lawyer named Bothersome to get them off if possible. The case was a plain one, and it was clear that the Justice would send the boys to jail and fine them for the property. The lawyer went on to say:

"I want every word of my plea to be written down by your honor. I demur and shall put in a plea of *Debonis Aspertatus*, with matter that requires a plea of *Liberum Tenementum* (by this time the squire's pen dropped); and I specially demur on the ground that it insufficiently describes the *Locus in quo*, and demand a judgment of *Respondius Ouster* with a *Remittiter*."

The old farmer was frightened, and cried out, "I withdraw the case." The Justice was confounded, and dismissed it.

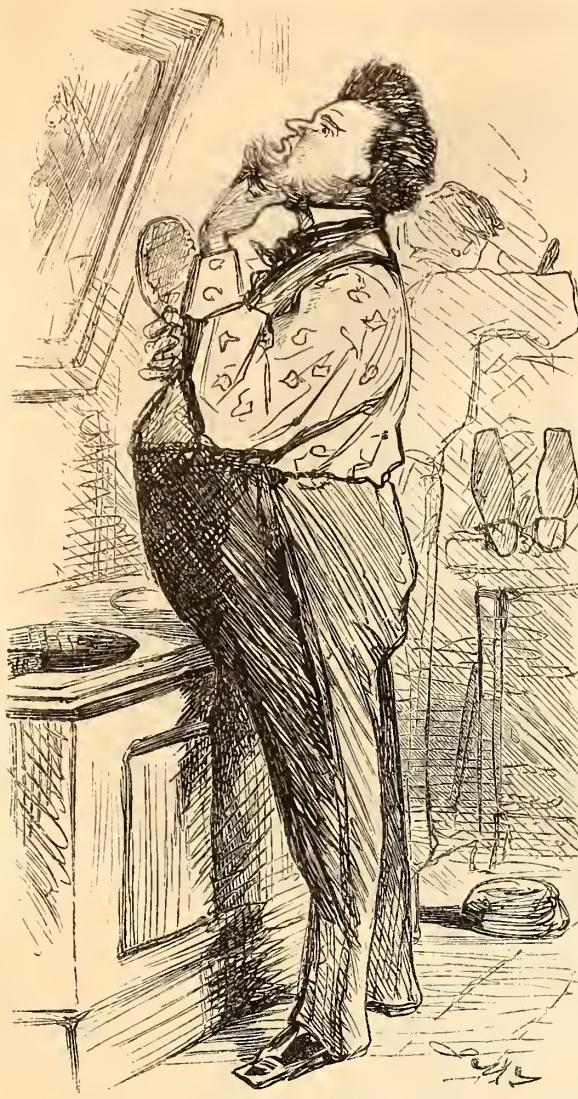
"COULD the authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' have heard the following sweeping criticism, sustained by so conclusive an argument, she would probably have saved herself the trouble of writing her 'Key,' and given up the task as hopeless. It was uttered in perfectly good faith, and with an evident feeling that the speaker had made a 'smashing' point. Soon after 'Uncle Tom' was published I was going down the Mississippi River. The book came up for discussion. Listening to the debate was a man who had informed us that he was once an overseer in Louisiana, but was now living in Southern Illinois. After quietly listening for some time, this Egyptian oracle spoke with the conscious power of knowledge: 'I know "Uncle Tom's" a lie, and I allays knowed it; fur I knowed a man that knowed Mister Shelby, of Kentucky, and Mister Shelby told that man that he never had no such nigger as Uncle Tom.'

"BETSEY ANN WRIGHT is a great woman's-rights woman. She can talk down any orthodox minister in the village who thinks that women have all the rights that any body has, and if they want to do any thing more than they are doing now they had better do it, and not be making an everlasting fuss about it.

"Betsey was in our house the other day, blazing away at me at a great rate; and as I am one of the Friends, and we never fight, I let her go on, in hopes that she would soon be tired out and would quit. While she was in the height of the argument her little daughter came in, and said,

"Mother, come home as quick as ever you can! Father has come in, and wants some clean clothes, and says he never can find any thing when he wants it; he says he wishes the women would mind their own business!"

"Friend Betsey," said I, "it was in my mind to make a few observations in reply to your views, but this message from thy husband expresses all that I could have said. I wish thee well!"



SMALL wits are great talkers, as empty barrels and shallow streams make the most noise. It has been said that the smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth. "I talk a good deal, but I talk well," said one of these men to Cardinal Richelieu. "Half of that is true," said the Cardinal.

"I can not imagine," said Alderman Homes, "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains," observed a friend, with more wit than manners.

MONKEYS are scarce in Michigan. A saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day, the proprietor being in a back room. The customer seeing a saddle that suited him, asked the price.

Monkey said nothing.

Customer said, "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," which monkey shoved into the drawer as soon as the man laid it down. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted the man, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushes in and wants to know what's the fuss.

"Fuss?" said the customer, "fuss? I bought a saddle of your son settin' there, and when I went to take it he won't let me have it!"

The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that he was no relation.

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"THE Rev. Mr. W— was a preacher in Monticello, in your State, but the society being not of sufficient size to maintain a whole minister, he preached one Sunday in Monticello, one in Rockland, and one in another adjacent town. In going to Rockland he had to go over the turnpike, and he noticed there the frequent inquiring looks of the gate-keeper, who proved to be a Yankee in every sense of the word, but said nothing, until one day, when the keeper was making change, he turned to the minister and said,

"I thought, mister, some time when you was going this way, I would ask you what your business is, and what your name is."

"Well," replied the minister, "some time when I am coming this way, and you have leisure, you had better ask me."

"I SEND you two or three items from St. Louis, rather a sober city just now. They are strictly true, and if you can fix them up so that your readers can tell where the laugh comes in, they may be worthy of a place:

"A friend—a river man, whose occupation is gone by reason of the war and blockade—has a small black republican chattel, of about eight, wiry, lithe, and oh! so black! She was sent to the corner grocery. The dealer inquired, 'Is your master doin' any thin' now?' 'Yes, 'm.' 'What's he doin'?' 'Well, he's a workin'.' 'What does he work at?' 'Well, sometime he helps misses git supper!' She thought she was smart, and told of it when she came home."



## ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.



TEN MILES AN HOUR.

FROM the moment when we turn our backs on the half-way house, toil over the hill, and descend into the valley of old age, we are astonished to find how space and bulk seem to have diminished. The street which we remember in our youth so broad and imposing has shrunk into a close alley; the river has become a ditch, the square a hen-walk, and the stately mansion which we once looked upon with awe a dwarfed hut which we now feel bound to despise.

Our views seem to grow wider as we grow older, our desires less simple, and we wonder how we could ever have been happy while so cabined, cribbed, and confined. We laugh at the humble pleasures of our grandfathers, and are ready to welcome any toy that is startling and new. We throw ourselves into the arms of competing railway companies, because they can give us excitement, novelty, and change. As the rocking-horse is to the infant, as the pony or the flying swing is to the youth, so is the railroad train to the man. He enters it for a few pence, and swifter than the genii bore Aladdin from city to city, he is carried from town to country, or from country to town. Clerk, merchant, servant, sportsman, or sweep can cling to the long tail of the fiery steed, and ride rough-shod over the laws of time and space. What kings have sighed for, what poets have dreamed of, what martyrs may have been burned for predicting the coming of, is now as common as black-

berries. The magic Bronze Horse is now snorting at every man's door. He is a fine animal, if only properly managed, and may be driven by a child; but woe upon you if you let him break the reins. He has battered down stone walls; hurled hundreds over precipices; but he has also joined mother to son, husband to wife, brother to sister, friend to friend. He has cheapened food, and fire, and clothing for rich and poor; he has made many a death-bed happy, and many a wedding-party glad.

Let us peep inside one of these trains, and take a few portraits of the travelers as they sit in a row.

The magic Bronze Horse has slackened his speed, and the long tail of carriages is dragging along at the rate of ten miles an hour. The young gentleman in the corner grows weary of a few minutes' delay, even though it may save him from a damaging collision, for he has been born in an age of high-pressure speed, and has fed upon express trains almost from his cradle. His gaping has a sympathetic effect upon the female a little farther up on the same side, and they both yawn in unison.

The second traveler, nursing his hat with a painful expression of face, has fixed his eyes on an advertising placard stuck on the roof of the carriage. This placard gives a picture of a man suffering from violent tic doloureux, and tells the passengers where they may apply for an infallible remedy. This mode of advertising is dismal but effective, and as the

traveler gives an unconscious imitation of the picture with his agonized face, he inwardly resolves to become a customer for the remedy.

The next passenger, with the bald head and the drawn down cheeks, is one of those deceptive men whom you meet with in every society. He looks like a banker, a manager of an insurance company, or a lecturer upon political economy. You suppose him to be a perfect cyclopaedia of exact information—a man who has no end of statistics in his shiny head, and you assume that his taciturnity is the result of deep thought on some of the great problems of existence. You will be surprised to learn that he lives upon the severity of his appearance, and is nothing more than a head-waiter at a sea-side tavern.

The sour-looking old gentleman, twiddling his thumbs at the farther end of the carriage, whose broad hat nearly shuts out our view of the drifting shower, has no business in a train of pleasure. He has joined the company at a side station on the road, and is going to get out at another side station to dun some poor tenants for back rent. This may be a very necessary thing to do, but a holiday train is hardly the proper vehicle to help him to do it.

We are now all fond of fast trains. At first, indeed, we regarded them with distrust, and entered them timidly; we held our breath as we listened to the quick puffing of the engine, and saw fields and mountains, trees and animals, apparently rushing past us. We shuddered as we dashed through a tunnel or clattered over a bridge. Every mad shriek of the whistle sounded to us like an explosion; ev-

ery jolt was an overturn. But by-and-by we found that we could hold our breath and keep our seats, no matter what our speed. Familiarity breeds contempt. We learned to despise slow trains. Ten miles an hour was a bore and a nuisance. We demanded twenty or thirty at least; and when we read that in England a mile a minute was frequently attained, we set down our railways as "slow coaches," quite "behind the times." We accepted forty miles an hour only provisionally, and under protest. Short of that, how could we breakfast at New York and sup at Niagara? or avoid wasting a week between Boston and St. Louis? Life was really quite too short, and we had too much to do, to jog along at a slow rate. Let us have a mile a minute.

The pace changes, and the magic Bronze Horse is tearing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

The old gentleman upon another seat leans on his umbrella, and blinks as he feels his cheeks buffeted by the fresh air, laden as it is with the scent of new hay. The young woman next to him, who is running down on a flying visit to her mother, nurses her plump boy, and tells him to look out for grandma over the hills. The cheerful passenger at her side draws his face into a hundred wrinkles as he watches the trees, stations, and churches whirling past the window; the fat gentleman laughs, and shakes like a jelly, as he proves the speed by his substantial watch; and the Jewish-looking gentleman in the corner settles down into a self-satisfied smirk, as he feels that he is getting the fullest value for his ticket.



FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

It would be an endless task to pass from car to car, and from seat to seat, noting all their occupants. Here is the good lady who is making her first trip. Her destination is two hundred miles beyond; but at every stop she is quite sure that this must be her stopping-place, and between stations she is always asking the conductor if he is quite sure that we have not passed "Mud Hollow Station." There is the young woman who has a "ticket through," with baggage duly checked; she knows that somebody will be waiting for her at the end of the route, and that all will be right when she gets there. So she gives no trouble to herself or any body else; but divides her time between her lunch-basket and the last Magazine. A very sensible young lady that—so thinks the conductor—though this is her first long journey alone; and he takes special care, whenever cars are changed, to see that she is on board the right one. Leaving these and a score more of the like characters, we will note a few passengers whose types we are sure to meet on every train.

Upon one seat we are amused by the Agreeable Man. He knows the name of every station we pass, how far it is from town, and what it is famous for. He has traveled a good deal on railways, and is full of anecdotes. He advises some of the passengers where to go for a comfortable dinner. He pulls

up the window to oblige the ladies, and is particular in asking how high he shall fix it. He carries a number of traveling appliances with him, some of the most ingenious kind, and is never without a pocket cork-screw. He even carries a shoe-horn inclosed in a leathern case, a folding cap in a pouch, and a few sweet lozenges to please the children. He is always ready to listen to a story or to make a joke, and to take advantage of any thing he may meet with on the journey.

The Disagreeable Man sits with his good-humored wife by his side, and has been sulking ever since the train started. The Disagreeable Man is not happy in his mind. He thinks every town much finer than the one he is going to; every day much pleasanter than the one he is traveling on; and every carriage much more comfortable than the one he is sitting in. His round-faced pleasant wife tries to persuade him that every thing is for the best, but he is not open to conviction.

As we draw near our journey's end we peep into another carriage, and find there a most obtrusive traveler. We can give him no better title than the Cheap Swell, because he is a Frankenstein raised by the cheap tailor. He



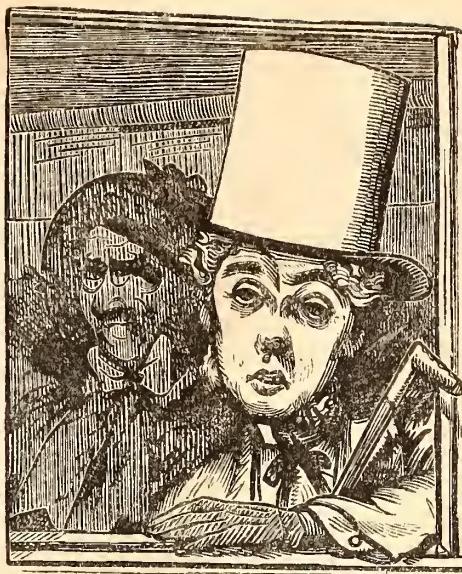
THE AGREEABLE MAN.



THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.

looks like a living advertisement for "popular" dress and jewelry; for colored shirts with Greek names; for the latest style of cheap coat, and the latest extravagance in cheap trowsers. He smokes a bad, rank, cheap cigar, in preference to an honest pipe, and smokes it regardless of ladies or fellow-passengers. He lives for appearance, for external show, for seeming what he is not, and comes to the country chiefly to astonish villagers with his town manners. He firmly believes that he will marry an heiress of unbounded wealth, who will dote upon his turned-up nose and tobacco-scented hair.

Facing this cheap swell are two females, one young and the other middle-aged, who may be distinguished by the title of the Two Bottles. They are mother and daughter; but while the old lady is stout, flushed, vulgar, and not above carrying the meat and beer-bottle, the youngest wears tight kid gloves, a Eugénie hair front, and refreshes herself now and then with a sniff of Eau-de-Cologne. The old lady has given her daughter a showy education, with a view of making her a "better woman than her mother," and has only produced a piece of affected gentility—almost as repulsive as the cheap swell—who thinks herself too good for her company. She will marry the cheap swell, or somebody like him: each thinking the other to be the possessor of a for-



THE CHEAP SWELL.

tune. He will become a "Gift Enterprise" advertiser, or engage in some other disreputable business. She will grow as stout and vulgar as her mother, and not half as honest.

These are only a few of the commonplace passengers—amiable and unamiable, grateful and ungrateful—who ride on the magic Bronze Horse day after day.



THE TWO BOTTLES.



# Fashions for March.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by  
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.

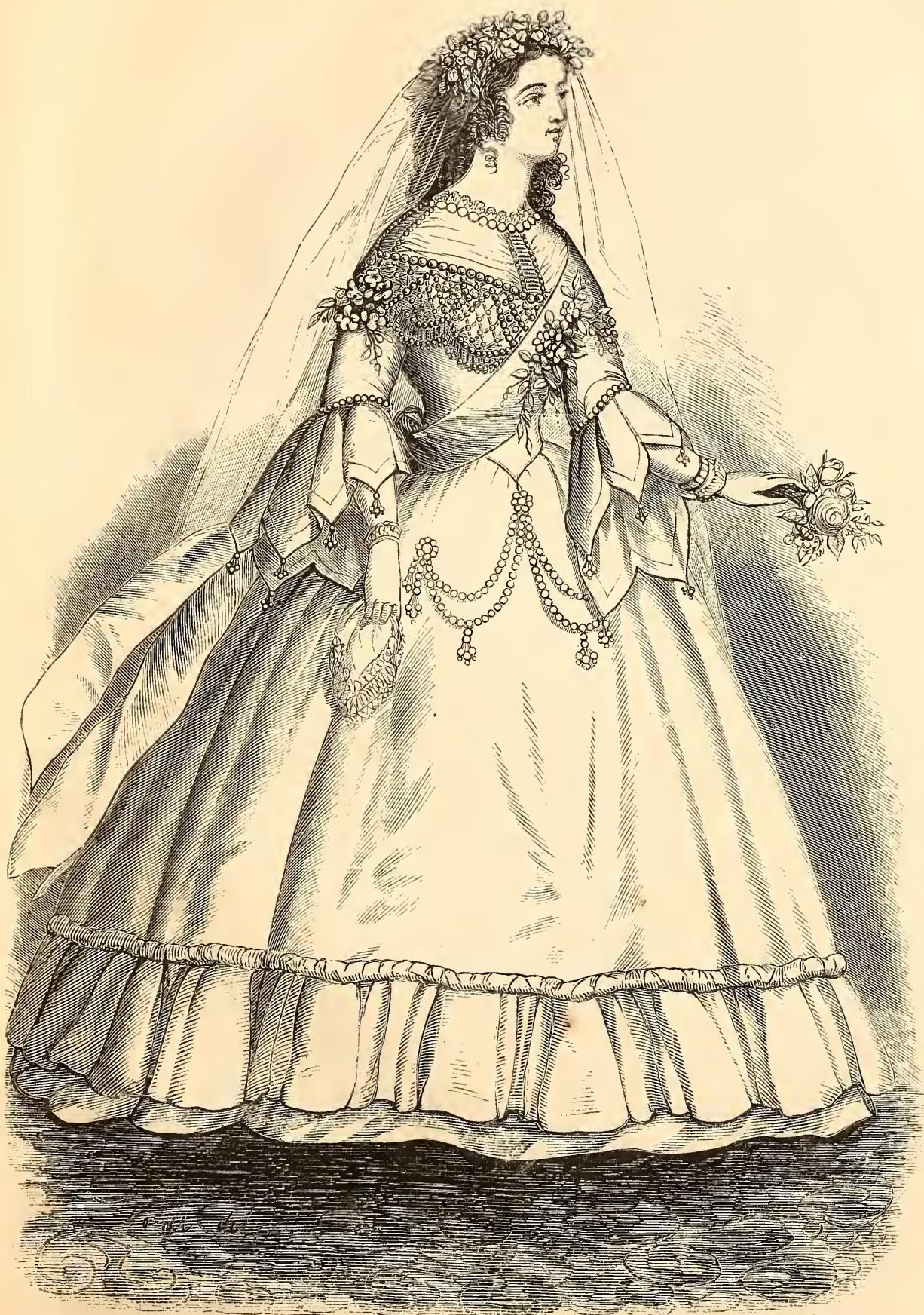


FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—UNDRESS JACKET.

THE BRIDAL TOILET which we illustrate is really very simple, though the general effect is highly ornate. The chief trimming is composed of a berthe, with loops of pearl beads and flowers. The wreath is of orange-flowers and white moss-rose buds; these are arranged in clusters upon the shoulders and on the scarf. The scarf is of white taffeta, worn flat. The dress is also of taffeta.

The UNDRESS JACKET is a pleasing example of this favorite article of attire, which seems to gain instead of losing in the estimation of the public. The one which we illustrate is of mauve-colored merino, with a *passamanerie* of velvet. The lace frill is a marked feature in this style; and is worthy of special note.

The UNDER-SLEEVE, Figure 3, is quite novel in character, being composed of lace so folded that the alternations present a shell-like effect.—Figure 4 is intended to be *en suite* with the illustrations of a marine character which we furnished last month.

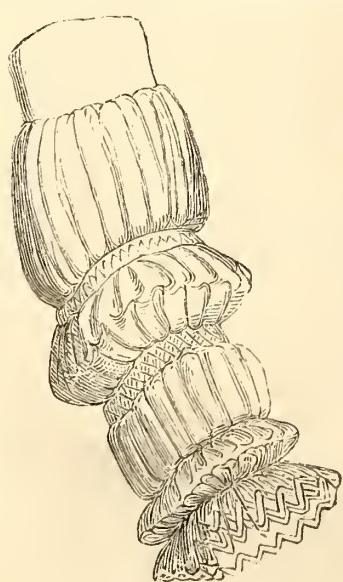


FIGURE 3.—SHELL UNDER-SLEEVE.

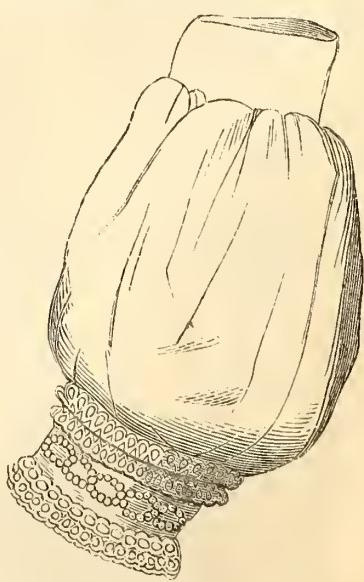


FIGURE 4.—MARINE UNDER-SLEEVE.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, March 1, 1862.

# HARPER & BROTHERS' SPRING BOOK-LIST.

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**Captain Burton's City of the Saints.** The City of the Saints ; and Across the Rocky Mountains to California. By Captain RICHARD F. BURTON, Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Societies of France and England ; H. M. Consul in West Africa ; Author of "The Lake Regions of Central Africa." With Maps and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Muslin, \$3 00.

Within the last few years many books, pamphlets, and tracts have been published on the subject of Mormonism, yet the amount of really reliable information which we possess with regard to this the most remarkable religious phenomenon of the nineteenth century is still extremely limited. The American travelers who have had opportunities of studying men and manners at Salt Lake City have generally been either covert apologists or unsparing foes of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, while the works which have enjoyed the most extensive circulation in Europe and the United States, and which profess to unveil the mysteries and horrors of polygamy, have in many cases been composed by "sensation writers" at New York, who had never even visited the territory of Utah.

Captain Burton's narrative will therefore be welcome as a valuable and much wanted contribution to our knowledge of "Deseret," his powers of observation being keen and well cultivated, and his descriptions vivid and picturesque, while the opinions and conclusions at which he has arrived are stated with a bold impartiality which commands the respect, though it may not always have the assent of the reader. No one certainly could be better prepared for a visit of inspection to the "bran-new sacred city" of the West than the English Hadji who has penetrated the jealously-guarded secret of Arabia, and discussed knotty points of doctrine with the theologians of El Islam. Impressions received and investigations made are eminently worth listening to when we have them from one who is beyond doubt the most catholic traveler of our time. Captain Burton's wide experience in many lands has endowed him in a singular degree with the faculty of noting and reproducing the most salient features of human character, and the sketches of the persons whom he meets between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, from Brigham Young to the rough stage-drivers and the "loafers" round the mail stations, are exceedingly lively and graphic.—*Examiner* (London).

The diary is exceedingly fresh, full of careless, slap-dash writing, which describes, often very picturesquely, the external aspect of things between Missouri and California via the City of the Saints. Captain Burton has traveled too far, and lived with too many races, not to observe keenly.—*Spectator* (London).

The incidents of travel across the vast territory extending from the Platte River to Great Salt Lake City, and thence to Carson Valley, California, should be read in the pages of the book. We must dismiss them with the remark, that not only are they stamped with the verisimilitude of life, and the strong impressions of things committed to paper on the spot, but their variety, rapidity of succession, and freshness, make the work more readable than a romance. But its acceptableness does not end here. It is crowded with valuable topographical details, among which we may quote an *Emigrant's Itinerary*, showing the distances between the camping places, the several mail stations where mules are changed, the hours of travel, the character of the roads, the facilities for obtaining water, wood, and grass on the whole route, arranged in a tabular form. These particulars may vie in minuteness and copiousness with the Paterson or Mogg's road-books of our earlier days. \* \* \* As a whole, this book is by far the best account of the City of the Saints and the dwellers therein that has yet issued from the press.—*Morning Advertiser* (London).

Captain Burton is one of the best travelers we have. \*\* No one requires to be told that he is a great linguist, who is perpetually astonishing his reader by quoting stray scraps of Hindustanee or Arabic, Hebrew or Persian, Latin or French, German or Italian ; or that he could read off by head-mark the nationality of every inhabitant of the globe as readily as most of us could an American Indian. \* \* \* There is no end to his quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles ; his good humor and fun seem positively inexhaustible. He hugs reality like a bride. If one would see him in his element, he must look at him face to face with a wild Dakota of the rocks, a hundred miles from any human abode, rather than among the half-civilized inhabitants of Great Salt Lake City. \* \* \* "The City of the Saints" is as eminently human a book as we have perused for a long while. It is full of humor, laughter, and good sense.—*Athenaeum* (London).

The subject of the "City of the Saints" is one of very considerable interest at present, and sufficient is already known about it by the reading public to make them welcome a writer upon it who saves them both from the tedium of repetition and the effort of entering upon an entirely new subject. This volume is always very lively, and embellished with the author's usual number of apt and striking phrases from the languages of the East as well as from those of Europe. Captain Burton shows great tact in catching and briefly expressing the prominent points of any scene or character. Its chief fault is that it presents him more than his usual fancy for viewing matters in their ludicrous and absurd aspects, from which nothing sublunary is wholly exempt ; but notwithstanding this style, which the writer affects and carries to excess, it will be found that his remarks are characterized by good sound sense, and sometimes by profound thought. It has the advantage over Mons. Rémy's valuable work, that it depicts the Mormon Zion as it existed five years later than it was seen by that gentleman—a period which, in the Far West, is equal to fifty years in less conservative lands ; and that it proceeds from a traveler who has carefully and intelligently examined many nations, forms of government, and social arrangements, both in the East and West. \* \* \* We close with again commanding this interesting and humorous work. It is astonishing how the author, leading the flying life he does, could so cram his pages with fit allusions to all things in literature and science, in heaven and earth, and present descriptions which a practiced *litterateur* might be proud to elaborate."—*Daily News* (London).

Distinguished among his brother soldiers for his personal prowess, volunteering wherever there was fighting, in India and in the Crimea, he has spent the leisure that peace gave him in travels not less perilous than war, and in acquiring a score or two of languages and dialects, and with them the power of perfectly simulating the air and manners, as well as the tongue of the races to which they belong. \* \* \* Not the least among his rare gifts is the faculty of graphic narration. His word-painting is that of a genuine artist, equally mindful of general effects and of the truth of details. He does not, as the manner of some is, accumulate and elaborate the latter until you can not see the wood for the trees ; nevertheless, scenes, incidents, men, and manners stand forth distinctly individualized in his luminous pages.—*Morning Chronicle* (Notice of Burton's *Lake Regions*.)

Captain Burton is certainly one of the most remarkable and characteristic men of the present century. \* \* \* A more active mind was never accompanied by a lighter or bolder pen. We find an observant philosopher, an admirable linguist, an admirable draughtsman, fair touches of the poet and scholar, a rare union of the profoundest study and the profoundest acuteness. Mr. Burton is an amateur Ulysses.—*Literary Gazette* (Notice of Burton's *Lake Regions*).

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# THE EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN.

"EDUCATE THE PEOPLE."

VOL. II.]

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1862.

[No. VI.

## Willson's Readers And the System of Object-Lesson Instruction.

It has not failed to be observed by those who are acquainted with the educational movements of the day, that these Readers embody the principles of Object-Lesson instruction to a considerable extent, and so far as a Series of Readers can do it. Next in importance to placing before children the *objects* themselves, is that of placing before them their *representations*, and leading them to notice every possible particular connected with them. Where it is possible to obtain only a dozen natural objects for purposes of instruction, we may present a thousand through the medium of their pictured representations, and treat these latter as we would the objects themselves; and it is in this particular that these Readers systematically carry forward the system far beyond any otherwise attainable limits.

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But we have written sufficiently on this subject. Teachers who wish to avail themselves of a systematic course of elementary instruction on the principles of the Object-Lesson system, will find such a course fully developed in works that are now, or that soon will be, easily accessible to them. "CALKINS'S OBJECT LESSONS" is perhaps the best introductory work on this subject, although others will be found valuable for reference. The "SCHOOL AND FAMILY CHARTS," now nearly completed, and the "MANUAL OF OBJECT-LESSON AND ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION" which is designed to accompany them, but which may also be used separately, will extend the system over a very broad field of observation, from the learning of words as the representative of real objects to the acquisition of the elements of the Sciences; while the "SCHOOL AND FAMILY READERS," elucidating the same principles, and affording the same kind of mental training, will furnish both teacher and pupil invaluable materials for carrying on the work.

### Extracts from Recent Communications not before Published.

*Extracts from an Article by S. F. SKINNER, Principal of Alleghany County Academy, Maryland. January 4, 1862.*

The writer, after describing the character of most of our "Miscellaneous Reading-Books," and the points in which they fail to interest and instruct, thus proceeds:

Diagrams, pictures, objects in life, and living semblance, are the best aids to early education. Nothing else "so strikes the attention and engages the affections" of the young. The style of illustration in "Willson's Readers" is one of the marks of their superiority. Their spirited engravings will stir more energy in youthful minds than would the literal unattractiveness of all the volumes of School Readers before published. It is impossible to refrain from recurring to boyhood and imagining the pleasure these books would have given.

Many of the Readers that preceded these have, like other Scrap-Books, acknowledged merit I would not underrate. But, to say nothing of the almost universal failure to address the eye, and the uninviting character of their pictorial embellishment when any was employed, they all had one defect—the want of warp in their weaving. They need the thread of unity, whereon variety crystallizes most beautifully. Mr. Willson has introduced greater interdependence of parts, like the regular treatise, with even more variety than the Old Readers afforded. He has done more than merely to combine the good features of his predecessors. He has "come bearing his sheaves" from fields whence they, in effect, gleaned nothing. The prominence he has given to Natural History, and the mode of its treatment—a distinguishing characteristic of his work—challenges and will command approval. Everybody who has access to even a small collection of books must remember, on reverting to childhood, the charms of the lives and portraits of birds as given in works specially thereto devoted. I have not forgotten the fascinations Buffon, Wilson, and Goldsmith had for me in early years.

The earlier Numbers of Mr. Willson's series "speak as a child," and are therefore means appropriate to the end in view. Growing with the growth whereto they minister, these educators gradually rise to force of thought and diction befitting ripe and cultivated minds. They are made, *ab initio*, the vehicle of information; but in what they suggest, as well as in what they convey, will they be useful. To awaken and draw into action dormant faculties is at once a more difficult and a more profitable service than to fill the chambers of the mind with idle furniture. The glimpses of science in the later Numbers, from the attractive manner in which the leading topics are presented, tend to excite a desire for further acquaintance. They are beautiful vistas—avenues to penetralia into which they will lure approaching footsteps. Many have turned in disgust from the paths of knowledge they would have pursued "with gladness of heart" had the charming pictures and stories of these delightful books been their guides and companions. Without attempting to supplant or rival the scientific text, these Readers will form a pleasing introduction to professors of specialties. They will win their way, too, and be welcome, where the more rigorously technical treatise would be a stranger; and yet they do not aspire to the folly of mingling the wine of science with the water of common speech until the wine is turned to water—like the popular lecturer who, affecting to teach the people systematic knowledge, begins by excluding the system whereby it consists. These books will be attractive to all classes of the reading public, and accessible to all. Blending the *utile* with the *du'ce*, as they do, the series may be likened to a garden mainly devoted to edibles, but bordered and embowered with flowers, and refreshed by a plashing fountain.

The specimens of literature selected evince a correct and cultivated taste, and the facts, in selection and grouping, a just discrimination and sense of the effect both of harmony and contrast. Some of the *moreceaux* of the poets, from the setting, have become "apples of gold in pictures of silver." It was a happy thought thus to dress fact in the plumage of fancy, and strengthen fancy with the force of fact.

The author has succeeded in a difficult undertaking. It is no easy task for a man of learning to adapt his style to uneducated adults. He has a rare degree of mental elasticity who can don the grave philosopher and "become a little child"—who can go back to the threshold of knowledge and prattle in a sustained effort, as in days of "frolic glee." But a prodigy is the faculty of personating the several periods of youth—retracing the steps of life from "toddling wee thing," through the light of "shining morning face" to the verge of manhood.

*From A. MARKHAM, Principal of Niles Union School, Michigan, January 11, 1862.*

I have recently examined Willson's Series of School and Family Readers," and I must say that I am very much pleased with them. From the many new and interesting features of these books I am convinced that they are destined to enjoy a wide popularity. The plan of these books harmonizes so well with the recently-adopted methods of "Object Teaching" that I believe their introduction into our Public Schools will be attended with most happy results.

The School Board of this city wish me to ascertain upon what terms these books can be introduced into our schools.

*From GEO. W. TALLMAN, Teacher, Amity, Scott County, Iowa, January 13, 1862.*

I shall introduce Willson's Readers into my school as speedily as possible, and use all my influence to secure their introduction into the schools with which I am ac-

quainted. I am so anxious to have my "little folks" reaping the benefit of Mr. Willson's system that I inclose \$ for a first supply. I think Willson's Readers will spread like "Prairie fires" over the West. I have long felt a want, which other teachers no doubt feel, and which these books meet.

*From E. P. ROHBACK, Principal of Centre High School, Mexico, Juniata County, Pa., January 15, 1862.*

I have not only examined Willson's Readers, but have tried them in the class-room with interest and entire success. Among all the Readers that have ever come under my notice, Willson's Series stands pre-eminent. I do not know which to admire most—the happy selections, the amount of scientific knowledge contained in them, and the arrangement of the same so as to be perfectly adapted for class reading, or the fine typographical execution. The publishers have done their part nobly, and the world is under obligations to the author for so popularizing the sciences that even a child can understand them.

*From I. E. STEVENSON, Principal of Second Ward Public School, Alleghany, Pa., January 17, 1862.*

I think these Readers are perfect—just the thing. A perusal and examination of them has opened my eyes to the true reason why I have always failed in teaching reading—why school reading has been one of the driest and least productive studies of the school-room. If you strike the right vein in the production of a Speller—as you have struck it in the Readers—you will deserve, as you will receive, the blessings of us poor school-teachers.

*From SAMUEL ALLEMAN, County Superintendent of Snyder County, Pa., January 4, 1862.*

I am so well pleased with your Readers that, had I the power as I have the will, they should be introduced into every school within my jurisdiction. I have shown them to several gentlemen of intelligence, and with one accord they pronounce them the best series now before the public. They combine *all the necessary aids in learning to read*, besides being full of the *most useful and practical information*.

*From W. W. MORELL, Principal of East Corinth Academy, Maine, January 4, 1862.*

I have carefully examined Willson's Series of Readers, and desire to express my *unqualified* approbation of them. To my mind they are not only superior to all other Reading-Books that I have seen, but, at the present time, are just the *books* needed in all our schools. Natural History seems hitherto to have been shunned by our educators; and I am indeed glad that it is now presented in such an attractive manner as in this series. The miscellaneous matter is of the very highest order.

I like these Readers for another thing also, which I must not forget to mention, viz., the paucity of rules with which to perplex and disgust the scholar. I shall introduce the books into the Academy under my charge next term. I should have done so this term if I had seen them a few weeks earlier.

*From E. D. MILLARD, Principal of Grammar School No. 1, Easton, Pa., December 30, 1861.*

I have perused Willson's Series of Readers with pleasure, and am frank in saying that they are *the best* Reading-Books I have ever examined. They contain a great amount of information, arranged in such a manner as to cause the scholar to be eager to grasp it. I hope they may be soon introduced into our schools.

### The School and Family Charts.

We have frequent and almost daily inquiries from correspondents about the prices of these Charts, but are still unable to give a definite answer. We do not yet know what the *coloring* will cost, and this will form an important item in the expense of getting them up. They will be furnished, however, at reasonable rates. Of one thing else teachers may be assured—these Charts will be highly attractive, and as *useful* as they are beautiful. The first proofs of some of the Numbers have been received from the compositors. We hope soon to announce their publication and their prices.

### Prices of Willson's Readers.

The Primer (Introductory), 15 cents; The First Reader, 20 cents; The Second Reader, 30 cents; The Third Reader, 50 cents; The Fourth Reader, 66 cents; The Fifth Reader, \$1.00. Single copies sent to Teachers, at half price, for examination.

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FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, March 1, 1862.

## Harper's Magazine.—March, 1862.

During the present year HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE will contain the following Serial Tales, by the foremost Novelists of the day:

"ORLEY FARM." By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.

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